November 25, 1933

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

a. crouch

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan – Benny Friedman
Dana Burnet – Quentin Reyn

S R ELLIS
212 N SYCAMORE
IOLA
KANS
24 AUG 35
9 2 2
C
2134
12B

Nov. 25, 1933

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Firestone

ANTI-FREEZE

LABORATORIES SET NEW STANDARDS

DO NOT ACCEPT IF LABORATORY SEAL IS BROKEN
Firestone
ANTI-FREEZE
A RADIATOR SOLUTION THAT SAFEGUARDS YOUR CAR AND LASTS ALL THE WINTER
DOES NOT BOIL OFF
40° BELOW ZERO PROTECTION
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
Firestone
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION
DIRECTIONS
1—Drain cooling system. Flush radiator thoroughly with water. Remove upper hose and flush cylinder water jacket.
2—Replace defective or worn radiator hose, pump packings and gaskets. Securely tighten all parts of cooling system.
3—Pour about a gallon of clear water (soft water preferred) into radiator. Add amount of Firestone Anti-Freeze required to give desired protection (see table on opposite side of can) Fill with water to point four inches BELOW top of overflow pipe to allow for expansion.
4—Have Firestone Dealer check Anti-Freeze solution at weekly intervals, with special hydrom- etc.
1 U. S. GAL NET
3.78 LITERS

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SCIENTIFICALLY developed in our own laboratories, Firestone Anti-Freeze — a 97% concentrated solution—surpasses every rigid test known for safe, dependable and economical radiator protection — meets U. S. Bureau of Standards specifications.

It is specially blended by Firestone chemists from the highest quality ingredients to assure your protection against rusting or clogging of the cooling system. It will not injure clothing and is non-inflammable.

Laboratory controlled manufacturing makes it dependable under all operating conditions. It flows freely at 40 degrees below Zero. Will not boil off or evaporate and will not heat up the motor — one fill will last all winter.

Drive in today to one of the 30,000 Firestone Service Dealers or Service Stores and take advantage of the new low price of this economical Anti-Freeze for complete winter protection.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone — returning to the Air, Monday evening, Dec. 4, over N. B. C. Nationwide network

TIRES · TUBES · BATTERIES · SPARK PLUGS · BRAKE LINING · RIMS · ACCESSORIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps that's why he SITS AT THE BOSS'S DESK

. . . . . *He* has *always believed in and provided for* Living Protection

C. H. Coley started his business career on a salary of $6 a week. Came a time when he was able to buy out the "other fellow". Now he owns the half-million dollar Coley Dairy, Buffalo, New York. He has an Investors Syndicate Living Protection Certificate to provide for the education of his grandchildren.

Frankly, C. H. Coley did not buy his dairy with money from Investors Syndicate. But the fact that he had money when the opportunity came enabled him to buy that dairy from his boss.

Today he has Investors Syndicate Living Protection to provide for the education of his grandchildren.

He is doing what so many thoughtful men and women are doing nowadays—providing a different and better sort of safeguard against the needs of the *living future*.

You recognize that new necessity. You have seen ordinary savings swept away, security and property values punctured, obligations coming due and no money to meet them with, children growing up and no fund to send them to college, the years of earning power ticking away and—nothing ahead. You have seen what Investors Syndicate saw thirty-nine years ago—the need for *Living Protection*.

Investors Syndicate provides the *way*. It is not life insurance but it is equally important.

There is not the complication of a special contract for each special purpose—just one, simple, clear Certificate, so flexible that it adapts itself to your needs.

Investors Syndicate was founded in 1894. Since the beginning it has maintained a perfect record for prompt payment of every obligation. Even during the last four years — these depression years — it has paid *twenty-five million dollars* in cash to its Certificate holders.

Today, thousands of men and women, in this country and Canada, are entrusting to Investors Syndicate this vital responsibility for their Living Protection.

What kind of Living Protection do you need?

Is it protection when your best earning years are over? To stand by you when you are out of a job? To build a reserve for your business? To buy a home? To see your children through college?

Whatever the need, Investors Syndicate offers the *help* you need. The representative of this institution, this service, can explain it all in just a few minutes of your time. To invite him to call on you places you *under no obligation*, except to give him those few minutes.

Won't you do that — for yourself? Mail the coupon today!

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 principal cities . . . representatives throughout United States and Canada
AFFILIATED COMPANIES: INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE & GUARANTY COMPANY, NEW YORK • INVESTORS SYNDICATE, LTD., MONTREAL

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C311, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in *Living Protection*.

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MEXICO is a land of extremes. The people, like the country, are colorful, mysterious, volcanic. The quiet sunshine is charged with drama, and there's "Thunder in the Dust."

In one splendid figure Alan LeMay has captured all the intensity and contradictions of the land—El Fuerte, the inspired revolutionist. You will meet him in the brilliant serial that begins next week and watch, with breathless interest, his bitter contest with Tom Cloud for the love of Kathleen Boyce.

Holding onto the arms of your chair won't help you a bit. Before you've read a dozen lines you'll find yourself in Mexico—and like it.

PERHAPS you wondered, during the months when the avalanche of repeal was gaining velocity, what had become of the bone-dry states. We did. Kansas, Tennessee, Alabama—what of them? Are their citizens as convinced as ever of the righteousness of prohibition? The answer is no. They aren't. Collier's sent Walter Davenport to that impregnable stronghold of the Anti-Saloon League—Kansas. And Mr. Davenport found there a strong conviction on the part of the citizenry that prohibition had become a racket comparable to the worst products of gas-house politics. His report next week explains as nothing else has done the unanimity of the nation's conversion to repeal.

JOE ELIOT was an expert on guns. He knew all about them—in theory. He owned a shotgun that had cost a thousand dollars, and a perfectly balanced rifle, and a champion bird dog. But Joe Eliot had never hunted. And he had never fired a shot. Lucian Cary takes you with Joe on his first hunting trip—when Mary Chadbourne was his guide.

THE Collison system, for winning hearts, had the cardinal weakness of all systems: it could be used with deadly effect against its author. Of course Jerome Collison didn't think of that. He was a rising member of the State Department and therefore presumably immune to childish ailments. It amused him to help a nice kid like Sayre, who was so young as to appear harmless. His defeat is recorded by Frederic Mertz.

HOWARD S. REED and W. B. Courtney contribute another exciting story of the big-game trails, "The Unsociable Seladang." The Short Short Story is by Paul Jones and Louis McCabe. Ray Tucker describes the achievements of Richberg in "Gusty Crusader." Roark Bradford, Marie Beynon Ray, Arthur Somers Roche and Freling Foster continue to amaze even us. That's achievement.

This Week

November 25, 1933

Cover by Arthur Crouch

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Far Pasture. **The island of Bali is noted for romance; but it's hard to get a milk-shake there.** **Page 7**

DANA BURNET
Lost Dog. **My love, she sits on the campus—look, look.** **Page 10**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Miami Holiday, **by Teresa Hyde Phillips.** **Page 12**

RAY TUCKER
Midnight Council. **What the Republican party is thinking about.** **Page 13**

LELAND JAMIESON
Rough Air Ahead. **Night flight at its most hazardous.** **Page 14**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Conspiracy, Part X. **Can Phyllis escape?** **Page 16**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Are Policemen Soldiers? **Wanted: an army to fight crime.** **Page 18**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Conclusion. **And, for James Huitt, no good end.** **Page 19**

FRANK CONDON
Visitors from the East. **A great actress puts on a private performance.** **Page 20**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Woman's Place. **As the Nazis see it—the nursery, the church and the kitchen.** **Page 21**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **News in a nutshell.** **Page 22**

BENNY FRIEDMAN and JOHN B. KENNEDY
Pro and Coin. **Paths of glory—that lead nowhere.** **Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Repeal Opens a New Door. **Page 58**

Any Week

MISS JULIA HOFFMAIER of Des Moines, Iowa, requests that we "give your readers a few little glimpses of how your authors work." It hadn't been more than an hour before the arrival of Miss Hoffmaier's letter that we sat at lunch with Arthur Somers Roche helping him to worry about New York telephone numbers for a few stories he is about to write.

You see, it wouldn't do to use telephone numbers which are already in use. The owners of those numbers might be annoyed because there are thousands of people who just can't read a telephone number in a magazine without calling it as soon as possible. It's some sort of disease, our doctor says. Colic or something like that.

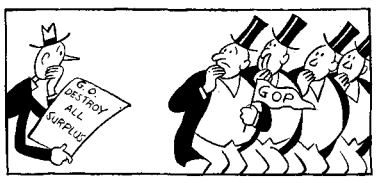
Anyway, Mr. Roche had a pretty brilliant idea. He called up the telephone company. In practically no time a very polite representative called with a list of telephone numbers which, he said, would not be used for two years. Mr. Roche could use any or all of them for two years, but no more. He asked the company's man whether there were any that wouldn't be used for four years, but the gentleman told us that the list which wouldn't be used for four years hadn't been made up yet. So he had to be satisfied. And we hope Miss Hoffmaier is the same.

MR. FRANCIS L. BIXLER of New Philadelphia, Ohio, admits to a touch of skepticism of Owen P. White's traveling 4,000 miles and "not finding one small business man who did not have faith in the NRA." Mr. Bixler admits he hasn't traveled 4,000 miles nor asked anybody but feels that there are quite a number of small business men who "have much more confidence in a horseshoe."

SIMILARLY, Mr. D. W. Holland of Golconda, Illinois, admits he hasn't sampled any of the new 3.2 beer but just knows that it "tastes like a good band playing at a great distance on a windy day."

"I ADMIT," says Mr. Ben Thornton of Butte, Montana, "that I don't understand all this Germany's withdrawing from the arms conference and from the League of Nations and what France and England are going to do about it is all Greek to me. But I'll bet five tons of sugar beets against a ham sandwich that America gets the blame for whatever it turns out to be."

FROM Mr. F. J. Lewis of Brookfield, Illinois, comes a note that gives us what writers call pause. "They've plowed up the cotton," shudders he, "and they're killing the little pigs and old sows. Someone is suggesting we slaughter part of our dairy cows so there won't be any milk surplus. So I'm wondering what the government's going to do with unemployed Republicans this winter. And a bit fearful too."



MR. H. W. WOLCOTT of Daytona Beach, Florida, likes this page and we are not even trying to blame him. He suggests to the editor that the rest of the book be turned over to us which, of course, indicates that Mr. Wolcott is a man of splendid judgment and cultivated taste. But we can't agree with his closing paragraph. "You," writes he to our boss, "wouldn't have to pay him any more money. Just tell him you are going to print his name over the column." With the result, we suppose, that our creditors would be so proud of us that they'd stop bothering us.

IN SUCH a mood our heart goes out to Mr. Jerry Kearful, who notifies us from Chinook, Montana, that "after a long journey over hill and plain to town on buying day I found that everything except beer had risen from thirty to fifty per cent, so I couldn't purchase anything. A ninety-cent T-bone steak had gone to a dollar and had magically shrunk one half in size and doubled in toughness and—"

BUT Mrs. T. Generich of Detroit, Michigan, calls on us for a bit of collaboration. "I am very anxious," she explains, "to find a critic of President Roosevelt's efforts to reestablish confidence and justice who has something except criticism to offer. If you find one of these people with an idea of his own which might be substituted for what the President is already trying, won't you please give me his name and address? I would like to congratulate him."

WE SEEM to have missed it, but Mr. J. A. Hutchins of Bellview, New Mexico, advises us that some scientists got together recently and decided that "noise makes gangsters and gangsters make speakeasies which make more noise which breeds more gangsters."

SO WE take the hint.

Vol. 92, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year. $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The United States of America enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate during the year 1932 and in 1933 [up to the time this message went to press] than ever before in its history

Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

In past decades, millions and millions of dollars were invested to prevent as well as to cure disease. They returned rich health dividends. The movement for healthier living conditions in all parts of the country had gained such momentum that temporary obstacles and difficulties failed to check it.

You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did—thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have required years in which to develop.

In assuring pure water, safe milk, clean food, swept streets and proper sewerage systems your Health and Sanitation Departments did their part in making health records in 1932 and 1933.

Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth—their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If guests wrote honest "thank-you" notes how red would *your* face be?

Dear Mrs. Twomley:
I was taught by a doting and conscientious mother to write charming little notes of thanks to hostesses who entertained me. But I feel that right now vinegar, rather than honey, tends to flow from my pen. I am bitter because it is 3 A.M. and I am still awake from the coffee I drank at your house. I am not an ingrate Mrs. Twomley. I appreciate your hospitality. But I do like my sleep!

IF HOSTESSES could read the thoughts of guests, instead of the polite words put on paper, more of them would serve Sanka Coffee.

Sanka Coffee is real, cheering, satisfying coffee—an expert blend of the choicest coffees—with a flavor that will win a hostess the respect of her most epicurean guests. *But*—97% of the caffein is removed. So anyone, at any time, can drink Sanka Coffee without wishing afterward that he hadn't. Anyone, at any time, can drink it and sleep!

Make the night-test

Try Sanka Coffee. Make the famous night-test and prove for yourself its absolute freedom from unhappy after-effects. Drink your first cup at night. And the next morning you'll know from actual experience that here is delicious coffee that won't keep you awake, won't fray your nerves or upset your digestion. Fragrant, full-flavored coffee that you can enjoy without regret!

Then serve Sanka Coffee the next time you entertain—and win new laurels as a gracious and thoughtful hostess.

Your grocer sells it in vacuum-sealed cans, with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. The Sanka *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee by any method, including drip. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE · DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. COL. 11-33

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and packing, for which please send me ¼-lb. sample can of Sanka Coffee.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

This offer expires July 1, 1934—not good in Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Far Pasture

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The story of a girl who had to go all the way to Bali to find that subway rides—with the proper person, naturally—aren't as bad as they are painted

SHE was somewhere east of Suez—on the veranda of Aunt Hilda's house in the *banjar* called Kunkal, island of Bali, to be exact—where a woman can raise a thirst. And she was very thirsty. She faced the fact not without a sense of shame. There had been practically no weak moments in Martha Hanston's life, but a weak moment assailed her now. She was thirsty for a chocolate malted milk, as prepared by Eddie at the Tiger Shop in Columbia, Missouri.

The girl scowled at two dust-colored cows which were idling in the shade of a banyan tree near the outer gate of the compound. A week ago, the scene would have thrilled her. Quaint-looking cows with long, sharp horns under a banyan tree! But now she viewed them with intense dislike. They were sacred cows and gave no milk. One got milk out of cans in Bali. Martha sighed. It would require, she estimated sadly, at least two days to assemble the ingredients for a chocolate malted milk. And, even then, the ice for ice cream would probably melt away before it arrived by pony cart from Den Pasar.

She glanced at her wrist watch, noting that the time was 5:27 P. M. and that perspiration had badly tarnished a silver fastening on the strap. She stirred with an effort in the hammock; heat-lethargy made the air seem to have the weight of solid water. At once Janang, her special serving maid, left off playing with a tame duck and approached expectantly. "You bath now, missy?"

"I suppose so," said Martha.

Janang smiled. Thrice daily, the white lady insisted on bathing. It was very funny and, also, very exciting. At bath times, Janang was allowed peeks into the white lady's wonderful dressing case with its bottles and brushes and combs.

THE white lady eyed Janang a bit grimly. For the first few days, Martha had been delighted with Janang. The little brown girl did not seem quite so charming this afternoon. A simple child of nature, wearing only a batik *sarong* around her waist, Janang would have entranced motion picture audiences back in the States. But Janang in the flesh, Martha decided, lacked the camera's odorless idealization. Janang, she had discovered, took baths only upon impulse or when Tuan McDowell, the artistic British photographer, paid her to pose under a waterfall.

"Put the tub in the temple," Martha ordered.

Janang looked dubious.

"Tuan Milford say dammit no."

"I say yes. Do what I tell you."

This brought a scandalized giggle from Janang, but she shrugged and disappeared into the *balé*.

Martha sat up and mopped her face with an already damp towel. She didn't care what Uncle Peter said. She was going to bathe in the temple henceforth. There were nine houses in the compound, but the temple was the only one with solid walls and a door that could be securely fastened. Janang and her sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, friends and neighbors had too much childlike curiosity. They peeked through bamboo shutter or thatched wall. They took things, too. A jar of cold cream and half a bottle of bath crystals had disappeared. Martha saw a necklace made from some of the bath crystals adorning young Madé Rudari, daughter to Matunga, the *babu*. She did not know what had become of the cold cream, but suspected Janang of having eaten it.

"Auto! White tuan! Auto! Auto he come!"

SHE got to her feet as little Kentok went scampering toward the road, followed by half a dozen other children. She leaned forward to peer through the shadows of the banyan tree and across a rice swamp to where the road from Den Pasar ran along the ledge of coffee terraces. Red dust swirled in a moving cloud against the deep green of the terraces, as if the field were bleeding from a sudden wound. Martha gasped.

It must be that awful young man again. No other white tuan in the district drove with such absurd haste. The girl hesitated, debating flight. She mustn't see him; she could not talk to him. It would be best to slip inside and send Janang to say she wasn't home. Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter detested Terry Olmstead. All the white residents of Kunkal disliked him. Martha told herself, with an effort at loyalty, that she did not approve of him either. He really was impossible.

Yet, she hesitated. It was a weak moment. She knew she should have marched straight into the *balé* and back to her own quarters. Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter, who had gone off with Marvin Hough, the famous travel writer, to watch a native funeral, would be very angry. And Marvin Hough would be hurt, disillusioned, sarcastic. She could hear him drawling, "Oh, yes, Olmstead. . . . The—er—American fella." And besides, she looked a sight with her afternoon frock wilted and . . .

"Hullo, there! Miss Hanston!"

She watched the small, shiny road-

The white lady eyed Janang a bit grimly. The little brown girl did not seem quite so charming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ster careen to a stop at the compound gate. A swaybacked sow squealed in alarm and waddled across the road, grunting to her young. Mr. Olmstead jumped out of the car and hurried up the walk, followed by Kentok and his solemn band of children. Martha took particular pains to notice that her visitor wore a thoroughly American seersucker suit instead of the shorts and open-necked shirt affected by Uncle Peter and the other white men of Kunkal.

"You look hot," Mr. Olmstead observed, brightly.

"I am—a little," she said.

SHE found herself resenting him—his blond good looks, his brisk manner, the momentary gleam of humor in his eyes as he took in the native-infested and none too tidy surroundings.

"I'm just in the nick of time, then," he announced. "It's nice and cool over at my place, and very lonesome. I'm hoping I can lure you over for dinner."

"Sorry. Thanks. I'm afraid I have—"

"Heck! I've had the air-cooler running all day. Meant to ask you this morning, but the controller came by for a pow-wow. Couldn't you—possibly?"

He had a good smile, boyish and appealingly rueful.

"It's very tempting, but—"

"Listen, I've got a freezer full of ice cream. And a real beefsteak. And potatoes. I could wring my own neck for not asking you this morning, but I've been so hellish busy. I know it isn't quite in order to dash over here this way—"

Martha stared at him, fascinated.

"Did you ever make a chocolate malted milk?" she heard her treacherous voice asking.

Terry Olmstead grinned.

"Lady," he said, "I shake the smoothest chocolate malted this side of the Sugar Bowl in Hartford, Connecticut."

"I'll bet it's not as good as Eddie's," she said, impulsively.

"Who's Eddie?"

"He jerks sodas in the Tiger Shop in Columbia, Missouri."

This remark brought a roar of laughter from the awful Olmstead.

"I was wondering what you'd be missing most," he said, "but I didn't figure on Eddie's chocolate malteds. It was cornbread that got to me, first. Do you like cornbread?"

"Love it," said Martha, emotionally.

"I've nearly half a sack of corn meal. Bought it from a hotel in Honolulu—nearest place. But see here, if you can't come to dinner, at least let me run you over to my place for a chocolate malted. It won't take half an hour."

"We-ell, all right. But I've got to bathe and dress."

"Okay. Be back for you in ten minutes. Thanks. You're a honey."

He dashed down the path, scattering tame ducks to right and left. She had no opportunity to remark that she couldn't possibly be ready in ten minutes.

MARTHA, feeling that she had been hypnotized, and still resentful of young Mr. Olmstead's hustle-bustle, went to her quarters. The guest house she occupied adjoined Aunt Hilda's *balé*. It was a one-room structure with walls waist high, of brick, continuous windows formed of bamboo lattice work and a thatched straw roof. She said "Shoo!" to the children who had followed her, drew down all the shutters and tied them close. Insects of various species moved chummily about her feet, and the air was like a Turkish bath. She escaped quickly to the small stone temple where Janang had prepared a bath of sunheated water in a tin washtub. Janang, pawing among the foreign treasures of Martha's dressing case, had to be shooed also.

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

It was preposterous, incredible. There they sat, swigging whisky and talking fatalism. "I think you're all—rotten!" she said, and stumbled out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The girl did not pause to admire the native handicraft of the gourd ladles which Janang had used to dip water from a huge earthen pot outside the door. Her thoughts were divided between excited, guilty anticipation of Terry Olmstead's malted milk and apprehension over Aunt Hilda's discovery of her traitorous behavior.

Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter belonged to Kunkal's colony of artistic expatriates. They had fled to Bali to escape the soul-crushing effects of America's machine-age civilization. To them, Terry Olmstead was anathema. He did not belong. He lived in a modern Dutch bungalow and was an electrical engineer employed by an American company, which had a contract to build a new power plant near Den Pasar. Not only did Kunkal's artistic colony consider him blatantly American, but they also accused him of working hand in glove with Mynheer Groot, the Dutch controller. And, as Uncle Peter often said, "The Dutch are bent on destroying our last paradise."

Martha sighed once more, as she hastened to get into clean, dry clothes. Why was she hurrying so? One must not hurry in Bali. It was against the commandments. She told herself she hurried so as to get away before her aunt and uncle and Marvin Hough returned. It would spare her a scene. Of course, Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter were absolutely right. The Balinese were charming, unspoiled children "in a cleaner, greener land," and they should not be afflicted with American mass-production methods. Martha stubbed her toe against a beautifully carved conch shell, said "Darn!" and popped out the door.

She was greeted by Janang, who hastily hid a bit of Martha's lipstick under her *sarong*, and by nine other natives who were arguing in Balinese about something. Martha smiled amiably, nodded right and left and said to Janang, "You tell Mrs. Milford I went for a visit." Janang nodded. . . .

Terry Olmstead looked at his watch.

"Seventeen minutes. Not bad at all," he said. "Hop in!"

THE little roadster lurched away. It bounced from rut to rut in the *banjar* street, then slid along the excellent Dutch main road.

"Like Bali?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she said stanchly. "It's the loveliest place I ever saw."

He nodded.

"It's swell—at first. Later, I don't know."

"I'll always love Bali."

A green and red bird flashed across the road. A temple gong boomed through the damp, sweet hush. Palm trees and poinsettias and paddy flowers seemed too beautiful to have grown there; surely, these were magic, painted screens on either side.

Olmstead lighted a cigarette from a dash glow-coil.

"You're a brave girl," he remarked.

"Why?"

"I didn't think you'd dare come with me. The other week, when I saw you in Boeleleng, they had you pretty well surrounded."

"Surrounded?"

"I mean—the artist crowd."

"Oh."

"You aren't an artist?"

"No."

"Thank heaven!"

She let that pass. After all, the Kunkal colony had treated the poor fellow shamefully. He wasn't such a bad sort, if only he wouldn't—

"Must we go quite so fast?"

"Oh—sorry." Then, with an embarrassed laugh, "It's got to be a habit. I've been forcing myself to step on it for so long."

"Why force yourself?"

"Got to. It'll get me if I don't. I've had two wallops from the sun, but still I can't slow down. This country can get a man, you know. Slow him. Make him lazy. Turn him into a native."

Nettled, she said with considerable asperity, "I don't think a slower pace would hurt at all."

The speedometer wavered at fifty, then edged down to forty-five. He turned to her with an abrupt, nervous gesture.

"You haven't really fallen for that go-native stuff, have you?"

Martha stiffened. She said, as if by rote, "I think the life here is paradise compared to the mad scramble back home. For the first time, I'm *living*—"

A screaming of brakes and a terrifying lurch of the roadster interrupted her. Dexterously, Olmstead twisted the car a few inches away from the rear end of a two-wheeled cart which was being drawn across the road by a team of mud-caked caribou.

"You aren't living," said the horrible Olmstead, calmly and lightly. "You've run away from life." Then, observing her angry flush, he changed the subject to caribou teamsters who insist on committing suicide. He passed from that to polite questions about her work as an instructor in a girls' school in Columbia.

MARTHA regretted that she had come. She was very certain that she did not like Mr. Olmstead.

"Here we are! Made it in exactly eleven minutes."

She was ushered into the spick-and-span living-room of a Dutch colonial bungalow. A wave of deliciously cool air engulfed her.

"Miss Hanston, this is Mamma Toensfeldt, my housekeeper. Mamma, you entertain Miss Hanston while I shake up some malted milks."

Mamma Toensfeldt, very fat, very clean and smelling faintly of cinnamon cookies, said smilingly, "Na, na, Terree, you sid down. I fix. It iss hotd out there, *ja*." And then, to Martha, "I will giff you a shawl so you will notd catch colt, *ja*."

The terrible Olmstead grinned at Martha challengingly.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she was forced to acknowledge. "I haven't been cool for weeks."

He nodded. "I've got a swell cooling system here. Worked it out myself." He chuckled. "Now Bill Groot wants one and they're talking of equipping the Resident's house."

There was fighting blood in Martha.

"Bali will soon be quite Americanized," she said.

Mr. Olmstead seemed oblivious to the sarcastic overtone.

"Oh, air-cooling plants are multiplying all over the tropics. They're the answer. Make these places fit for white people to live in." He got up from his chair, abruptly. "I've got to superintend Mamma's mixing. Back in a jiffy. Got a lot of magazines from the States yesterday. Might like to look 'em over. Excuse me, will you?"

He dashed kitchenward. Martha filled her lungs with cool air and felt her hands and arms and face drying. She looked around the large living-room. All the windows were closed but one. This, partly open, was at the rear end, and through it Martha could see a group of Balinese crouching on the veranda. They moved silently, from time to time, shifting so each could have a turn at the cool air drifting from the window.

OLMSTEAD returned with a huge cocktail shaker which was smoking frostily. A Chinese servant followed, bringing tall glasses.

"To Eddie!" Olmstead proposed.

"To Eddie," she agreed, and then, "Ooooh! Good, very good!"

Sitting there under a Dutch tiled roof and surrounded by stolid Dutch walls, relishing the miracle of ice cream and refreshed by an American cooling system, Martha felt guiltier than ever. She was in the camp of the enemy. Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter. . . .

"How were things going back home?" he asked.

"Picking up a little when I left," she said. "Of course, no one knows how the Administration's economic planning will work out in the end." She unconsciously quoted Uncle Peter: "The machines have us in chains back home."

He shook his head, his eyes eager.

"We'll learn how to master our machines. Golly, but I'm keen to get home! That's where the big fight is. Been out here nine months, and that's too long to fool around in the world's back alley."

She stared at him.

"You can't mean that, surely! To exchange this peace and serenity for the madhouse we've built in America? Why, Bali is—"

"A great place for cowards," he said, his voice harsh. "Cowards and artists."

"You mean people who are brave enough to return to a simple, honest existence!"

He laughed. "Have some more malted milk!"

It infuriated her that his insistent invitation to stay to dinner should be so tempting. She was very weary of Aunt Hilda's cuisine—*rijist-tafel*, *sati*, curried chicken, duck-egg omelets, bamboo-sprout salads and gin slings. And she dreaded the return to the steaming heat of Kunkal. This evening, Marvin Hough would want her to accompany him to some native dance or *gamelan* concert. She was, she decided, a little weary of Marvin Hough.

BUT the arrival of two automobile loads of Dutch from Den Pasar saved her. Olmstead made introductions all around. As soon as the Dutchmen and their fat wives heard Olmstead say, "Miss Hanston is Mrs. Milford's niece," they became awkwardly silent. Martha said hastily to Olmstead, "I really must be getting back." He protested, but she was determined, adding, "One of your men could drive me. I don't want to take you away from your guests."

He drove her. Slowly, until she said, "Step on it. I'm late, and you must get back to the company."

"They just came to cool off," he said. "They'll stay only an hour or so."

It began to rain, a doleful, steaming rain. Martha was perspiring again. She saw him glance at her pityingly. That made her still angrier.

"I've got a swell shower bath," he said. "You are welcome to use it any time. Mamma Toensfeldt would—"

"Very kind of you, but we get along quite well at our house."

"It was a hell of a thing to say," he said, grinning. "Sorry."

She relented. "Not at all. You're very kind. The malted milk was a life-saver."

The awful Olmstead, emboldened by

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lost Dog

By Dana Burnet

Every man has his pet weakness. We incline to Professor Theodore Trask's. It involves a moonlit lane, a girl—and a sirloin of beef!

ALTHOUGH Professor Theodore Trask was unmarried—he was the most thoroughly unmarried member of the faculty of Blanton Seminary for Young Ladies, in Blanton, Mass.—he nevertheless was definitely henpecked. He was one of those brilliant, sensitive, high-minded young men who seem peculiarly vulnerable to feminine domination. In his case, the dominating female was his Aunt Emma.

Aunt Emma was elderly and acid. She had chronic dyspepsia, a passion for two-handed card games, a dog and a grievance. The grievance was against Theodore's father, now deceased. To be brief, the late Mr. Trask had advised his sister Emma to make a certain investment which had proved ephemeral. Aunt Emma had lost about a thousand dollars, which was only a drop in her financial bucket.

But she had made such lament about it that the conscientious Theodore, after his father's death, had invited her to live with him in his modest bungalow on High Street above the college campus. Out of his meager salary as professor of senior English at Blanton he had insisted on paying back, bit by bit, the vanished thousand dollars. In five years he had paid it all; but by that time Aunt Emma was so strongly intrenched in his home and in his life that Theodore despaired of ever dislodging her.

Let us pause here to observe that a man may be betrayed by his nobler, as well as by his baser impulses. Theodore's character was by no means flabby. He was firm enough in the classroom. In fact, most of the young ladies who attended his lectures considered him a man of granite, and sighed over that fact. But though there was something statuesque about his tall, lean, high-shouldered figure and sharply carved features, he was not stony. His finely chiseled nose and the mobility of his mouth revealed him a man of poetic sympathies and of idealistic motives. It was his idealism, indeed, that had delivered him into the iron hand of Aunt Emma. This was bewildering to Theodore. He had acted according to his higher instincts; and had found himself enslaved. If his lower instincts had not come to his rescue—but that is our story.

His lower instincts were first aroused by Aunt Emma's dog. It was a small dog, and snarly. It had an inverted face and a vicious grin. Aunt Emma called it Chang. She loved it dearly.

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

He returned, with a queer light in his eye. "Chang has run away," he announced almost gayly

At night Chang inhabited a luxurious dwelling in the back yard. It was Theodore's dubious privilege every evening after his game of double Canfield with Aunt Emma to put the dog to bed. As Chang was given to fits of temperament, Theodore occasionally was bitten for his pains.

BUT it was not till Chang took to running away and getting lost that Theodore realized his true position. The year was at the spring, now; and every time the door was left open, Chang would slip out and be gone till rescued. The dog wore a collar on which were engraved his name and telephone number—or rather, Theodore's telephone number. So that, sooner or later after the animal's disappearance, some neighbor would call up and say, "I've got your dog; come get him."

Theodore did not enjoy these excursions. He loathed them. But they forced him, finally, to recognize a certain grim fact: to wit, that a dog may have freedom where a man has none. . . .

It was a striking thought. It penetrated Theodore's nobility of character and stirred his primitive senses. He said nothing to Aunt Emma; but one warm, sweet spring evening as he sat opposite her at the card table a curious change took place in him. His usually temperate blood began to simmer; then to boil. Strange fantasies rushed through his mind. He saw himself slipping out the half opened door into the soft night, stealing away to high adventure, greeting the young moon with a bark and a wave of his bushy tail!

"You could have put the black ten on the red Jack," crowed Aunt Emma.

Theodore stared at her. His smile was vague. "I see," he said. "The black ten on the red moon."

"The *what?*" shrieked his aunt.

"I mean, the red dog on—uh—I mean—"

The telephone rang in the hall. He hurried out of the room to answer it. Shortly he returned, with a queer light in his eye.

"Chang has run away again," he announced almost gayly.

"Run away? Oh, dearie me! And I never even missed him, the poor darling!"

"Some people down the lane have got him. I'll go get him," said Theodore; and without waiting for Aunt Emma's reply, strode out hatless into the star-strewn night. "That voice on the phone," he muttered to himself. "I've heard that voice before!" A nameless excitement surged through him.

He crossed his back yard and stepped briskly into the narrow lane that descended between flowering hedges from High Street to the college campus. At the fourth house below his own he stopped and turned in through an opening in the hedge. A slim figure in white rose from the porch steps to greet him.

"You've come for your dog, I suppose?" The voice was feminine; it was low and musical and suggestive of waterfalls of laughter. Also, it was decidedly familiar.

"Yes," said Theodore; then as he looked into the girl's face, "Ah! It's you, Miss Calvert!"

"Why—Professor Trask!"

"Good evening," he murmured. Suddenly through his bemused brain ran a singsong whisper, "This is the girl with the thin silk legs who sits in the front row at class each day! This is the apple-cheeked girl you read to when you read the poets aloud! This is the girl. . . ."

MARY CALVERT laughed softly. "I didn't know it was *your* dog I'd found! I just called the number on his collar."

"It isn't my dog. It's my aunt's. Where is the—ah—animal?"

"In the kitchen, Professor—finishing the steak we had for dinner."

There was a pause, during which Theodore took note of the sheen of moonlight on her blond hair. It was disturbingly unlike him to notice such things. He hardly knew himself. "You—ah—you live here?" he asked finally, to break the awkward silence.

"Yes—will you come in, Professor Trask?"

"Oh, no! No, thank you. I'll just wait till you think Chang has finished the steak."

Mary smiled. He was acutely con-

Their hands touched briefly. Theodore experienced a sensation like a mild electric shock

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scious of the curve of her parted lips, of the gleam of her white teeth. "It's a lovely night, isn't it?" she remarked, looking into the sky.

Theodore agreed that it was a lovely night.

"It reminds me," the girl continued, "of that line of Shakespeare's in The Merchant of Venice: 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!' "

"Yes," said Theodore. "Oh, yes. A glorious line. You care for Shakespeare, Miss Calvert? I mean, you really care?"

"Very much—lately."

"Lately?"

Her soft laugh fell away into the darkness. "Well, if it doesn't sound too much like making up to the teacher, I'll admit I never was interested in Shakespeare till I heard you read him."

Recklessness seized Theodore. "It's extremely gratifying to hear you say that, Miss Calvert," he said. "To tell you the truth," he blurted out, "I've always felt—that is, since you entered my class at the beginning of the term—I've felt—"

"What?" breathed Mary.

"I've felt an especial sympathy on your part—an understanding—"

"Yes?"

"And on my part a new interest in my work, a fresh enthusiasm—"

"I've felt that, too," said the girl. "I really have."

Theodore gazed at her. "It's most extraordinary," he said.

Mary nodded. "I'm so glad to have this chance to tell you how much your lectures have meant to me. I—I've wanted to tell you, but I was too timid to come up after class, and—you don't seem to go out much. I mean I've never seen you at any of the college dances."

"No. My aunt is practically an invalid, so I stay home with her evenings."

"Yes, I know."

"You know?"

"Everyone knows how good you are to your aunt, Professor Trask."

Was there, he wondered, a slightly caustic note in her voice? If so, he decided to ignore it. "I suppose no one is immune from comment in a college town," he observed; and added, lightly, "I trust in my case the comment is favorable?"

"Oh, yes! All the girls think you're terribly attractive."

"Attractive? I?"

"Of course. That's why they're all so jealous of the mummy. Oh—!" She caught her breath. "Oh, dear! I didn't mean to say that!"

"The mummy? What mummy?" demanded Theodore in a daze.

THE girl answered faintly, "Your aunt!" and then put her hand to her mouth, like a child who has been driven by some inner compulsion to utter the awful truth.

"Miss Calvert, really!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! It just popped out."

"So my aunt is known to the student body as the mummy, is she?"

"I'm frightfully sorry!"

Theodore made a vague gesture. "Let it pass," he said. "Let it pass."

"I've hurt you," the girl said. "I've been stupid and hurt you." Looking at her, he saw that her eyes were glistening. It upset him completely.

"Mary!" he exclaimed; and then gasped at the unexpectedness, the amazingly accidental utterance of her first name. Till that moment he hadn't been conscious that he *knew* her first name.

Evidently it surprised her, too. "Oh, you know my name! How funny!"

"Funny?"

The steak was there, where he had hidden it. He let Chang sniff it; then he put the dog down

"Oh, my Lord!" breathed the girl. "I thought it was Chang I'd caught"

"Well, I mean, the girls say—"

"What," asked Theodore somewhat grimly, "do the girls say?"

"Oh, it's just a silly line. They say that they may be hits with some of the profs, but with you they're just misses."

"Ah!" said Theodore. "Very amusing. I suppose what they mean is that I'm not—exactly—human. Is that it?"

The girl looked up at him. Her eyes still glistened; but there was no suggestion of tears in them now. "If they think that, they're wrong," she said softly. "I know they're wrong—aren't they, Professor Trask?"

Theodore swallowed something in his throat. "They are wrong," he said. "Quite wrong. And now, don't you think Chang has had enough steak?"

"Oh, the dog! Yes, of course. I'll bring him to you."

MARY disappeared into the house. She came back in a moment with the surfeited animal in her arms. As she gave him to Theodore, their hands touched briefly. Theodore experienced a sensation like a mild electric shock. As for Chang, he was in such a comatose condition that he forgot to bite either of them.

"Thank you again," said Theodore. "And good night, Miss—ah—Mary!"

"Good night, Professor."

When he got home, after locking Chang in his quarters, Aunt Emma eyed him with a great deal of suspicion.

"What took you so long?" she demanded.

"Chang and I had to stop to bark at the moon," said Theodore; and went gravely off to bed, leaving Aunt Emma somewhat bewildered.

The next day in class Theodore found it difficult to keep his mind on the charms of Shakespeare. Mary Calvert sat, as usual, in a seat just below his desk; there was a shaft of sunlight thrust through her blond hair, her blue eyes were lifted attentively to his, and her shapely crossed legs gleamed a little in their gossamer sheaths. . . .

"That will be all for this morning, young ladies!"

Mary was the last to leave the room. For one dizzy moment Theodore thought that she was going to stop and speak to him. He hoped fervently that she would. But she only looked up at him—and smiled.

THAT smile haunted him all day. By nightfall he was in a state of nerves about it. He felt that if he did not see Mary Calvert and find out what her smile meant he would go mad. His impulse was to march boldly down the lane and ask her. But his fear of Aunt Emma, combined with his respect for the rules governing the conduct of a professor toward his pupils, made that simple, direct action impossible.

So he resorted to subterfuge. After dinner, finding himself briefly alone in the living-room with Chang, Theodore impulsively opened the front door and kicked the pampered little beast out into the moonlit night. Chang yipped once, not loudly, and vanished.

When Aunt Emma appeared, Theodore had the card table ready. He fairly rushed her into their usual game of double Canfield. "I feel lucky tonight!" he announced, with a reckless laugh. Secretly he prayed that Chang would remember the beefsteak he had consumed in Mary Calvert's kitchen the night before and return to the scene of that eventful feast.

Finally the telephone rang. Theodore fairly leaped to answer it. But when he returned from the hall his face was a puzzle.

"Chang!" he said dully. "Lost again. The butcher's got him."

"The butcher?" cried Aunt Emma, in alarm.

"Oh, it's all right, Aunt Emma. No danger to your pet. I'll go get him."

The butcher's name was Schmidt. His shop was at the foot of the lane. When Theodore entered it, a few minutes later, Mr. Schmidt greeted him jovially. "You haf come for your liddle dog, Professor? He iss oudt back, eading some scraps. He vas so hungry, I gif him the tail end of a steak."

"Ah, yes," said Theodore. "Chang has a nose for steak." To himself he muttered bitterly: "And a damned inconsistent nose! What a fool I was to pin my hopes on that dog's memory!"

The dog house was located in the center of the Trask back yard, a few feet from the hedge. Theodore was about to thrust Chang into his residence when a soft voice from the lane said, "Good evening, Professor Trask!"

He straightened up with a jerk. There, across the hedge, looming like a pale sculpture, were the lovely head and shoulders of a girl. A girl with a shaft of moonlight thrust through her hair.

"Mary!" he said and, with the dog still in his arms, moved blindly toward the hedge. "Good evening! It's you?"

Aunt Emma sailed by. Theodore sprinted after her. And Mary ran after Theodore

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miami Holiday

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

THE wealthy old lady who had been her patient looked at Judy.

"And now that you have cured me," she asked, "what happens? You go on to another case, and another and another?"

"Yes," said Judy.

And the old lady continued to look at her. Because it seemed to her that such an arrangement was a waste of loveliness and sweetness and youth. It appeared to her that, while Judy Thayer went on, capably nursing the ill, life was passing Judy by. And so life was. It appeared to the old lady that Judy was missing something that might never come again. And so Judy was.

She, who was so eager for life and experience, gazed back at the old lady as a blind man might look into his own particular dark. Because she was tired of nursing; tired of discipline, of self-control and self-sacrifice. Most especially was she tired of never, no, not ever, seeing any men but doctors. Always, wherever she looked, doctors were there, dominating, high-powered, full of uninteresting life.

"If you had your dearest wish," said the old lady, "what would it be?"

"To have useless, pretty clothes," said Judy. "I loathe uniforms. To go to Florida," she said, "and never, never again look a doctor in the face!"

So that was how Judy was in Florida. That was how, because the old lady turned out to be a fairy godmother, Judy came to be in the land of violent sun, of fountains and patios, of palm trees rattling against a blue sky. That was how she sat for hours at a time doing nothing and that was how she came to be sure that she wanted to stay the rest of her life in that treacherous and seductive land, a play-girl, with only play-boys for friends and companions.

Through hot, strange days she looked out at the indigo of the Gulf Stream and watched John Casey O'Hara try to get its blue onto his canvas. She had met him the third day after she arrived in Miami and she loved him almost at first sight. She wasn't sure that she hadn't loved him always, from the day of her birth.

She loved him because he was one of those splendid persons who garnish life with gayety, because he painted beautiful things, because at his touch a world had opened that was pliable, generous and miraculous to a degree that she had not, before, even guessed. But over and above everything else, she loved him for what he was not . . . for everything about him that was not like a doctor, was foreign to that country of illness with which she was identified.

"SO YOU leave us next week," said O'Hara, one morning, on the beach. He squinted his eyes at his canvas, without a sign of regret. Judy knew there was no regret, for she had from the start sensed the barrier he put between them. She was not, he had made her feel, of his world.

"Yes," said Judy.

"Rearing to go, I suppose?"

"No," said Judy, briefly. She would not explain. She wanted to take this month away with her whole, in all its hallucinated glory, with not a touch of the hospital upon it. So she would not even speak of her work. Ahead, like a gray shadow, it lay; but, here and behind, the sun shone, O'Hara stood.

"How come you debs are bored so quickly with New York," pondered O'Hara, "and what, in God's name, do you expect to do with your lives?"

She looked at him in blank surprise. "I—" she began, but he had turned back to his easel, and she knew it did not matter to him what she was or did.

There was a ripple of despair all over her. Then she shut both her mouth and her eyes as one might pull down the blinds to be quiet and cry. Presently she looked up again and watched with grave attention a plane that circled over the houses behind them, over the beach.

The plane flew too low, disappeared over a roof, came into sight again. "It's that crazy Tyler boy," she said. "Some day he'll kill himself."

Almost before the words had left her lips, the Tyler boy tried to live up to them. The ship crashed a few hundred yards up the beach, digging the soft sand, plowing its way along, leaving a body where it had struck.

She reached the spot where the boy lay almost as soon as O'Hara. She knew that what was to be done would be done by her, the trained and competent nurse. O'Hara, the man of art, was not equipped for realities such as this.

It was only ten minutes later that the ambulance had come, that young Tyler, only slightly injured, had been carried away, and Judy was walking back down the beach with O'Hara. Only ten minutes and everything seemed almost the way it had been. And yet everything was different; there seemed to be a subtle difference in the sunlight itself. Casey O'Hara was lighting a cigarette and Judy was picking up her book and her bathing cap from the spot where she had dropped them. She sat down and looked out at the ocean which seemed to grow wider and larger and more desolate before her.

He said, after a time, "What was the idea in concealing the very admirable fact that you are a nurse?"

She tried to make that clear, to show him how tired she had been of her calling, how she ached for rest from it. But all the time that she talked, she did not look at him. "Sold!" her mind was whispering to her. "Sold!" She tried but she could not forget the way O'Hara had handled the stunned, unconscious boy. It was as if Fate had taken her by the hand and said, with its most ironic bow: "Come, Judy, have a look at this!"

She had looked where Fate pointed and now it was as if O'Hara, the gay, the care-free, the glamorous, was gone. Gone as if he had never been. Taking with him all color, all light.

She wanted to be silent about it, but she couldn't. "I can't bear it," she said dully. "I can't bear it. It is so awful, so terrible that *you* should turn out to be a doctor." For she had recognized it in the very way he had looked at the Tyler boy, touched his pulse. She couldn't miss that doctor look with the polish of perfection upon it. Her lip twisted. All the way to Miami, to this land of sunshine, to get away from doctors, and thus to run straight into one!

Straight into his arms, as it turned out. For Casey O'Hara stared at her, scanning her in what was at first a mild surprise and then a shout of delighted laughter. It seemed so fantastic to him that she should like him when he dabbled with paints and loathe him in his own work. And all at once he knew how he felt about her, knew how it was decreed that they should feel about each other.

STILL laughing, still with his teeth gleaming white in his tanned face, he leaned over her and pulled her upright.

"No—" said Judy, still struggling, her spirit still refusing to abdicate before this dreadful situation. "No—" But all the time with the sensation that in her chest was a loft of pigeons and that every bird was flapping its wings to start on a long flight. "Not a *doctor*—" she cried, protesting.

But the old lady should have seen her then. The old lady would have known that no longer was life passing Judy Thayer by. No longer was Judy missing something that might never come again.

Mario Cooper

"I—" she began, but he had turned back to his easel, and she knew it did not matter to him what she was or did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The old guard may have surrendered, temporarily, but it refuses to die

Midnight Council

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Shaken, rattled and at odds, the strategists of the G. O. P. have retired into silence to plan the campaign for '34 and '36. Their periscopes are turned on Mr. Roosevelt

SILENCE—vast, organized and deliberate—has fallen over the Republican party since its defeat just one year ago. Its cheer-leaders have apparently forgotten words and music of the old-time songs about prosperity, protection and Republicanism; they don't even care whether grass grows or dies in the city streets under Democratic rule. From ex-President Hoover, who set the example for this shush-shush policy, down to such usually voluble fellows as Ogden L. Mills and William E. Borah, they have become tongue-tied. They have, with a few exceptions, refrained from destructive or constructive criticism of the Roosevelt program, and from discussing plans for a possible comeback in 1934 and 1936. It is one of the strange phenomena of recent politics.

Like most partisan policies, this check on the many diverse Republican tongues has an ambiguous meaning. Jim Watson, that lovable old humbug from Indiana, calls it a "self-imposed silence," implying, as he always does, that anything Republican must spring from a noble and unselfish motive. Others say nothing because they don't know what it's all about. Less subtle leaders than Jim admit that it is made up partly of soreness among themselves and partly of strategy. Even a political amateur realizes that it would be foolhardy politics to belittle President Roosevelt before he has been given a real chance to show what he can do. He is still too popular, and they are too unpopular. Several prominent and restless Republicans tried their hand at "viewing with alarm" a short while ago, denouncing the Administration's policies as socialistic and unconstitutional, and even the rural Republican press assailed these rail-birds as unpatriotic.

The excess of partisan peace has grown irksome to some Democrats. The men in power wish the enemy would whoop things up a bit and tell what they really think about the New Deal; they don't like this Republican huddle and prefer that the other team bark out its signals in the open, old-fashioned way. The Democrats would like to learn whether the "honorable gentlemen" on the other side of the aisle will fight or be friendly in the coming Congress, what issues they will select for the first skirmish, and what group, reactionary or liberal, will run the Republican show when the G. O. P. opens up for votes again. Having a healthy respect for the resourcefulness and recuperative power of their opponents, they put no stock in the theory that the crushing defeat of Mr. Hoover shattered beyond repair a party which never liked him.

Behind the Wall of Silence

Despite breast-beating protestations of good will, the Republicans are giving Mr. Roosevelt the silence treatment, in the opinion of responsible Democrats. According to this view, it has all the earmarks of a conspiracy rather than a generous gesture—a conspiracy of silence. It is designed to give the Administration rope rather than opportunity. Only a few regular Republicans have been candid in their criticism or coöperation; they have not been "neighborly."

In snubbing the nation's boldest experiment in governmental expansion, the Republicans eschew both praise and blame. When the mercurial Pat Hurley defended the National Recovery Act in speeches which might have been written by Democratic publicity agents, the Secretary of War in the Hoover administration drew frowns from his erstwhile associates. But when Mr. Watson called upon the party to arise and awake to its rôle of minority critic, he also got in bad with the party strategists. The latter attributed Machiavellian motives to both orators, explaining that they intend to take to the back-slapping, baby-kissing trail that leads—sometimes—to public office.

Behind this wall of silence, however, things are happening in the Republican camp. Under the pressure of adversity they are doing some hard thinking and fighting among themselves, which may be a wholesome thing for a party that had grown soft and smug from too many and too easy victories. Mr. Roosevelt is making them think as his fifth cousin was wont to do, and along somewhat the same lines. He has forced upon them the choice of sticking to standpattism or of changing with the times. He has injected novel questions of politics and government which are still in the stage of trial and error. He has opened up entirely new and broader vistas of the government's responsibility to the people, business, industry and agriculture. He has swept away such ancient issues as prohibition, the tariff, states' rights, prosperity and the League of Nations—issues upon which the G. O. P. has won presidential battles since the Civil War. On top of that the Republicans concede that he has a personality and astuteness which they cannot match with anybody in sight on their side.

A Swell Chance for Fireworks

The one question which may furnish a chance for reviving partisan red fire is that of sound money. Although the President has given assurances that there will be no resort to the printing presses, the cry for fiat money comes mostly from men of his own party. Should they gain the upper hand in the next Congress, or even become excessively vocal, the G. O. P. will seize on this as evidence that the Democrats cannot be trusted to follow their leader. There will also be sniping at such Rooseveltian experiments as feeding and clothing the needy, slaughtering hogs, plowing up cotton, regulating banks and reorganizing industry. But most Republicans concede that it is yet too early to plan a major offensive in this unexplored territory.

The Republicans face the same dilemma that confronted the Allies at the

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With sudden perception, in almost hysterical relief, he realized that this wasn't fire of the burning kind. He wouldn't have to land to get away from it

Rough Air Ahead

By Leland Jamieson

Imagine yourself seated near the pilot of the plane in this story—and get one of the biggest thrills of your life. And look out for the lightning!

NICHOLSON, the mechanic who had brought the car to the hotel, had been silent during the first few minutes of their trip from town. But suddenly he said to Paul Durson in his bullfrog voice, "You ain't takin' the mail plane out tonight. You're going in a Junebug. This ain't no ordinary run. You got an ambulance this trip." He paused to put a match to his pipe, and sucked deeply with a smacking of his lips.

Paul Durson—the lights of Miami were behind them now—saw a prolonged flicker of distant lightning in the northern sky. "A Junebug?" he demanded. That was the nickname for the passenger planes that plied this route with combination loads in daylight. "I'm not flying a Junebug through these coastal thunderstorms at night! Bad enough—"

"You're flyin' her tonight," Nicholson cut in. "The V. P. okayed it a while ago by radio. They took out all the seats and made a bed in the Junebug. You got a sixteen-year-old kid with a head busted open like an eggshell. They was goin' to bring a special doctor from New York instead of movin' her, but the southbound had left New York when they got word through. They say there ain't but three doctors in the whole U. S. can cut on her just right to save her. The V. P. sent orders down to get her through—regardless."

The lightning broke again in a long and jagged chain far to the north, and an uneasiness filled Paul Durson's mind. He was a young man, perhaps twenty-three or -four, moderately tall, with an athletic type of body; his profile was straight; he had unruly black hair, and extremely blue, bright eyes, dulled somewhat now by lack of sleep. Until last week he had been a co-pilot with the company. This run, from Miami to Atlanta on night mail, would be the completion of his first trip as a first pilot. It was deeply disturbing to have a life-or-death responsibility thrust upon him before he had had time to learn the run more thoroughly and gather more experience.

HE WOULD have liked to go out tonight, for it would have made him feel that he was big enough to fill his job; but he knew that it would be safer for the people going north if an older pilot took the run. Nicholson turned in at the field, and Durson found Bryan, the field manager, in the office. He explained: "Bryan, don't think I'm trying to duck out because the weather may be bad. The thing is, I realize my limitations—last week I was a co-pilot. Nicholson has told me this girl hasn't a chance if we don't get her to New York. I might have to back down from something an older pilot would tackle and go through. You see my point of view? And besides," he added, "I've been on a day schedule, sleeping at night, and can't get switched around. I haven't had a wink of sleep in forty hours."

Bryan pursed his lips. "The weather is pretty bad," he considered. "I'll try to get in touch with Hayes." Someone called him from the hangar; he turned and disappeared, and Durson followed slowly. He hadn't realized fully how weary that loss of sleep had made him, until now.

Just then an ambulance rolled past the floodlights on the hangar eaves and stopped and backed until it stood ten feet from the doorway of the waiting plane. The engine fell to silence, and as Durson watched, the driver in white uniform got out, with an orderly behind him. The rear doors opened, and a man, apparently a doctor, emerged, followed by a white-dressed nurse and a girl twenty-two or -three years old. The driver, orderly, nurse and doctor went about their task, and the girl stood by, tearing her handkerchief to shreds unconsciously. She seemed past the stage of tears.

Bryan came back. "I called Hayes," he said. "It's his day off, and he went fishing. I called Estes, who brought the passenger section down today, but he wasn't at his hotel and they couldn't find him. It looks as if it's up to you, old man."

He put the weather report into Durson's hands, and turned back to his duties in the office. Durson stepped under the direct light of the hangar floods and scanned the typed report.

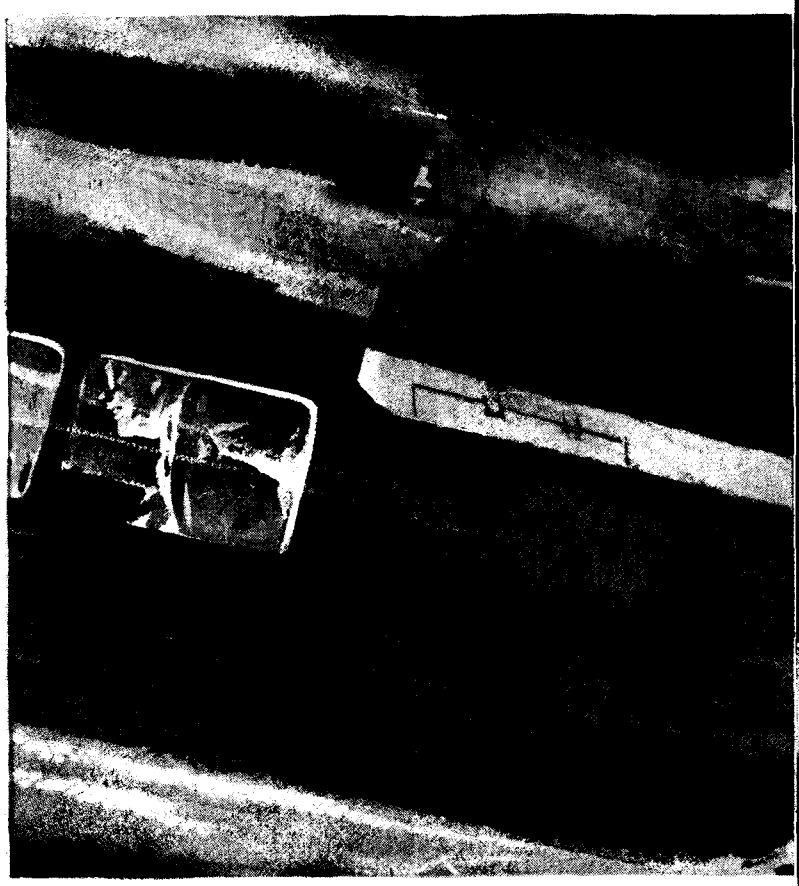
Palm Beach was overcast with a five-hundred-foot ceiling, moderate rain, a visibility of two miles. There was a notation, "Violent thunderstorm passed station half-hour ago." Vero Beach had more ceiling, but less visibility, and driving rain. Daytona had no rain, but did have a strong ground wind, and the notation, "Violent electrical storms in all directions." Durson considered soberly that he would have to land at Daytona to take on gasoline.

HIS responsibility, his job, was to get through. He could imagine how these people with this injured girl must feel, and he wanted to do what he could for them. He really wanted to take off and go. But he remembered Norris' words when the operations manager had promoted him: "Remember, Durson, how little you know now; remember that to be valuable to the company you must learn a great many different things. Then keep on living, to put them into practice. Don't kill yourself trying to fly up to older men; you take it easy. There'll be nights when you'll learn more in an hour than I could tell you in a month of talking. Keep your head."

Durson had recognized the soundness of that terse advice. But where did it apply tonight? What good was advice, when he was the only pilot here to go on a trip that *had* to be made? There was no least argument about that part of it. He had to go, and he was going. He'd do the best he could, and hope nothing came up that he wasn't wise enough or skilled enough to meet. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Elmore Brown



somehow he felt sorry for the ones who had to ride with him.

"Any fool," he thought, "can take off in the soup and break his neck. What if it turns out"—the thought was startling, and brought him to alertness with a shocking force—"that I *don't* know enough to get them through?"

He turned and strode in long steps to the weather bureau shack, and there found Higgans on the night watch. "What about the map?" he asked, his voice tense. While Higgans explained theories and the possibilities of pressure movements, Durson put fire to a cigarette with nervous hands.

The weather might break, or it might stay as it was. The thunderstorms might rain themselves out, or they might get even worse and bring the ceiling down almost to the trees. Durson, frowning, hastened once more to the hangar. In the pilots' locker-room Bryan found him and exclaimed, "Where you been? The mail's loaded. They've got the girl aboard. It's time for you to shove."

Durson answered without meeting Bryan's eyes. "I'm shoving. You tell that radio operator to sit on me tonight. If I didn't think I'd get these people through tonight, I wouldn't start, but—well, anything can happen. I'm no weather shark."

DOCTOR SCROGENS and Joan McElroy were in the waiting-room. Durson was aware of the intensity of the tall, pale girl, of the grim severity of the physician. Impulsively, after Bryan introduced them, Joan McElroy said in a low, strained voice:

"My sister. . . . You'll be very careful, won't you, please?"

Durson was bareheaded, with earphones in place upon his ears and the phone cord dangling almost to the floor. "I'm always careful," he reassured her. "I'll get you through." He was disturbed by the confidence these people placed in him. Joan McElroy's face was a dead white. Her eyes, now, stared up at him.

Scrogens, pacing with him to the plane, explained matters in a professional tone. "Car accident. . . . I didn't want to risk moving her . . . the brain surgeon couldn't make the southbound New York plane to get here soon enough . . . the family had no money to charter a special trip, so we resorted to this means." He paused, and glanced keenly at Paul Durson. "You look too young to be a seasoned pilot, but you must be or you wouldn't be sent out on a flight that's so important. . . . No jars; we can't have any shocks in her condition."

Durson nodded soberly. He didn't feel quite comfortable. "We're all young in this business," he declared, watching Scrogens' face. Scrogens hadn't said a word about himself, about the danger. He was thinking only of that girl. Funny about doctors, Durson thought; they never gave themselves consideration. Always thinking of their patients. It made him feel suddenly ashamed that he had been afraid. With Scrogens, and that nurse, and Joan McElroy all worrying about a kid whose head was crushed, here he had been worrying because he'd never gone through a crisis on his own responsibility. Didn't every pilot go through a first ordeal sometime? Weren't these people going with him, sure that he'd take care of them? He said to Scrogens in a new tone, resolute: "We'll be all right. But there'll be some jars that I can't help—there'll be a thunderstorm or two. You'd better strap her down. I'm going to bust right through."

"Weather too bad now," he shouted to her. "I'm going back. Tell Dr. Scrogens to come here"

THE look that Scrogens gave him was one of complete, confiding trust. Durson turned and climbed into the cabin, glanced at the passive, careful nurse and then at the still form which lay upon the bed at one side of the little room. He nodded, and passed through and took his place at the controls. His hands, now, were strong and competent. . . .

The lightning in the north was more pronounced, he saw when the plane was flying through blackness at a thousand feet. A dark cloud bank seemed to rise up from the ground forty or fifty miles ahead, and tower and go out of sight at some unknown altitude. Flickerings behind the wall of mist threw it repeatedly into relief, and now and then a chain, a ragged string of incandescence, shot across an opening between the clouds and darted out of sight again.

Paul Durson had a secret, morbid fear of lightning.

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

DOYLE EVANS witnesses the murder of Big Mike Pelletiere, a notorious gangster—sees him stabbed to death in Paul Lanson's restaurant, in Paris. Two years later, in New York, he meets the most famous girl in America: Phyllis Benedict. He knows her story—who does not? Kidnapped when a child, she had been found only recently by her fabulously wealthy father, working as "Minnie Ganston" for one Johnson Fay, an importer. One glance is enough for Evans. His mind flashes back to that scene in Lanson's, to Big Mike Pelletiere—and a girl who had been with him when he was killed. A beautiful girl. *Phyllis Benedict!*

That night a girl (Lisa Gundstrom) calls on Evans, tries to convince him it was *she* he had seen with the gangster. Tragic events follow quickly. Paul Lanson comes to New York and opens a speakeasy. He is bombed to death. His cashier, Raoul Garron, is murdered. Lisa Gundstrom "commits suicide" under very suspicious circumstances.

What, Evans wonders, can be the meaning of these, and many other, sinister episodes? He does not guess the answer: Johnson Fay, working with a corps of killers—*and* the girl known as "Phyllis Benedict"—is plotting to gain control of the Benedict fortune: *eighty million dollars!* Jean Degas, a clever French detective whom Evans has known for years, has come to New York. Aware that Degas and Evans are dangerous, Fay is scheming to get rid of them. . . . Certain that "Phyllis Benedict" is not the real Phyllis Benedict, Evans nevertheless recognizes her for what she is: a beautiful and lovely girl. He falls in love with her, proposes to her. She accepts him. At the Benedict mansion (while Johnson Fay, hidden behind a portière, listens), he urges her to tell him the truth about herself. Whereupon Fay, knowing that the girl is weakening, steps into the room, knocks Evans unconscious, and kidnaps him. Before he leaves, he informs the girl that unless she turns over a certain two-million-dollar trust fund to him, he will kill the man she loves. Phyllis agrees to carry out his demand.

Disguised and under the name of "Pedro Carminas," Degas calls on Phyllis, questions her boldly. He leaves, quite convinced that the girl knows nothing of the tragic drama being played. . . . Reardon, a New York private detective, goes to work on the case. He learns that Phyllis Benedict's chauffeur is none other than Tim Darnley, a crook. He learns, also, that Darnley's brother, Sam, had murdered Raoul Garron. With Degas he reviews the problem. Then—"Where was Evans when he disappeared?" says Degas. "My friend, we must answer that question. *And quickly* if we are to save Evans!"

X

DETECTIVES have camera eyes, but so, often, have criminals. Jake Reardon had recognized Tim Darnley as a racketeer, or, at least, as of the stuff of which racketeers are made. But Darnley had also recognized the private detective for who and what he was, and the recognition alarmed him. What was a private detective doing at the Benedict estate? What was he doing there now?

The house of cards which Johnson Fay had erected was beginning to waver in the wind of suspicion. When Fay had first broached his idea there had been those of his followers who had deemed him mad. It had taken many hours of argument to persuade them that his plan was feasible. But the very cunning of the plot finally won over the waverers. Who but J. F., his supporters argued, would think of *letting* the Benedicts discover their daughter? The Benedicts would not be staring coldly at a woman who professed to be their long-lost child. They would be pleading with a girl to accept their belief in her identity. She would be as surprised at finding her parents as those parents were at finding her.

To every argument the objectors advanced Fay presented an answer. And the final answer was the Benedict fortune. Eighty millions of dollars! What risk did not become slight when one considered that great fortune?

Recognition of the girl? As what? As a hard-working girl who attended night school? As a stenographer? Why not? The more people who knew her as Minnie Ganston, the better. There was only one dangerous point, and that was the Pelletiere business. But even then discretion had been observed. Minnie Ganston had not been seen around with Mike Pelletiere. Pelletiere had been sent over to negotiate a deal. Because Fay did not trust the gangster, Minnie Ganston had been sent along to carry the money which was to be paid over to the South Americans.

PELLETIERE was a bit in love with Minnie. Therefore he would not steal from the girl. No one else carrying a large sum of racket money would be safe from Pelletiere. The South Americans needed persuasion to be convinced that Pelletiere was really Fay's agent, and that he was financially equipped to close the deal. So Minnie Ganston had met them, had convinced them that, if they made arrangements with Pelletiere, the arrangements would be properly financed.

Another meeting, at which money was to pass, and at which Pelletiere was to be made cognizant of the location of certain supplies of drugs, was arranged. A discreet rendezvous was appointed; Paul of Lanson's was told to see to it that none others were present. Distrusting each other, neither the South Americans nor Pelletiere would meet in any private place; it must be public, yet deserted. And here Pelletiere had resented things said by the others. They wanted, in addition to money, the person of Minnie Ganston.

There was nothing unusual in the triple killing. When desperate men meet for the prosecution of business outside the law, a word may lead to death. The outlaws' passions flame more quickly than the passions of those who observe the law.

Minnie Ganston had escaped the tragic meeting which ended Johnson Fay's attempt to control the illicit drug business of the world. Cross-examined as to her escape, she had said that she did not know the young man who had aided her. But Paul Lanson had told an emissary of Fay that the young man was Doyle Evans.

So Doyle Evans became the only person who could, by his testimony, connect Phyllis Benedict with Minnie Ganston. Oh, there were concierges in Paris, taxi-drivers, waiters, railroad conductors—these people might see a picture of Phyllis Benedict and remark on her resemblance to the pretty fare or patron whom they had served. But the risk of such identification was negligible. The real risk lay in recognition by someone of the same social order as that to which Minnie Ganston aspired.

"I am not familiar with the estate, Miss Benedict. Else I would deliver your property to you myself. But as it is—can you wait until Monday?"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"YOU should never have sent her to Paris, J. F.," one of his followers had said to him only a few days ago.

"Listen," replied the master conspirator. "When I sent her over with Big Mike the Benedict thing was just mulling around in my head. Booze was on the way out. I wanted to grab off another racket. If I'd been able to put across the deal with those South Americans the Benedict thing might not have interested me. Anyway, Evans didn't recognize her. So we're sitting pretty."

And then the house of cards had begun to tremble. Tim Darnley, putting his car in the garage, frowned. Degas, that famous Frenchman who had questioned Paul in Paris, had come to America. He arrived shortly after Johnson Fay and Phyllis Benedict had lunched at Paul's speakeasy. Paul had shown no signs of recognition of Phyllis, but Johnson Fay took no chances. An hour or so after the papers heralded Degas' arrival, Paul had been slain.

Then Degas had called on Evans. After that call he had visited Lanson's speakeasy. Fear entered the heart of Fay. Then Lisa Gundstrom, who had been sent to Evans to banish from his mind any unrecognized doubt he might have of Phyllis, had telephoned Evans. She had been restive, nervous, after her call on Evans. Fay had had her watched. Her telephone message could only mean that she planned betrayal. So she was killed. And then, justifying all the sudden fears and suspicions, Evans, in his conversation with Phyllis, showed that he knew that she was Pelletiere's companion. Further, his speech proved that Phyllis had known his suspicions and that she had deceived Fay, confident that Evans' love for her would drown his doubts. And then, when Fay had attacked Evans, the girl had definitely balked. She would not go on with the impersonation, she had refused longer to obey the orders of Johnson Fay. Eighty million dollars were tossed out of the window by her refusal.

But there remained two millions. Gladly she had agreed to pay this amount to ransom her lover. And now a private detective acted as chauffeur to some man who called upon her.

TIM DARNLEY'S nerves were on edge. The girl who had proved so amenable, who had played her rôle with the skill and artistry of a consummate actress, had failed at the crucial moment. Well, that was like dames. They'd toss anything away if they got stuck on a lad.

Sudden panic attacked Darnley. It was all very well for Johnson Fay to feel confident that the girl would get her money from her lawyers and pass it over, but how could anyone be *sure?* She had double-crossed Fay. She had assured him that Evans hadn't the faintest doubt about her, and all the time, according to what Fay had overheard, Evans had been doubtful and the girl had known it. Because she had fallen for Evans at sight, apparently, she had taken chances with the biggest racket that had ever been tried.

How could Fay, to whom she had lied already, be certain that she would go through with her latest scheme? Dames got hysterical when they began to break down. Instead of getting her lawyers to turn over her private fortune—the fortune that belonged to the missing Benedict daughter—she might very well get an attack of conscience and tell the Benedicts everything. It might even be better to snatch her, while the Benedicts still believed she was their daughter, and make them pay plenty for her return.

He had already suggested this to Fay, but the master conspirator had vetoed the idea.

"We've got just as good a chance of getting her two million as we'd have of collecting a ransom," he said. And Darnley had been compelled to concede that Fay was right.

Only, during the last twenty-four hours, he had been wondering how good either chance was. When you stopped to consider it, away from Fay's eloquence, and in the light of Evans' dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covery that the girl was a masquerader, you wondered if the scheme had ever had merit.

If it hadn't been Evans, it might have been someone else. Even if doctors and family had accepted her—how long would that acceptance have continued? The fact that she had posed successfully for several months didn't mean that she could continue her deception indefinitely. Darnley shook his head solemnly. All of the conspirators had been sitting on a charge of dynamite all the time.

And now the dynamite's fuse was ignited. Jake Reardon, the slickest private detective in the city—and one of the most incorruptible—had driven a caller out to the Benedict home.

Why? It might be sheerest accident, but in the state of Darnley's nerves such an explanation was unsatisfactory. So from the garage he telephoned Johnson Fay.

"WHERE are you calling from?" Fay instantly demanded.

"The garage."

"You idiot," said Fay, "haven't I told you—"

"There's no one here, J. F.," said Darnley. "And I couldn't wait. You oughta know. Some guy just called on Minnie. And Jake Reardon drove him out here."

"Reardon see you?" Fay asked quickly.

"I don't know. If he did he didn't give a flicker. But he'd be too smart to do that, wouldn't he?"

"Who's the caller?" asked Fay.

"I don't know. I haven't been in the house. I been thinking this over. It may be an accident, just a thing that happens, you know, but—"

"Get in the house. Find out the name of the man Reardon brought there, and ring me back. Get a look at him if you can."

"Okay," said Darnley.

He entered the kitchen and in two minutes careless inquiry had procured for him the information Fay wanted. From the garage he again telephoned Fay.

"Pedro Carminas. Short, stocky lad. I didn't see him, but the footman told me. Some sort of a greaseball. And he said he had been sent to her by Doyle Evans."

Fay cursed incoherently.

"Has he gone—this Carminas man?"

"Left a few minutes ago. I didn't want to hang around. I got no record, but I didn't want Reardon getting a good look at me if I could help it. So I wasn't outside squinting at—"

"I'll ring you back, Tim," said Fay. "I'm going to call her. If she leaves the house—without you—let me know."

In New York, Fay jiggled the telephone receiver impatiently. In a moment he gave the number of Phyllis Benedict's private line, and she answered immediately.

"This is J. F. Alone?"

"Yes," she said.

"You just had a caller."

The girl's hand trembled; with difficulty she kept the receiver to her ear.

"Yes."

"Somebody from Evans, eh? Come on—out with it. Who was he? How the devil did Evans send a messenger to you? He couldn't have, so what's the answer?"

She fought for control of her voice. If Fay discovered that Degas' suspicions were aroused, even the prospect of getting two millions from her might not prevent him from ridding himself of so dangerous a captive as Doyle Evans, and ridding himself in the familiar method of the racketeer.

"I DON'T think Doyle sent him," she said. "As you say, how could he? He"—she fought for plausibility—"said that he knew Doyle and that Doyle had recommended me as a possible purchaser of oil stock. You see, Doyle is in the oil business, and this man tried to take advantage of that. You know, all sorts of salesmen seize upon any excuse to present propositions to me, and he was like that. I got rid of him instantly."

"But why did he pick on Evans' name? You and he aren't known to be intimates. I don't like it. What did you say his name was? Pedro Carminas? Ever see him before?"

"Never," she said.

"I don't get it," he said. "You know, Minnie, my pet, if I thought you were double-crossing me in any way, you'd never see your Doyle again. I hope that one is clear to you. And I don't like this. A man calls on you with a phony message—"

"All sorts of people try to get to talk with me," she said. "You know the hundreds of begging letters I get. Well, those that don't write, call."

"But they don't have private detectives as chauffeurs," said Fay.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Tim called me up. He said the man who came out with this Carminas man is Jake Reardon. And Reardon is one of the smoothest dicks in the city. I don't like it. And I don't like the way you're stalling."

"Stalling?"

"Oh, I know. Old Patterson is away, and Beasley doesn't have anything to do with your estate. But just the same—how hard have you tried to get Beasley to get Patterson to come back to town?"

"But I haven't dared," she said. "You said yourself, only last night, that suddenly insisting that my securities be turned over to me might seem suspicious."

"That was last night," said Fay. But his voice was less truculent. "And last night private detectives weren't riding

(Continued on page 55)

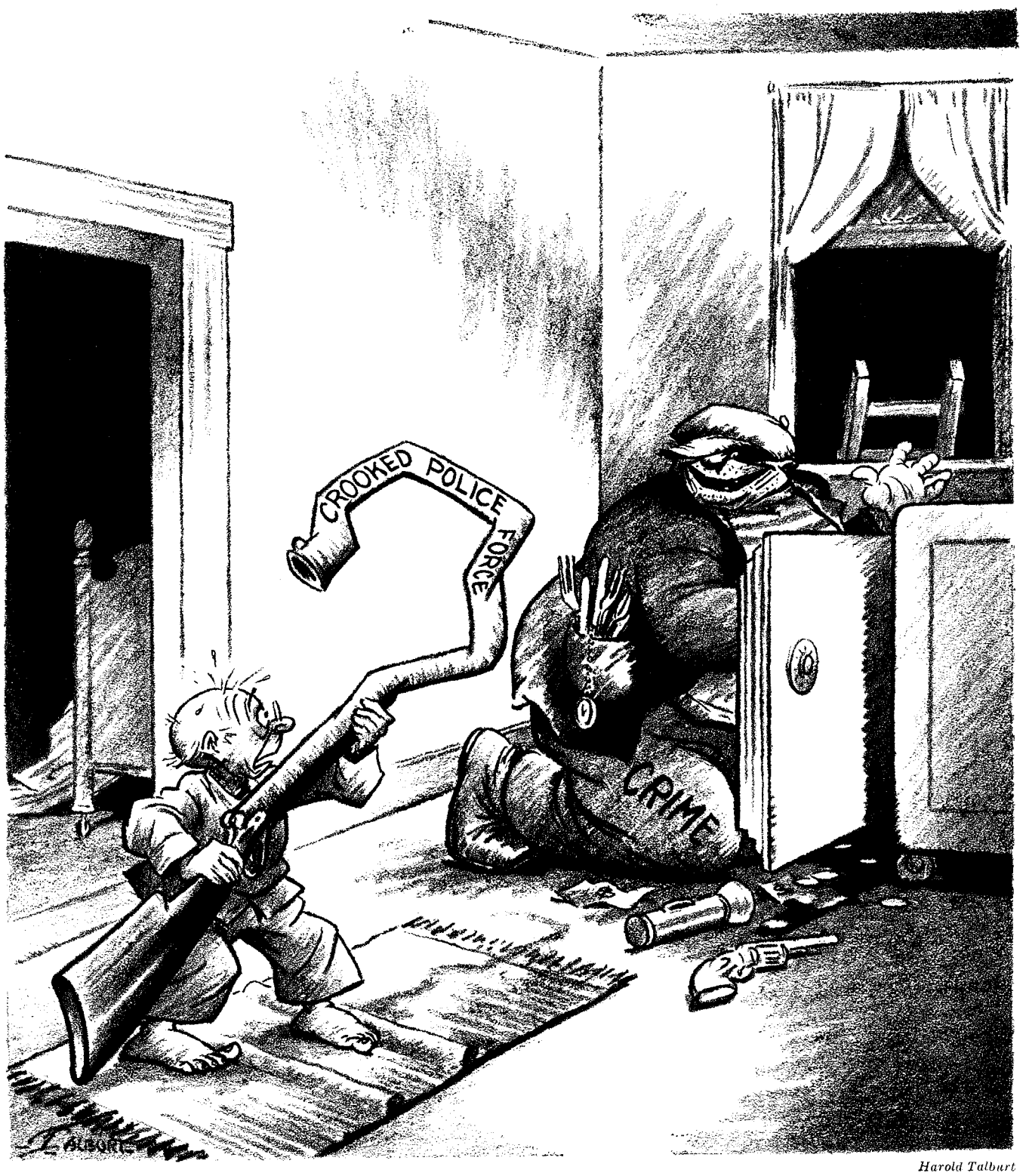
Downstairs waited Tim Darnley. But she left by another exit. She took a taxi uptown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are Policemen Soldiers?

By William G. Shepherd

No one but a heroic imbecile would risk his life fighting his boss' friends. But that's what we expect of our policemen: their jobs depend upon the favor of politicians, and politicians all too frequently have criminals for friends. You can't organize an army that way. You can't fight organized crime with soldiers paid by the enemy. Mr. Shepherd shows you the situation and its cure



Harold Talburt

"Go ahead and shoot, Mister. It can't hurt me"

FINALLY, in desperation, that smiling little Italian priest made up a list of all the towns in Sicily that might be called the home towns of members of his Chicago congregation. And he went to those towns.

"I wanted to know," he explained to me, "what was the matter with my congregation. I had never lived in Italy myself. I wanted to see if the relatives of the people in my church in Chicago were acting in Italy as the people in my parish were acting. But they were not.

"I went through all those villages in Sicily and saw the families of most of the people in my congregation. They were all very contented and simple and gentle. And it wasn't Mussolini who had made them so. They were that way by habit and tradition. They had been that way, I suppose, for a thousand years.

"But their children in Chicago, their progeny, had turned wild. They were all money mad. Anything for money; lots of it. Please do not be offended when I tell you that I believe America turned them wild. And this is because of bad politics and bad police."

"Wild"—that's a gentle adjective for the spirit that came over members or over the families of members of this little priest's Chicago congregation. His church is in the very heart of Chicago's North Side gangdom. There came a day in his twenty-two years of service in that church when he was forced to say to a grieving family of Italians, "No! No! You cannot bring the body of your son into this church." To the elders in that family it was like shutting the boy out of heaven, but the priest was iron.

Aiello was the name of the son. There were nine brothers of them; the deadliest, most murderous gangsters in Chicago's twelve-year booze war; barbarous killers. This one had been shot down.

"But we will pay you very much money for a funeral in the church," one of the brothers told him. The brothers had very much money too, stinking of gunpowder, blood and booze.

Would the little Father say "no" to a few grands? Would he turn down "plenty jack"?

"Out of my church," he shouted at the gangster crew. "This is holy ground. You cannot bring that man's body in here."

They went out. And they did not dare to leave behind them that gangster's threat, "I'll be seein' you." For the little priest, grands or no grands, was not standing alone. Behind him was a Cardinal from whom he had received certain advice as to how to bury criminals. The attitude of Cardinal Mundelein, of Chicago, toward the burial of gangsters has been explained for the Illinois Crime Survey prepared by John Landesco, as follows:

Authority Beyond Intimidation

"His Eminence makes it plain to his pastors that any gangster who, because of his conduct, is looked upon as a 'public sinner' or who, by his refusal to comply with the laws of his church regarding attendance at church services and Easter duty (reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion during the Easter season)—such a man is to be refused Christian burial."

That's why there was no impressive service in that church for the dead Aiello; these gangsters could not compel a Cardinal.

But the little priest was kind, after all, in spite of the shame that the gang war had brought on his church. They didn't put the gangster's body away as if it had been a dog's. He went to the cemetery and said a prayer, during the burial. And the Cardinal supported him in that, too, for a further explanation of his position on the burial of gangsters goes on:

"It cannot be assumed that the fact of one's being a gangster or bootlegger is alone the cause of being refused Christian burial, for each individual case must be considered. If there is a doubt as to his giving public scandal, etc., by reason of his position in life, the Cardinal counsels that simple rites be observed at his funeral."

And "simple rites" were what the troubled priest, giving the Aiellos every possible benefit of the doubt mentioned by the Cardinal, rendered at Aiello's grave.

He'd had trouble enough with gangsters in his parish.

"Let me describe the worst experience of all," he told me—"of all, except the time I was attacked and beaten in the dark. You see, prohibition made those people crazy.

"The Aiellos and Jo Lombardi, in this parish, had worked together in supplying sugar of a certain sort to homes where it was turned into alcohol; 'cooking alky,' they called it. This demoralized many homes in my parish.

Racketeering in Religion

"But finally Lombardi and the Aiellos fell apart, they quarreled over the exclusive agency for a great sugar producing corporation, a very decent American corporation indeed, controlled by some very eminent men, some of whom, I have heard, were once very ardent prohibitionists. But there were hundreds of thousands of dollars involved in this exclusive agency. The side which secured it from the great corporation would be able to sell the best kind of alcohol-making sugar cheaper than anyone else. They could sell it wholesale by the ton, to gangsters who would distribute it to homes for 'cooking.'

"That struggle, sir, turned this parish into a bloody battle ground. All these houses in these streets became houses of death, killings everywhere, killings all

(Continued on page 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

THE unexpected suicide of Sam Jesson, and the murder of Sir Julian Bott, a noted financier, throw the village of Sandyways, Sussex, into a furor. Only one man has a theory regarding the meaning of the tragedies: young Christopher Tyssen, a new arrival in the village. Without hesitation, he questions everyone, including Lord Milhaven, James Huitt (a banker), Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and other prominent residents. He seems to know what he is about.

The police suspect Anthony Sarson, Timothy Sarson's son, of the murder. He is not guilty; but he dare not reveal what he knows, for fear of involving a woman—the beautiful Madame de Sayal, near whose home Sir Julian was killed. Sure that he is innocent, and in love with his sister, Pauline, Tyssen defends him; then, going to London, he makes an amazing discovery: James Huitt knows more of the tragedies than he cares to admit; and his confederate is—*the distinguished Lord Milhaven!*

Roland Martin comes to see Huitt, much perturbed because the bank, he says, has robbed him. Whereupon, Huitt shoots him. When employees enter, they find Martin dead, with a suicide note (in his own unmistakable handwriting!) beside him. Only one man suspects the truth—Christopher Tyssen.

Tyssen is a marvelous golfer. Pauline persuades him to take part in a local golf match. His scintillant game amazes the spectators. Huitt is present. Always, from the moment he had first met Tyssen, he had felt that somewhere he had seen him before. Now, watching him play, he remembers him, places him. "Christopher Tyssen" is Christopher Anstruther Sandford, the "schoolboy wonder" whom, years before, he had seen beating champions in Australia! And the knowledge fills him with terror. . . . Following the match, Timothy Sarson gives a dinner. As the guests seat themselves, two policemen enter, show a warrant for the arrest of Christopher Anstruther Sandford," of Sydney, New South Wales—charged with the murder of Sir Julian Bott!—and take him away. Pauline leaves the room, confers with various persons—and Scotland Yard. She returns presently. "Those men," she announces, "were impostors. They got Christopher. But they missed his report. I have it. I'm holding it—*for Scotland Yard!*"

Conclusion

IT WAS Inspector Penny who came rushing down the great south road that night between the hawthorn-scented hedges and across the Commons fragrant with yellowing gorse. The moon rode over his head and sweet odors of meadow flowers and country gardens floated on the serene air which his flying progress turned into a ravaging wind. Village people sat up in their beds and cursed the men who raced through their countryside with open throttles, but the men were, after all, on an errand of mercy.

In thirty-five minutes—five minutes quicker than the fastest train had ever accomplished the distance—the police car, occupied by four black shapes, tore up the drive of "The Haven." Timothy Sarson was there on the threshold to greet his visitor. In the background, with the parcel still under her arm and her revolver in her hand, sat Pauline. When she recognized Inspector Penny, who was the first to appear, she gave a little cry of joy. The newcomer strode into the room, exchanging greetings with everyone. The rubicund little man had suddenly become a different person. His speech was crisp and provocative.

"Let me speak with the young woman who telephoned me," he begged.

Pauline stood up, still clutching the parcel. She had discarded the revolver. This was Inspector Penny in the life. She was able to swear to that.

"It was I who telephoned, Inspector," she said. "Shall I tell you what has happened?"

"As quickly as possible," Penny demanded, with a new crispness in his tone. "There's danger in this stuff."

"THE young man named Tyssen, whom you know quite well, Inspector," Pauline began, "has been staying down here pretending he has been writing a book, but in reality he has been watching. He has been watching people who live round here. He must have had the idea that they were criminals—he must have come here with a set purpose. He played a part. He pretended to be awkward and stupid. He wasn't.

"It is my fault that he has fallen into this danger. I persuaded him to play golf today. Someone who saw him playing recognized him at once! Tonight while we were all here, a carload of men who called themselves policemen, dressed very much like the men in your Flying Squads, arrived. They fooled us—fooled us on the most trumped-up charge anyone could imagine. They arrested Mr. Tyssen on the charge of having murdered Julian Bott! They took him away with them, and God knows where he is—or what's happening to him!"

She paused for a moment, panting. Penny was too wise to ask questions. He knew that this was the truth which was being poured out to him.

"They got away with Christopher—whose real name, it seems, is Sandford," she went on. "But he fooled them! They searched his rooms and they found nothing. Here in this parcel I have his supposed novel. That will tell you why he came down here. That will tell you the character and the names of the people whom he was watching. Read it, for God's sake! Don't waste time."

Inspector Penny wrenched open the parcel. He stood underneath the electric light and glanced through the opening sheets. He read like a man hunted to death, hard pressed to keep his breath. Then, still holding the papers, he strode to the threshold.

"Jarrold!" he called out. "Inspector Jarrold!"

A shadowy figure stepped up to the window. Penny pumped out his orders in brisk, staccato fashion. The figure disappeared. The inspector came back into the room.

"Which of you knew Tyssen best?" he demanded.

"I did," Pauline answered quietly.

"Tell me your opinion of him."

"I THINK that he was a clever man posing as a fool," was the swift reply. "I think that he had discovered something he came here to discover and that at the very last moment of all, just as he was coming to you with his information, I made him play in this golf match and one, at any rate, of the people he was after recognized him. There wasn't one of us could move hand or foot. We had to watch him taken away."

Inspector Penny went on with the manuscript for a few minutes, turning over the pages with furious fingers. More than once he groaned. The time came when he threw the whole pile of papers passionately upon the table.

"Familiar faces all of you here, I see," he exclaimed. "Who knows James Huitt best?"

"What? The bank manager?" Timothy Sarson demanded.

(Continued on page 42)

"You must be very careful to swallow. I shall pour it in slowly"

George Howe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A drama of the hours when burglars are burglars, with two bad actors performing— to a movie queen's taste

Visitors from the East

By Frank Condon

She did the scene as fervently as if cameras were humming, and Eddie was overcome

Robert O. Reid

THE moon was shining brightly when the two men climbed a red brick wall, pushed their way cautiously through a hedge and came to a stop at the kitchen door, using a knife on the screen. Both carried nasty-looking guns, and one took a bunch of keys from his pocket and silently attacked the kitchen door. The hour was one in the morning, the house was in complete darkness and the two prowlers knew precisely what they were doing, where they were going, what they wanted and where it was. It was a velvet-covered box containing diamonds and pearls, and it was upstairs in a bedroom.

The men were tough customers, as a glance at them would disclose. Both wore caps and one of them a cloth patch over one eye, and it was apparent from their unhurried procedure that they were old-time burglars and not amateurs out trying their luck. The house before them was spacious and mansion-like, a white pile rising in the moonlight, surrounded by trees and gardens, and on this perfect evening there was not a servant on the grounds, a fact known to the invaders. They had waited patiently for such a night.

The bedroom they sought was on the second floor; a pink and blue apartment fit for any queen, and in a magnificent four-poster a lady dreamed beneath silks and satins, while the man with the keys fumbled at the kitchen door. The dreaming one was Sadakitcha Massarova, a beautiful woman of mature years, universally regarded as the greatest and most thrilling long-distance kisser in the movies. Male players casually kissed by Massarova thereafter appeared slightly stunned for several minutes; this was worth a high salary. She toyed with human emotions as a juggler tosses the tennis balls.

IN HER private and professional affairs, the lady was an enigma, a Sphinx, an Asian mystery, unapproachable to high and low, shut off from contact with an adoring public, guarded in the studio and therefore all the more alluring. Persons were not permitted to stalk Massarova and ask her for small favors, or praise her acting, or beg her autograph, or demand an interview for the press. Whether she liked this managed isolation, no one may say, but there she sat in Hollywood, lonely, admired and aloof.

She had short, dark hair, very curly, a wistful manner, and her own love-life was popularly supposed to be tropic and vastly exciting. She had never been out of a job, which further indicates that she was peerless. In her darkened boudoir, she turned peacefully over on the other side, and the burglars silently broke into the house and started upstairs, treading like cats.

Now, no matter how tough and murderous a pair of burglars may be, ready to shoot you dead if you stir a finger, they are not greatly unlike other and more normal people. They get hungry, forget to mail letters, have toothaches and favorite colors and names. The names of these two were Chicago Bill and Detroit Eddie, the latter being the one with the eye-patch.

Coming to the top of the stairs, Bill leading the way, they walked straight to the pink bedroom, pushed a button and the room sprang into light. They stood motionless in the doorway, waiting for Sadakitcha to come to life, which she did with a start.

"Don't make any noise," Bill advised huskily, pointing his gun at her.

"I don't intend to make a noise," said she, rubbing her eyes. "What do you want?"

"The diamonds and pearls in the little red box, and don't pretend. They're in the room and if you're smart you'll get them for us."

"That's correct," said the actress. "My diamonds are in the room. How did you know?"

"That's our job. Where are they?"

"In the wall safe."

"Where's the safe?"

"Behind that picture," returned Sadakitcha, indicating a large portrait of a snowstorm in midwinter.

"Funny," said Eddie. "Wall safes are always behind pictures of a snowstorm. Get up, will you, and open the safe."

IF THE actress suffered from pangs of nervousness or terror, she concealed it with the artistry that has made her a headliner and a rich woman.

"Not many gentlemen call on me thus," she said with a faint smile.

"Step on it, lady. We're not making a long call."

"I suppose," said Sadakitcha, climbing lightly out of bed, "you knew I was alone in the house."

"That's why we came tonight," Chicago Bill said. "Now open the box and hurry up."

The actress walked slowly across the room to the winter scene, moved it aside and twirled the knob, while the burglars stood behind her, watching with grave interest, guns in hand. Immediately, the heavy door swung out and Sadakitcha stepped aside.

"Help yourself," she invited and Chicago Bill reached in, and came out with the jewel box and also a flat, interesting package of new bills. He handed his gun to Eddie, unsnapped the lid and diamonds flashed under his eyes. He poked the gems with a soiled finger and grunted, as though content.

"O. K., lady," he said. "Sorry we have to do this, but you earn a lot of dough and we're just a couple of hard-luckers."

"I understand that," the actress said. "I understand perfectly, and if you are through now—"

"Just a minute," interrupted Eddie. "While we're here, you might as well sign my book."

"Book?"

"Yeah, autograph book. I got a lot of good names. They say you're tough, and don't do nothin' for nobody, but here's one little book you sign."

"I haven't a pen."

"No, but I have," responded the burglar, producing one, and Sadakitcha hurriedly scribbled her signature.

"Are you a movie fan?" she asked curiously.

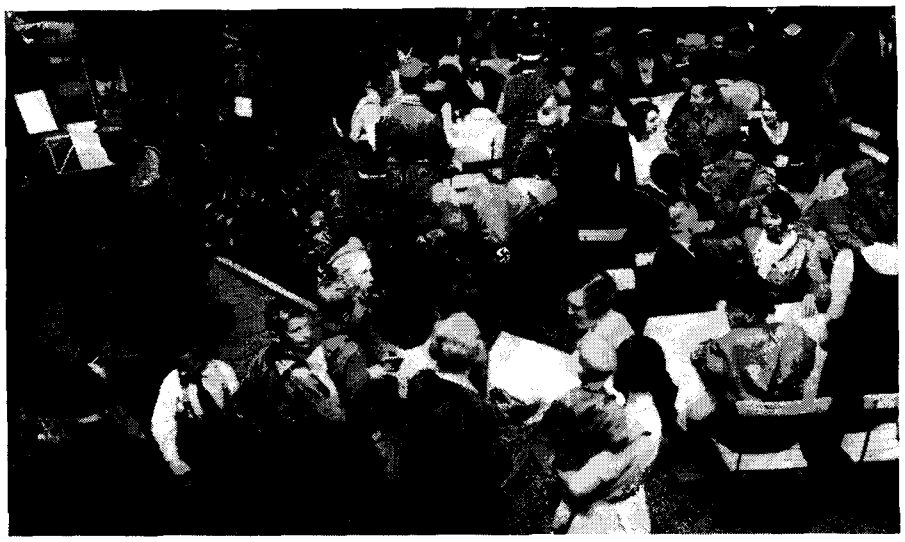
"Sure. We go all the time."

"You do? I didn't know burglars were movie lovers."

"They're like anybody else. We have idle hours, plenty. We went tonight."

(Continued on page 54)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Nazi phenomenon—the mass wedding. Fifty couples, some of whom are remarrying just to make it official, are being fêted by the state after their group nuptials

Good Nazi mothers in the making. Scenes in an Arbeitsdienst, or girls' work camp

Woman's Place

By Quentin Reynolds

To say that woman's place is in the home is understatement—so far as Adolf Hitler is concerned. Certainly she's not to be allowed in the library. Intellectual life, as well as all business and legal affairs, is a purely masculine enterprise in the Third Reich. And the women, most of them, in hysterical devotion to their leader, obey. Mr. Reynolds, in a series of brilliant pictures, presents the women of modern Germany—triumphant and desperate

LITTLE Gretchen Schmidt is eighteen and she is beginning to have a vague suspicion that there are perhaps things in the world more important and certainly more pleasant than the preparation of food for her father's evening meal. She is pretty and she is intelligent and her father is quite well off. Little Gretchen stretches her slim arms, takes a look at the world and says to herself, "Let's see what this is all about."

Now what shall she do? She has finished the German equivalent of high school. Shall she enter college? Shall she enter the business world? Shall she marry? She considers these things and finds them delightfully confusing, as do girls of her age in America, in England and, for all we know, in Timbuctoo.

Now Gretchen is "going around" with a young man a bit older than herself, a very personable young man whom even her parents like. She notices that of late he has seemed a bit worried and downcast and she resolves to find out the reason.

"I never told you," her young man says grimly, "but my grandfather on my mother's side was Jewish. Because of this I have lost my job and because of this I must stop seeing you."

Gretchen stares at him numbly. This is her first experience with the outside world of trouble which up to now has been a stranger to her.

"But what matter is that of ours?" she asks in dismay.

"Matter enough, Liebchen." He knows that according to the political tenets of the National Socialist Party, which today is Germany, he is a Jew, therefore he is an outcast, an enemy of the state who for the good of the state must be exterminated, painlessly and easily if possible, but in any case exterminated. The fact that he is a personable, intelligent, hard-working twenty-year-old lad whose only ambition is some day to marry Gretchen and bring little Gretchens and little Fritzes into the world makes no difference.

Gretchen, however, is made of stern stuff. She knows little and cares less for politics. She doesn't know a *Stahlhelm* from a storm trooper and she couldn't tell the difference between a Reichswehr man and a Boy Scout. Hitler to her is just a man in Berlin who happens to be ruling the nation. She insists upon continuing her friendship with her little man and daily she grows more fond of him.

Gretchen is a Good German

One morning at breakfast her father, reading the paper, exclaims sharply. Without a word he hands the paper to her. Under the headline "Local Girls Who Go Around with Jews" she sees her name. There are other names there of girls who have been seen with Jewish boys or with boys who had Jewish ancestors. This does not happen in every city in Germany. It happens in a great many.

Such a list as we mentioned was published every day for some time last summer in the *Hakenkreuzbanner* of Mannheim. The heading was "The Pillory." Now what does Gretchen do? Does she give up her young man? You bet your life she does. Gretchen is not a coward. She would gladly risk death for her country, for she is a thorough German and loves Germany. She would risk her life for her father and mother if need be—but she gives up her young man. If she didn't her mother might be pulled through the streets with a placard around her neck saying that she was not fit to bring up children. Does this seem fantastic? It happened in Kassel last August.

If Gretchen kept on going with her young man dire things might befall her, too. She might be grabbed by a group of stalwart storm troopers. They might shave the hair from her pretty head. They might lead her through the streets with a placard reading "I want a Jew for a companion." A crowd of two thousand might follow her and their jeers break through her numbed consciousness and penetrate and destroy her brain.

Does that seem fantastic? Does that seem medieval? Does it sound like sheer anti-German, pro-Jewish propaganda? It does indeed. But it has happened. It happened last August in Nuremberg. The girl's name was Betty Suess. She was young, beautiful, rather frail, and she fell several times as the jeering crowd pushed her on, led her through the brilliantly lighted streets of Nuremberg, paraded her through the big hotels, held her up so that those on the outskirts of the crowd could see her. I was in Nuremberg that night by sheer accident and I was one of the mob following her, watching her reactions, suffering for her, and still hardly believing what I saw.

I told the story to my newspaper colleagues in Berlin and even they found it hard to believe. Fortunately I was not the only spectator. The son and daughter of the American Ambassador

Frau Magda Goebbels, "the Lady Astor of the Third Reich," and her husband, Dr. Joseph Goebbels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Germany were with me and they, good friends of Germany, winced too at what they saw. What of the girl Betty Suess now? Three weeks after this "incident" she was taken to the Erlangen Hospital. The Erlangen Hospital is an insane asylum. Betty Suess was hopelessly insane. She is still insane as I write this.

Let us get back to our Gretchen. This is a story, not of persecution, not of an anti-Semitic crusade but a story of the women of Germany. It is the story of Gretchen Schmidt and thousands like her. What is their future? What is the future and the place of women in the Third Reich? I for one do not know. All I can do is to present a series of vignettes. Perhaps, after viewing them, one can prophesy just what place women will have in the Germany of the future.

Now Gretchen's young man has disappeared. Perhaps he has gone to some other city where they will not have heard about his grandfather on his mother's side. Gretchen, being only eighteen, mends her more or less broken heart and again surveys the world. Love is barred to her, she tells herself. From now on she will devote herself to the arts, to business, to the uplift of her less fortunate sisters.

But first she says to herself she must be educated. She will go to college. She is not a peasant girl, remember. She is a normal, healthy, intelligent eighteen-year-old girl—the kind you meet in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Butte or on Main Street. So she goes perhaps to the University of Berlin and applies for admission. She is asked a great many questions. "What would she like to study?"

"I would like to be a lawyer," she says suddenly.

"A lawyer?" the dean of admission asks solemnly. "But don't you know that profession is barred to women?"

"But I want to help people who are in trouble," young Gretchen cries. "If I can't be a lawyer let me study political economy, government. I shall be a member of the Reichstag. I . . ."

"But, my dear girl," the dean says sadly, "next you will be saying that you want to be a soldier. Don't you know that no German girl can enter either the government, the law or the military professions? That is the decree of the party."

"But what can I do?" Gretchen asks in dismay.

"Marry," he says bluntly.

It Pays to Be Starving

Now Gretchen, perhaps for the first time, learns that she is not an individual. She is merely a minute cog in the huge machine which is the state. She reads the words which come from the oracles of the party. She reads the speech of Lydia Gottschewski, head of the German Women's League, in which the position of women in the Third Reich is set forth.

"A woman," Lydia Gottschewski says, and she speaks for the government, "must think only and always in terms of service to the state. The silly business of hand-kissing and murmuring *gnädige Frau* must go. A woman should marry, help her husband to be a good Nazi and train her sons to be stalwart soldiers of the state."

Gretchen reads the speeches of Hitler. She finds that he has revived an old phrase first used by the former Kaiser when the woodchopper of Doorn said that women should return to the *Kinder, Kirche und Küche.* This alliterative phrase sums up to some extent the position of women in Germany today—and for that matter tomorrow. *Kinder, Kirche und Küche*—children, the church and the kitchen, those should occupy women. Anything outside of that falls within the province of men.

Recently Hitler issued an edict providing that "the employment field is to be relieved of women, who in accordance with the National Socialist program are to be led back into their own domain."

Women, however, are still encouraged to wash their own babies, their own clothes, and do the housework and the mending. But our poor Gretchen has no babies, no housework, no clothes to mend or wash. What of her? What of her future? At this writing she does not know.

If only Gretchen were a peasant girl, a shop girl, or an unemployed girl who was facing starvation, her problem would be solved in short order.

Let us consider the case of Elsa. Elsa is a shop girl, a domestic servant or the daughter of a family which is destitute. She faces starvation. She is utterly discouraged. The future to her is a tortuous road which she hasn't the strength to climb. What does she do? She applies to the right quarter and is shipped forthwith to an *Arbeitsdienst,* which is, roughly speaking, a work camp. There are four hundred of them in Germany and about two hundred thousand girls are living, learning and working in them at government expense. Any girl between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five is eligible for admission. Nearly all of them are unemployed girls who had nowhere to turn. The one at Spandau is typical of the rest.

Here about a hundred girls under the direction of two splendid women, Fräulein Lotte Streit and Fräulein Erna Will, are quartered, and a whole day spent at this camp gives one a thorough idea of just what the girls do, just what they get out of it, and just what these camps are contributing to the welfare of Germany.

Many of these hundred were once domestic servants. Others were factory workers, stenographers, and three of them were actually university students. They are all dressed in attractive blue uniforms and they are a sun-bronzed, healthy, happy-looking lot well satisfied with life.

Gratitude to Hitler

Each day they arise at 5:45 and, after fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises, are given a "small breakfast." After making their beds and cleaning their rooms—they sleep in dormitories each holding about twenty girls—they are divided into three groups which work alternately in kitchen, laundry and field.

Each group vies with the others in friendly competition, and if Group No. 1 clears two acres of ground this week Group No. 2 will attempt to clear three acres when its turn comes to go into the fields. If Group No. 3 does an exceptionally good job in the kitchen this week Group No. 1, whose turn it is next week, will plan culinary surprises to put its rival group to shame.

The most interesting group to watch is the field group. In blue smocks and shorts they look as though they had all been born to the land as they wield rake and hoe, pickaxe and spade. They perspire under a warm sun but it is a friendly sun and they love it. Occasionally they break into song and the sight of forty clear-eyed girls laughing, singing, tanned to a golden brown, bending their backs over stones, wheelbarrows, harrows, is really a beautiful thing to see.

Each group is given its orders in the morning. Thereafter they work without supervision. If a girl tires she throws herself on the ground and rests. I watched them for an hour. If these girls weren't enjoying every minute of this they were giving a fine imitation of it.

Two months ago this soil where the girls were working was a jumble of rocks, tree stumps, weeds. Now the late crop was thrusting green heads above the brown soil in regular rows and the girls pointed with pride to the result of their labors.

So they work on until 10:30 and then they are given a substantial breakfast. They resume work at eleven and keep at it until two. A good dinner and now there is nothing to do until four. They are never worked to the point of exhaustion. They sleep or rest or write letters or walk until four. At four they engage, on alternate days, in sport, swimming, listening to lectures on citizenship, the care of children, the duties of a wife, proper speech and manners—all given by qualified lecturers from Berlin or Munich. At seven they have supper and at 9:30 they retire.

These girls make their own clothes and do everything for themselves except mend their own shoes. There is a similar camp for men near by and the girls have made a reciprocal arrangement whereby they mend the clothes of the

(Continued on page 48)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Every week hundreds of Americans post their letters in street-corner trash cans—thinking they are mail boxes.

Despite the fact that men have been sent to prison and even executed solely on finger-print evidence, such identification is not infallible. Not only can finger-prints be transferred, but identical twins sometimes have identical markings.

China likes Mexican dollars so much that it has for generations not only used but coined them—with the stamp "República de Mexico."—*By S. M. Chase, North Woodstock, New Hampshire.*

Facts on percussion musical instruments: The tambourine has not been improved in the past 2,000 years, brass cymbals are made in 20 different tones, and oriental gongs can be sounded by the touch of a moistened finger.

There is a product made in this country today that cannot be seen with the naked eye—a platinum wire 1-30th as thick as the average human hair. It is used in fuses for delicate electrical equipment. A pound of it would reach 4,750 miles and be worth $11,280,000.—*By Milford Chambers, Saginaw, Michigan.*

Not long ago a law was passed in South Africa prohibiting the shooting of ostriches in the diamond fields of the Kalahari Desert. Numerous hunters, even special expeditions, were killing them rapidly for the diamonds that were sometimes found in their stomachs. One bird had 71, one of which weighed more than seven carats.

Some alloys—such as those used in some automatic sprinkler fuses—have much lower melting points than any of their individual metals. Other alloys—such as one of antimony and aluminum—have much higher melting points than any of their individual metals.—*By H. E. Waldrip, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Oysters are found usually in less than 35 feet of water, but a few species have been dredged at a depth of 4,300 feet. A large oyster will spawn as many as 60,000,000 eggs during the summer and, when feeding, will pass a quart of water through its system every 20 minutes.

The only ruler who spent his entire reign in the exclusive company of women was Ghias-ud-din of Malwa, India (1469-99). His palace contained 15,000 and they filled every job, acting as state officers, soldiers, servants, singers and prayer-readers. —*By Frances Colbrooke, Los Angeles, California.*

When atmospheric conditions are particularly favorable, enough moisture may be condensed in the updraft of air over a big fire to produce a local shower. Forest fires have sometimes been extinguished by rains thus created by themselves.

As late as 1840, there were book stores in Russia that sold their volumes according to weight—not literary merit or the reputation of the author.—*By M. M. Hirn, Escanaba, Michigan.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SOUP IS JUST THE THING!"

says the doctor...

so good for you...
so nourishing...
so helpful to appetite
and digestion...

Appetite balky—digestion sluggish—no wonder the doctor advises soup! He knows that soup frequently will tempt when nothing else attracts. And he also knows how invigorating, easily assimilated, and wholesome good soup is!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the children's delight. Below par or in bounding health, they *always* like it. And it supplies an abundance of splendidly beneficial vegetables—15 in all—cooked in rich beef broth, retaining all their goodness in the soup. A meal in itself!

Soup is just the thing to please and benefit the whole family, brighten your table, provide real, hearty food. And the fact that it's made in Campbell's famous, glistening kitchens is your surest guarantee of the quality you desire. Yet see how little you pay for all the extra *assured* value in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

Oh, Campbell's Soup
Is just the thing
To make you want
To play and sing!

THERE ARE SO MANY TIMES WHEN SOUP IS JUST THE THING!

21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pro and Coin

By Benny Friedman
as told to
John B. Kennedy

A professional football player averages twenty games per season at $100 each. That's not much of a living wage for a former varsity hero who used to take the crowds' cheers seriously. A disillusioned Benny Friedman passes this message along to ambitious young quarterbacks: Football's just a game, not a career

HE WAS one of the gridiron's greatest. Once he had, single-handed, snatched victory from a devastating Dartmouth team; once he had tamed the Army with his toe, and when catastrophe loomed on a misty November field, with a weaker Colgate team turning in fierce desperation, he had taken his repulsed brothers on a personally conducted tour to the opposing goal line and had won the game.

Entertaining him at dinner in an exclusive club were several not of the gridiron who became great after they left college. They were business men who had invited him with a double motive—standard practice among cagey business men. They sought as well as gave entertainment. He had also gone to their cozy club with an eye to a main chance.

In the chatter that came with liquors and coffee, he saw that it was up to him to enliven the flowing bowl with inside stuff on his famous plays. His audience thrilled again at high points of drama and chuckled at scraps of back-of-the-line comedy common to every football game.

Toward midnight, the gridiron hero, emboldened by a spot or two of brandy, arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I've been flattered by your attention, and I've had an excellent dinner and a good time."

"And so say all of us," somebody said. There's always somebody at such gatherings to say something like that.

"I've tried to tell you the inside of many of the dramatic plays you've been good enough to recall," the hero continued. "And I've tried to answer all your questions as intelligently as I know how. May I ask a question of each of you? I'll put the question collectively to save time.

"Has anybody here got a job for me?"

There was shuffling and coughing and strained silence.

He didn't get a job.

Heroes—for a Day

Proving what ten thousand young men are likely to forget during the clamor and turmoil of a gridiron season, that the glory wanes and the banners are furled and the coeds and sophomores stow their man-eating fur coats into cold storage; but bread and butter becomes a pressing problem for the demigods of the barred field who are fed too easily on fame.

At almost every big football game the spectators are the least part of a star player's worry. What bothers him nowadays is the collection of opportunists who hang around the dressing-room waiting to interview him as to his future. That is, they are there to enroll him with the Bagdad Butchers, a pro football outfit, or to match him against Sarsaparilla Lombossdos, the Athenian Græco-Roman wrestling champion, or to do everything with him from hiring him as bodyguard to an opulent gangster or demonstrator of nonskid safety razors or vim-giving belts in drug store windows. They are the lads who for no philanthropic purpose whatsoever desire to exploit the gridders by transforming their glory into gate receipts.

When I had made my professional début on the gridiron in Chicago with beating of cymbals and clouting of drums, we finished a hard, driving game with the bone-breaking Green Bay Packers—and one of the greatest of gridiron heroes came to see me in my room where I lay battered and reflective. He was Walter Eckersall, generally conceded to be the greatest quarterback of all time.

"How do you like the pro racket, Benny?" he asked.

I was younger and more boastful then than now.

"Swell," I replied. "Easy money."

"Yeh," said Eckersall. "I've counted fifteen blue marks on one hip already. Turn around and let me look at the other. Listen," he said. "I don't blame you for making what you can out of football prestige. I tried to cash in as a newspaper writer. I thought that was easy money. About the only thing I knew about writing was that you needed ink. The late Ring Lardner told me I was a born author of time-tables. Then I improved. Although I've never played pro football, the game is still sort of my profession. I think I'd have been better off if I'd taken a course as a horse doctor and stuck to my trade."

He pointed a comparison.

"When I was running the Chicago team," he said, "a young chap was my substitute. Now I think I'd have arrived somewhere if I could be his substitute. He's president of a big corporation while I'm still trying to cash in on football rep."

From the moment when he gets a number on his back and his name and picture in the papers, the football hero has two fights on his hands: one to keep his spot and the other to keep his head. Fame, adulation and the constant temptation to capitalize gridiron glory are head-turners for boys in their late teens and early twenties.

It's the Game that Counts

When the cheer-leaders stir the crowds to shout your name, that is the time to apply first principles to yourself: to look over the defense and play for position; to counteract the temptation to feel and act like a big shot and to follow a course of conduct that will make and keep you respected, and give you the status of a regular fellow despite athletic popularity.

There was a star I knew whose head swelled so much through prowess and praise that he needed an armory to check his hat. Like all egotists, he was a braggart. The agonizing part about

(Continued on page 51)

C. C. Beall

Disillusion is the lot of the college star who can't forget football

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORETTA YOUNG* RALPH FORBES RALPH BELLAMY

in a Mobiloil Movie.. "TOWING NELLIE HOME"

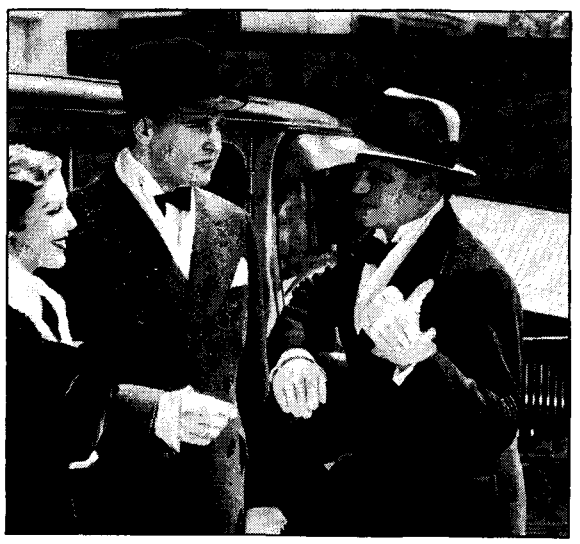
* Loretta Young, now starring in Twentieth Century's "Born to Be Bad"

1 LORETTA: "Tonight? Too bad! Ralph Bellamy has dated me up. Do come as a stag anyway!"

2 FORBES: "What a swell evening this has been—our sixth dance together—even if Bellamy did bring you."

3 FORBES: "Car won't start? Better let me tow you down to the Mobiloil filling station."

4 LORETTA: "Oh, let's! Otherwise we may be stuck here in the cold heaven knows how long!"



5 FORBES: "While you're getting fixed up with Mobiloil and Mobilgas, suppose I drive Loretta home in my car."

6 LORETTA: "You always seem to know just what to do, with balky cars . . . and rivals, too!"

Only Double-Range Gas and Oil are WINTERPROOF!

Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control are both double-range . . . You get a quick start . . . When your engine warms up, Mobiloil Arctic gives you full engine protection . . . Mobilgas, with climatic control, gives you full mileage . . . Change today to the world's favorite winter oil and gasoline.

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIGHT HERE
IS THE PLACE
TO SAVE
SHOE BILLS!

RIGHT where shoes get the roughest, toughest wear—the SOLES are the place to save shoe bills.

You can let boys be boys—let them have their fun—and still keep shoe bills down—if you make sure their shoes have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

It's a fact—*no sole ever built can beat them for wear*—and the life of the shoes depends on the life of the soles.

Boys and girls like them—they're sure-footed, comfortable, waterproof. And *you'll* like the way they save money. Ask for them on new shoes—or when you get shoes repaired. No extra cost.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Are Policemen Soldiers?

Continued from page 18

the time. We got used to the sounds of revolvers, shotguns and machine guns.

"I begged and begged and begged the police to stop it. I went to the captains, I went to the chief, I went to the mayor. They knew all about it, they knew the men who were doing the killing. Whatever they didn't know, anyone in my parish, even the children in our church school, could have told them. But the police did nothing.

"And then came the greatest scandal of all. The murderers tried to force their way to my altar. That was too terrible. This is what they did:

Friend of the Enemy

"You see, every town in Italy has its own saint. On the day of that saint there is a parade of the saint and a feast. It is not exactly a church affair; it is more an affair of the people. The people whose families originate in a certain village bring the image of their patron saint into the church to have it blessed. Then they carry it out through the streets to some hall where they have a great feast.

"These gangsters tried to seize the feast-day celebrations and to give the great party. This would put some money into their pockets, donated by the celebrators, but that wasn't the main thing that the two sides were fighting over.

"What the racketeers wanted to do was to succeed in bringing the image into the church, and getting me to bless it. Then they would take it out and say: 'You see, the Father is on our side. We are considered good members of the church. It will be all right for the women in his church to cook alcohol for us.'

"I am sure, sir," he told me, "no one ever tried to use the holy altar for any worse purpose than that.

"Well, I tried to stop it. I almost succeeded. On the greatest feast day of all one gang had three huge bands ready for the parade and a great hall hired. But will you believe me when I tell you that I could not get the police to come to guard the altar from the sacrilegious killers? But I had my way. I took my altar boys and dressed them in their surplices and put them at the doors. My boys stood there like a wall and would not allow the gangster crew with the image to enter. And the gangsters seemed to be afraid to push them out of the way."

And now comes the crux of the priest's story:

"After we had stopped the entry into the church, I went to the police station and asked the captain not to allow the parade. I told him it would be a gangsters' parade, with nothing blessed or holy about it. This aroused him.

" 'Sure, I'll stop it,' he told me, 'if it's what you say.' And he sent policemen to the district so that the racketeers did not dare to start their three bands and their parade.

"Then came seven o'clock in the evening. Suddenly I hear the bands. The parade is starting from near the church. The people think the image has been blessed. The police are looking on, doing nothing; very different from the policemen who had been there in the daytime. The people are rushing out to see the saint and hear the music.

"I rush to the telephone to call up the police station.

" 'We don't know anything about orders to stop it,' they say. 'We were told to let it move.'

" 'But it's been stopped all day,' I say.

" 'You'll have to see the day captain about that,' they say.

"So I got the day captain by telephone at his home.

" 'I did the best I could,' he said. 'While I was on duty I stopped it, but I can't be blamed if the night captain says "Go." He's on duty now.'

"No, he couldn't be blamed," said the priest. "He was an honest policeman, you see. But the night captain was a friend of our enemy. So what could we do? Our battle was lost because of one crooked man.

"It has always been that way in our neighborhood. Some police are honest. But one dishonest police officer can upset all the good work that a dozen honest ones try to establish.

"In all my twenty-two years of work here it has always been like that—good work upset by dishonest police and crooked politicians.

"When I went to Italy to study the home country of my people, I found they feared the police and that the police were never friends of crime and criminals. Please forgive me if I tell you the truth."

And the beating that he got? Oh, yes! He was waylaid and cut and bruised and pounded and picked up almost senseless. Why? Oh, perhaps because he had found an honest police officer who had held up the parade, for a while at least.

"How can the children in my parish be honest when the police are more friendly with boys who are thieves than they are with honest boys?"

A One-Sided War

I haven't selected this priest's story solely for the purpose of proving that there are such things as dishonest policemen, who are more dangerous even than criminals. What I wished to show by it is the high degree of evil that dishonesty in policemen can produce, whether they are Chicago policemen or any other kind.

Of course they can produce evil; nothing but evil. Look here:

Everyone, from the President of the United States down to the last graft-taking alderman, declares that we Americans are today in a war against crime. This writer begs to say that this statement is inexact. As matters stand today, the great body of American citizens are not at war with organized crime—or any other kind of crime, for that matter. Organized crime has started a massed war against us, but we, dumb and nailed to the floor by inertia, are only mildly groaning and are not fighting back. We can't fight back with the so-called army we possess.

This is no war; it's an invasion. This is no war; it's the plundering of 125,000,000 people. Forty dollars a family is the annual crime tax that we Americans paid in 1913; $135 was the family tax in 1932. Emory J. Smith, assistant attorney-general of Illinois and member of the Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University, has worked out these figures. Sounds not like war but rather like the looting of villages by Chinese war lords. This can't be war against crime, when the crime lords, disappointed by the coming repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, send their soldiers into our homes, penetrate sitting-rooms, bedrooms and even bathrooms and drag away members of our families, our sons, our daughters, and hold them for ransom until in agonized terror we dig up the money somehow and pay them. And to top it all off we listen in silence while the crime-paralyzed governor of one of our great states, New York, in utter desperation tries to prove that it's as great a crime to pay such a ransom for loved ones as it was to kidnap them.

No, this can't be war—yet. Our war against crime really hasn't started yet. It takes two armies to make a war, each loyal to the death to its own side. But there's only one loyal army working now—the bold, shooting, killing, force-using army of crime, which never compromises and stops at nothing until it gets what it wants. There is no other. Brave policemen do die, now and then, shooting it out with gunmen, but too many policemen and too many police higher-ups are in the power of criminal politicians to risk their careers and their salaries, to say nothing of their lives, in opposing criminal friends of their own bosses.

But what about our army of police? Let's look facts in the face. We must do this, if we are ever going to get these 250,000 beat-walkers in the cities and towns of the United States onto the job of forming our army against crime. I speak also of sheriffs in our more than 3,000 counties, and of their deputies. Today, no one can say that they are an army. *We have no anti-crime army.*

Now I do not mean to say that there are no honest policemen anywhere. A star isn't always a badge of friendship with crime and criminals. A few cities indeed have honest police departments—whole departments, from chief clear down to patrolmen. Milwaukee has such a department. Its police are treated like soldiers; they act like soldiers.

First, we have only to consider how we pick our police-soldiers for the so-called war against crime to see why we have, speaking generally, no loyal anti-crime troops lined up against the troops of organized crime.

See where and how we get them. See if there's any sense in how we select and enlist them. Yes, I know that in certain cities, like New York, they give them marvelous physical training in schools, but let the best trained New York policeman try to arrest a law-breaking Tammany ward heeler and see who's punished—the ward heeler or the policeman. Suppose, when the great war started, France had sent her recruiting officers off to Berlin to set up their recruiting posters in the Tiergarten; or suppose the Germans had sought recruits in the Champs Elysées in Paris. Suppose the English had put those queer early posters of theirs on the taxicab windshields of Vienna—"Lord Kitchener needs 100,000 men."

Blindly and Desperately Loyal

Suppose, moreover, to make the picture as truly crazy and cockeyed as is the picture of our alleged war against crime, they had secured recruits—Frenchmen in the German army, planning not to whip other Frenchmen but to betray Germans; Germans in the French army, planning to speed instead of obstruct that German tide "Nach Paris"; Austrians signed up in the English army to get what they could out of it—not for England, of course, but for Austria. Well, that wouldn't have been any kind of a war as men know war. It would have been psychopathic bedlam. You can't fight a war after that fashion, with officers and troops disloyal to the flag under which they are fighting and friendly to the enemy.

(Continued on page 28*)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tune out America... LET'S GO ABROAD!"

American or foreign stations . . . *you'll hear them better, clearer* on these new G-E All-wave radio sets!

ONCE AGAIN "reaching for distance" is becoming the great national indoor sport—

As more and more people hear the new G-E All-wave radio sets . . . and thrill to them.

They want to hear their favorite American programs as only these sets that "won the tone tests" can bring them in . . . brilliantly . . . with fidelity and rich tonal color.

But most of all, they've had a taste of the radio wanderlust . . . and they're impatient to reach out across the Atlantic and the Pacific for foreign stations . . . for new entertainment . . . adventure.

Foreign stations at your finger tips

Variety, for them, is now the spice of radio as they turn a dial and find Paris and Rome, Australia and the Argentine at their finger-tips.

They realize that *good short-wave reception depends on atmospheric conditions* . . . but they know that when nature is friendly, the new General Electric All-wave set will bring in foreign stations clearly . . . unclouded by exasperating noise.

Thrills! The new G-E All-wave set is packed with them. Whether you're listening to a tango from Buenos Aires or the voice of an aviator flying the night mail . . . amateurs talking across the continent . . . or grim calls to police cars.

These new G-E sets are born of such G-E exploits as the establishment of a line of communication between Byrd, in the Antarctic waters, and Schenectady . . . a 30,000-mile trip around the world by a human voice in a seventh of a second!

For a thrill—hear them today!

Hear these new all-wave sets today at your nearest G-E dealer's. You, too, will say that distance lends enchantment to modern radio. See the entire new G-E line that includes smartly-styled standard-range broadcast sets in table models, consoles and radio-phonograph combinations, priced from $24.95 to $179, slightly higher in West and South.

IMPORTANT:—Be sure to write us today for the new booklet "General Electric Home Servants," which illustrates and describes many of the newest General Electric appliances for the home. General Electric Co. Section R-1811. Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

• • •

MODEL K-80—shown in the major illustration, is the new G-E All-wave table model with an airplane-type dial that puts at your very finger-tips both foreign and American stations, and aviation, police and amateur calls. The cabinet, of walnut and Oriental wood veneers, has dignity and charm. Priced at **$92.50.** Also comes in a console at **$128.75.**

MODEL K-126—Console with a range of 540-2800 kc. A-c. superheterodyne with all the famous G-E "color-radio" features. Renaissance model cabinet of walnut veneer with tambour doors of mahogany. Priced at **$149.50.**

MODEL K-66—A standard-range console of early English design featured by an airplane-type dial. Gives police calls in addition to chain and local programs. Priced at **$72.50.** Other consoles at **$119.50** and **$149.50.**

MODEL K-79—Automatic phonograph-radio combination. Plays nine 10-inch or eight 12-inch records without stopping. Radio chassis has a-c. superheterodyne circuit. Two-toned walnut veneer, 18th century design. Priced at **$179.** Other combinations from **$39.75. to $137.50.**

All prices F. O. B. factory.
Prices slightly higher in West, Mid-West and South.
All prices subject to change without notice.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're bothered by exposure outdoors

it may be because you lack good resistance!

Is miserable winter weather your bugaboo? Does it usually result in illness for you?

Then begin right away to protect yourself! Guard against exposure, of course. Bundle up well before you go outdoors.

And in addition to outward precautions, *build up your resistance!* It's the way many thoughtful people are managing to stay in good health.

One prominent physician says, "We are at the beginning of a new era. Instead of treating people after they take sick, we're now using measures which encourage the body to fight disease with its *own* weapons."

Among the factors you need to keep up resistance are Vitamins A and D. If you suffer from exposure, you should make it a point to get an abundance *every day*.

They are so easily obtained now! With *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.*

Squibb Adex tablets are made from halibut and cod-liver oils and Viosterol. They offer you the vitamins from all *three* of these valuable, health-giving sources. Each tablet contains 1000 units of Vitamin A, 2450 units of Vitamin D. In this respect, they differ from any other vitamin concentrate you can get.

They also *retain* their high content of vitamins due to a patented Squibb process which prevents deterioration.

Start with them now and keep it up regularly. Thus you will get the greatest benefit from their resistance-building qualities. At any reliable drug store.

Are Policemen Soldiers?

Continued from page 26

We Americans today are really not fighting a war against crime, for the simple reason that we can't trust our troops. We don't dare to put our faith in them. They're almost certain to be, more or less, friends of the enemy. They have been picked, in hundreds of our cities and towns, by the enemy himself, the crooked politician-friend of criminals. And all policemen, so selected, must be blindly and desperately loyal—not to us citizens whose anti-crime army they are supposed to form—but to these politicians.

Trading with Crooks

Once I saw that most sacred and secret of papers in any police department, the inside department records of the men. It was in Philadelphia. Smedley Butler, safety commissioner, showed it to me. He expected, I suppose, merely to amaze me, but the general effect was shock and nausea. He had dismissed men, after fair trial, for repeated bestial drunkenness, for theft, for taking part in actual robberies, for attacking women, in one case for actual rape. And these men, because they were friends of the enemy, organized crime in Philadelphia, had quietly, one by one, been restored to duty in the police department; given their guns, their shields, their uniforms and caps, and their terrible powers over the welfare of citizens. Yes, a rapist was a member of the Philadelphia police department at that time. The Civil Service Board, consisting entirely of politicians, had restored these men after Butler had removed them. It's nonsense to say that the civil service system in improper hands cannot shelter and blanket crooks in office. It can put them there, as if into a vise, and hold them there.

I've told in a previous article of Hirshie Miller, gangster of Chicago, who shot dead two policemen in uniform in Chicago. Two juries refused to convict him. Why? The juries were fair ones, made up of respectable citizens. Why did they refuse to punish Miller for a double killing of uniformed men?

Because the two policemen, both politically picked, in the style of most American cities, were themselves crooks—gangsters in uniform; gangsters with police powers; gunmen clad with the authority of the city to prevent crime or the power to throw citizens, guilty or not guilty, into jail.

When some of your own supposed anti-crime troops are criminals, you'd better stay off the streets at nights and lock your houses.

I saw a chief of police and a chief of detectives in stripes in a western penitentiary years ago. They had been politically picked, of course, for their jobs.

They were not only friends of the enemy; they were the enemy, with luxurious offices, solid gold badges and $200 tailored uniforms. The streets of their city, Minneapolis, were not safe at night. It was as if the watchman had opened the gate of a city to bandits. Criminals from all over the nation flocked to the city to live there unmolested, and to prey on the citizens.

The power of these criminals, gathered in Minneapolis, was incredible. One instance: A decent incoming mayor, before he was able to get the police department cleaned up, tried to close saloons on Sunday. The saloon-keepers didn't like the idea. Soon there began an amazing series of second-story, dinner-hour robberies. The homes of some of the richest citizens on Lowry Hill were looted of furs, jewelry, even of gowns, while families were dining. This happened for a space of two weeks almost nightly. The newspapers were friendly to the new mayor as long as they could be and then they began to criticize him for the "crime wave." He seemed helpless.

One day he was approached by a crooked lawyer, a friend of criminals.

"The boys," he said to the mayor, "will get back all this plunder, if you will permit the saloons to keep open on Sunday. And you can square yourself with the citizens by restoring their valuables." The shrewd mayor bargained. Following advice of the lawyer, he sent a friend to the city of Omaha, with a police inventory of all the loot the second-story workers had taken.

In a hotel room in Omaha, a big sample room, the loot was shown, carefully laid out on a table. The mayor's friend checked it up. It was all there—jewels, rings, watches, brooches, furs, gowns and all.

"You can take it all back with you," said the lawyer, "as soon as the mayor drops the Sunday closing order."

The Minneapolis mayor telegraphed the situation to the Omaha mayor and the loot was seized by Omaha police and returned to Minneapolis. The mayor did not change his Sunday closing order, but neither were the thieves arrested. And next election day the mayor was defeated, because of the reign of crime. A crooked police department working with thieves and criminals can defeat any honest mayor in any American city even today. It can cripple or almost paralyze him during his term and then murder him, politically, on election day.

If policemen had been soldiers in that city of Minneapolis, they would have been shot for treason instead of being sent to the penitentiary. But, like all of us today, the good folk of Minneapolis considered them only as policemen, from whom you couldn't expect very much in the way of loyalty to the city in the battle against organized crime. "Too much politics in our police department," the citizens said, and let it go at that.

A policeman on his beat knows the criminals who live in the community. He knows the hangouts of these criminals. But if, for political or other reasons, he dares not show a soldier's enmity toward these antagonists of society, he is worse than a poor soldier; he is a traitor.

St. Paul's Sanctuary

As we in scores of cities go into this anti-crime struggle which will undoubtedly follow the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, let's get this idea fixed in our minds, without any buncombe or evasion. "The policeman, on his beat, is our anti-crime soldier. We can't fight crime with dishonest, corrupt or politically frightened policemen, and whatever city possesses such policemen is bound to be defeated in its battle against criminals."

Crooked policemen in one city may bring harm to all the rest of the country. There was a time in St. Paul, for instance, when the late John J. O'Connor, chief of police, allowed criminals to come to St. Paul and rest there unmolested, provided they personally reported to him upon arriving in the city and would promise not only to commit no crimes in the town but to report to him the secret presence in town of any other criminals who had not made their presence known to the chief.

This made St. Paul one of the safest towns in the United States for its own citizens as well as for criminals. Whenever burglary or robbery was committed in St. Paul, Chief O'Connor not only called out his detectives but also sent word over to "Reddy" Griffin's hotel and gambling house in Wabasha Street, where the visiting crooks all stopped, that he wanted the goods returned and the perfidious crooks "turned up." The boys invariably got to work for the "Big Fellow" and not infrequently brought the crook to bay. They were always indignant that any crook should double-cross the St. Paul police and thus spoil their pleasant relations with O'Connor, and their sanctuary.

An American Scotland Yard?

Once a citizen who lost a diamond stickpin to pickpockets on a street car platform wanted to know "what kind of a town O'Connor was running." Mr. O'Connor sent word over to Griffin's that he wanted the pin back and the "pincher" brought to him. The "boys" scoured the town, high and low, without success. But that evening three very good diamond pins, answering more or less adequately the description given by the citizen, were sent by messenger to Chief O'Connor by different groups of Mr. Griffin's worried guests with notes to this general effect, "Here's Mr. So-and-so's stone, but the —— who took it got away."

"Here's the kind of town I run," said Chief O'Connor, handing the three pins to the citizen. "If your pin's in the bunch take it. If it's not, take 'em all." The chief reported later that the citizen took them all, and declared that St. Paul seemed to be a very well policed town, after all.

But Chief O'Connor's guests were not kind to other cities. They would saunter forth and blow safes in Omaha, Kansas City, Milwaukee and in the Dakotas and Iowa and rush back to St. Paul for shelter. O'Connor never refused to turn a man over to outside authorities if they had the "goods on him;" but, on the other hand, the crimes committed in other cities did not concern him, and he gave little aid in delving into outside crimes unless murder or outrageous deeds, which always aroused his indignation, were involved.

How Chief O'Connor, in his effort to keep St. Paul safe and clean, treated criminals in his town was very much the business of all other cities and towns that suffered from these criminals. Every crooked city today is the whole country's business. Chicago is the nation's business. So has been Tammany-ridden New York.

There are cities today which, like St. Paul in other days, give similar sanctuary to criminals. Indeed, there are prison parole boards, especially in the Mid-West, which turn prisoners loose if they will promise to leave the state and go to some city in some other state. There are other cities which are known to crooks as "fence towns," where they may safely sell their loot, providing they help the police to keep that city free of crime.

Maybe the answer to all this will be a federal police department; an American Scotland Yard. That means having policemen from far-away parts bossing you around; something like federal prohibition officials. But something like that must come unless American cities begin to take it upon themselves to take their police out of politics and turn their policemen into honest, unhampered crime fighters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty times around the world in mileage on Utah roads, then a joy ride to the World's Fair at Chicago with a load of prize-winning news carriers

THE record of this good old International Truck, shown here before the Travel and Transport Building at A Century of Progress Exposition, is an inspiration to truck operators and a practical demonstration of *quality* and *true economy* for every man about to invest in trucks.

Here are a few excerpts from a lively interview with A. J. Carlson, equipment supervisor of this Salt Lake City daily:

"We charged this truck off the books a year and a half ago and carry it at $1 now. But even counting depreciation along with gas, oil, repairs, tires, and driver's wages, we run the SF-36 for 7 to 8 cents a mile.

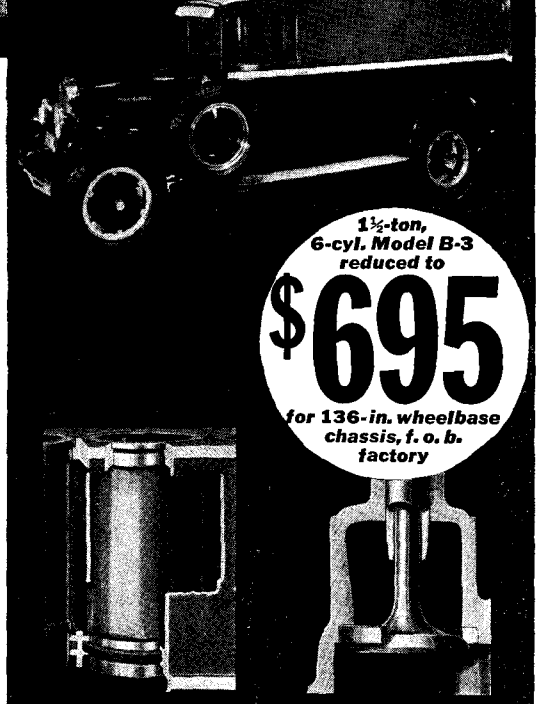
"It's gone all of 500,000 miles and I am going to add 50,000 now before I give it another overhaul. The truck does 210 miles a day out on the rough Utah roads, six days a week, and believe me we run our delivery schedules just like a train. They set their clocks by our truck out around Nephi and Richfield. Besides that, the truck hauls most of our newsprint, miscellaneous freight, and waste from the plant. On the waste alone it's a daily 14-mile jaunt.

"I tell you, what counts as much as anything is the ready service behind the truck, and you people are masters in truck servicing. Nobody can equal your service, and that's something you don't have to tell the trucking world—they know it!"

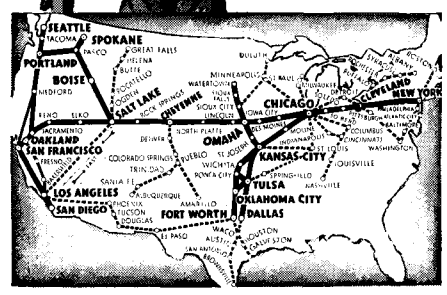
This veteran truck and its brothers in the Deseret News fleet are like tens of thousands of other Internationals in this most important regard—*real quality is built into every one of them.* They are the product of International Harvester manufacturing policy, which insists on quality as the *first and foremost factor in the making of a truck.* Internationals are not the cheapest trucks to buy—*but they are the most economical trucks to own and to operate.*

Ask an International branch or dealer to show you in detail. International sizes range from ½-ton to 7½-ton. Chassis prices from $360 up, f. o. b. factory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Ill.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



★ Last summer, with a new fleet of 3-mile-a-minute, Wasp-powered Boeings, United Air Lines began giving the fastest service ever maintained with multi-motored planes. New York-Chicago is a morning, afternoon or evening flight. Chicago-Pacific Coast an overnight journey. And New York-California a trip of less than one day. These are world's records.

★ The public's response to this service was to use it. This year United Air Lines will transport 125,000 passengers. Another world's record.

★ United's new Boeing planes make every provision for passengers' comfort. Heated cabins—spacious, quiet. Adjustable reclining chairs for relaxation or for sleeping during night flights. Stewardess service. Economical fares include lunches aloft.

★ United Air Lines' year-round service utilizes every known aid to avigation. Multi-motored planes—two pilots. Two-way radio. Directive radio beam. Lighted airways. Frequent weather reports.

★ *Fly with United Air Lines—a fast, interesting way to travel. For schedules, tickets or reservations to 137 cities . . . call United Air Lines' ticket offices, Hotel Porters, Travel Bureaus, Postal or Western Union.*

CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK . . . . . 20 HRS.
3 flights daily each way

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK . . . . . 4¾ HRS.
10 flights daily each way

CALIFORNIA TO CHICAGO . . . . . 14¼ HRS.
3 flights daily each way

CHICAGO TO FT. WORTH-DALLAS . . 7 HRS. 55 MIN.
2 flights daily each way

LOS ANGELES TO SEATTLE . . . . . 8 HRS.
2 flights daily each way

(Westbound schedules slightly longer due to prevailing winds)

Consult new United Air Lines' time table for schedule to intermediate and off-line points. Air Express—Phone Air Express Division, Railway Express Agency. Use Air Mail—it speeds business.

UNITED AIR LINES

Subsidiary of United Aircraft and Transport Corporation

55,000,000 MILES FLYING EXPERIENCE

Lost Dog

Continued from page 11

"Yes. I'm out walking. I was out walking, and I just happened to pass by here and— How is nice old Chang tonight?"

She reached across the hedge to pat nice old Chang's head. Nice old Chang snarled viciously.

"Look out," Theodore said. "Chang's temperamental. He ran away again tonight."

"Ran away? Did he?"

"Yes. I found him in Schmidt's butcher shop, eating a piece of steak."

"Oh," said Mary. Then she added rather thoughtfully, "Chang seems to be particularly fond of steak."

"And particularly fortunate in getting it," remarked Theodore. "Though I don't suppose his luck will hold."

"I suppose not. Still, it must be fun to go prowling about at night, having adventures and hoping for—steak."

"Ah, yes," murmured Theodore; and added, with surprising vigor, "The trouble with human beings is they don't prowl enough!"

MARY smiled. It was the same smile she had given him that morning in the classroom. Now was his time to ask her what it meant.

But he could not speak. A fierce flood of emotion seized him and choked him. He was appalled at the suddenness, the wildness of the storm that now raged in his body. It frightened him dumb.

So the moment of his opportunity passed. Mary's smile faded from her lips. She stepped back from the hedge.

"Well," she said slowly, "I guess human beings have forgotten how to prowl, and maybe it's just as well. Good night, Professor Trask."

She vanished down the moon-stippled lane. Theodore turned, half fell over the dog house and, with a strange, violent oath, shoved Chang into it. As he reached down to latch the door he received a good-night nip on the hand. He uttered another word that was good English long before the days of Shakespeare.

"Why, Theodore," Aunt Emma said, when he stalked into the house. "What's happened? You look so pale. Is anything wrong with Chang?"

"No," said Theodore. "Chang is fine. Chang is free. He comes and goes as he chooses, he bites whom he pleases, he lives on the fat of the land. On the contrary, man is a slave. Professors of English literature are slaves. I am a—"

"You're prob'ly bilious," interrupted Aunt Emma. "You'd best take some milk of magnesia and go to bed."

He was shaking when he reached his room. Good heavens! What an awful experience! To feel one's prehistoric impulses taking command of one's soul! To feel one's purely animal self rise up like a ravening beast—a wolf or a lion—good heavens! Terrified at his own potential savagery, he resolved in the future to obey only the promptings of his higher nature.

But unfortunately man's primitive brain frequently overrules the decisions of his newer and more distinctly human brain. It was Theodore's old brain that functioned, a few afternoons later, to beguile him into Schmidt's butcher shop.

He had no particular plan in mind. He was just walking home from the campus, thinking how glad he was that Mary Calvert no longer smiled at him and wondering, idly, why she didn't do something about that run in her stocking, when he chanced to look into Schmidt's window, filled with meats.

Instantly it occurred to him that Aunt Emma's dog Chang loved meat and that it would be a nice gesture to buy Chang something tasty—say, a steak.

So he bought a small sirloin from Schmidt and started home with it. Then, with amazing clarity, he saw what could be done with a dog and a steak. For instance, if a man wanted a dog to do a certain thing, go to a certain place, all he need do would be cut the steak into small pieces and drop the pieces at intervals along the desired route and then turn the dog loose.

The dog would go sniffing along the steak-trail—

Mary? Was he thinking of her?

No! He was thinking of his experiment! And since all scientific research is best carried on in secret, Theodore decided to hide his steak. He would hide it in a bush in the back yard. Then, when the friendly night had fallen. . . .

So when he got home he hid his steak in a lilac bush and went in to listen, all through a dragging dinner, to Aunt Emma's latest gastronomical mishaps. Nobly he endured the nightly spasm of double solitaire, and willingly he rose when his dyspeptic female relative suggested that it was time for Chang to go to bed.

"You'd best let him run a little before you put him in the dog house," suggested Aunt Emma.

"Ah, yes," said Theodore. "Splendid!"

"What's splendid?"

"The—ah—the moon," answered her nephew hastily. "Come along, Chang."

As a matter of fact, the moon *was* splendid. It was more than half full, and very bright. Theodore wished it were not quite so bright.

With Chang tucked safely under his arm, he hurried to the lilac bushes that screened one side of the yard. His steak was there, in the first bush, where he had hidden it in preparation for the experiment. He let Chang sniff it; then he put the dog down. Chang whined hungrily and leaped against his legs.

"Nice doggie!" murmured Theodore nervously.

He hacked off a small bit of steak with his pocketknife and dropped it on the ground. The dog gobbled it. Theodore walked forward half a dozen paces and dropped another piece. That, too, was quickly gobbled. But the excitement of this thrilling new game—Chang didn't know it was a scientific demonstration—upset the dog's rather delicately balanced nervous system. He let out a series of staccato yelps, fortissimo.

THEODORE said to himself, "Aunt Emma will think I'm having a romp with her pet!" But he quickened his pace, moving in the shadow of the lilac bushes toward the lane. Chang was now running in wild circles and barking loudly.

Then, suddenly, over the low hedge that ran along the lane, a dark object that looked like a large, wingless bird came sailing through the moonlight and landed with a soft thud a few feet from the startled dog.

Chang pounced upon it. So, a moment later, did Theodore. There was a brief but furious struggle, then Theodore stood erect holding the dark object in his hand.

"Good heavens! It's another steak!" he cried; but his voice was lost in the fury of Chang's yelping.

Instantly Theodore made a second astonishing discovery. There was a stout string attached to the steak!

Mechanically, he jerked the string. He felt a strong jerk in return. He began to go toward the hedge, guiding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself by the string which he pulled toward him hand over hand. It led him directly toward the gate and the gate was open and—

"Mary!" gasped Theodore. "Mary Calvert!"

Her slender white figure had appeared from behind the hedge like an apparition in a dream. She knelt there, in the open gateway, facing him in an extremity of surprise; and between their right hands stretched a taut few inches of string.

"Oh, my Lord!" breathed the girl. "I thought it was Chang I'd caught! I mean, I heard him barking and I thought he was alone, and I—"

"You were going to entice Chang out of the yard with that steak?"

"Yes, I was!" Her voice reached a high note of defiance, and then broke completely. "Oh, I'll never get over this! I'm so ashamed!" she sobbed.

THEODORE'S hand slid up the string and closed over her hand. "Stop crying," he said. "I understand. I understand it all—"

"No, you don't! How could you, when I don't understand it myself? You see," wept Mary, "I was in Schmidt's butcher shop this evening, buying some meat for supper, and I just happened to think that Chang was fond of steak, and so I—"

"Mary! This is fate, or destiny or something," shouted Theodore. "Because that's exactly what I did! *I* bought a steak for Chang, and I was going to whittle it in little pieces and scatter them down the lane to your front door, and— That's what I was doing when you chucked *your* steak over the hedge! And I tell you it's fate or—"

He was stopped by a piercing shriek from the yard. He turned and saw Aunt Emma fantastically leaping about in the moonlight. She was chasing her beloved Chang, who was circling at full speed around the dog house with one of the steaks—either Theodore's or Mary's—in his teeth.

"Chang!" screamed Aunt Emma. "Drop it, Chang! It'll poison you! I know it's poisoned! It'll give you hydrophobia! Oh, help! Police! Theodore! Where are you, Theodore?"

"Here!" sang out her thoroughly befuddled nephew.

He started toward Aunt Emma, but as he did not let go of Mary Calvert's hand she, perforce, went along with him. As Aunt Emma sailed by in the path of her orbit about the dog house, Theodore sprinted after her. And Mary, now helpless with hysterical laughter, ran after Theodore.

Around they went, with Chang leading and Aunt Emma a poor second. Behind her spindling, witch-like figure panted the professor of senior English and, following him, stumbling with wild laughter, his favorite pupil, the girl with the thin silk legs.

It ended abruptly, and in chaos. Chang stopped suddenly and tried to double back on his trail. Aunt Emma tripped over him and went down. Theodore tripped over Aunt Emma and went down. Mary, utterly exhausted by emotion if not by the exercise, simply fell down and lay helplessly giggling at Theodore's side.

"Chang! Give it up, Chang!" The voice of Aunt Emma, shrill as it was, seemed remote and far away to Theodore's benumbed senses. He lay peacefully, in a kind of spiritual calm, and listened to her frantic monologue. "Give it to me, I say! There! Oh, I'm all tangled up in something! Oh, it's a piece of string!" Theodore thought calmly, "The dog had Mary's steak, not mine." Then Aunt Emma's voice rang out in a piercing wail: "Ow-w-wh! He bit me! My darling Chang *bit* me!"

Theodore emerged from his calm. He lifted himself on one arm and gazed up at his female relative, who had jumped spryly to her feet, away from the dog.

"Go back into the house, Aunt Emma," said Theodore, "or *I'll* bite you! And so will Mary, won't you, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary.

Theodore sank back to earth again. There was a period, mercifully brief, of incoherent shrieks, imprecations and hissing sounds from Aunt Emma. Then these noises died away and there was silence in the yard, and in all the moonlit world.

"Put your head on my shoulder," said the professor of English to his favorite pupil.

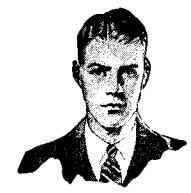
THEY lay there on the dewy grass, he with his arm around her and she with her head on his shoulder, and looked up into the serene, silvery sky.

"Don't ever leave me," said Theodore.

"I won't," Mary said.

The silence continued—except for an occasional low, contented growl from the dog Chang, happily polishing off one of the two steaks that had so strangely come into his life that night.

"I've been out with this monkey myself. Don't fall for that ranch-in-Buenos-Aires gag!" *Joe Easley*



Clarence Perry, young and unmarried, earns $100 a month . . .

SHOULD HIS LIFE BE INSURED?

The Equitable Case Method works out an interesting answer

WHAT need for life insurance has a young unmarried man?

An answer is found in the plan developed by the Case Method for Clarence Perry, whose situation is typical of that of many young men. Perry earns $100 a month. He helps at home by paying board and would have to support his mother if his father died.

THE ANALYSIS

In talking over the problem with an Equitable man, Perry agreed he could save $120 a year. He was advised that with this amount he could secure $5000 of insurance—a guaranteed protection for his mother now and his wife and children later on, should he marry.

The advantage of this policy, it was further explained, lay in the fact that it provided for a steady income of $25 a month to Perry in the event of total and permanent disability; a payment of $10,000 to his dependents if his death results from an accident; and an annually increasing cash value plus any accumulated dividends for his use in old age.

Let an Equitable agent apply the Case Method to your financial problem

You have your own problems, your plans and ambitions for family and self. An Equitable representative, thoroughly experienced in this company's Case Method, will study your needs and give you information on a life insurance program "custom made" to fit.

It is clear that this individualized method assures more effective results than would any broadly general or blanket way; one that is likely to cost you less too.

We suggest that you post yourself on the Case Method by reading some of the helpful, interesting literature prepared by the Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States 41-C
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President.* 393 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your "Case Method" of adapting life insurance to specific needs. Kindly send explanatory booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

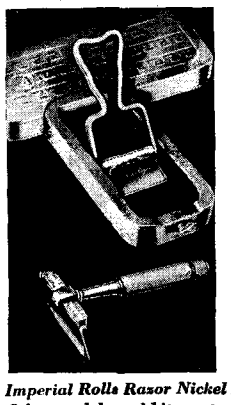
Partners
FOR LIFE

THERE is one "partner for life" that you and every man can have—a Rolls Razor. It never irritates—it's always ready and waiting to do your bidding, smoothly and easily year in, year out.

Best of all, a Rolls Razor saves you no end of money, time and trouble. The first cost is the last. You don't have to keep on buying packages of blades that cost and cost and cost.

The one blade of a Rolls Razor is tooled from the finest Sheffield steel and hollow ground. Stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, this blade, if properly handled, gives a lifetime of perfect shaves.

Buy a Rolls Razor today and let this "partner for life" save you from $3 to $6 a year by having no more blades to buy.



● Compact and complete in its case is razor, strop and hone. A few strokes on the automatic strop before shaving or hone when necessary, and the blade is ready to use. Just slide the "Lifetime Blade" in its handle and start the finest shave you ever had—every day.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Imperial Rolls Razor Nickel Plated. $10
Other models and kits up to $50

For a smooth, non-irritating lather use Rolls Razor Shaving Soap in "lock-tight" bowls. It lasts about 8 months. Price $1.50

Rolls Razors are for sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order direct to us and we will forward a razor postpaid promptly.

Descriptive folder sent on request

Lee & Schiffer, Inc. U.S. Distributors
Dept. L 305 East 45th Street, New York City

ROLLS RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

Far Pasture

Continued from page 9

her not too gracious amends, blurted "Won't you let me lend you an electric unit? It will run several fans, and I haven't a bit of use for it."

"Electric fans in Kunkal? Uncle Peter would have apoplexy!"

"Again—sorry."

Their eyes met and Martha was afraid she liked Terry Olmstead. That increased her rage. When they drew up at the gate to the Milford compound, she refused to take the poncho he proffered. "I'll have to change, anyway," she said. "You run along. Thanks for the malted milk." And she dashed for the veranda before he could get out to accompany her.

UNCLE PETER, Aunt Hilda and Marvin Hough were lounging in the *balé* and drinking whisky highballs.

She stamped in, sopping wet.

"Well—Martha, dear!" said Aunt Hilda.

Immediately she sensed that something was wrong. Uncle Peter and Hough arose. Uncle Peter said nothing. His face was flushed and his Vandyke beard quivered from sudden constriction of jaw muscles. Hough said, "You missed it. Best show ever. Gad, what symbolism!" His voice was nervous.

"Sorry. I—I went for a ride," she said, lamely. Behind a jalousie at the rear entrance to the *balé*, she heard a great wailing and lamentation.

"Better run along and change, dear," said Aunt Hilda. "Here's a drink. Take it with you."

Uncle Peter was staring at an object in the middle of the floor. Martha saw it was a small coffee mill, shiny new.

"Has the feller gone?" Uncle Peter asked, suddenly.

"Yes, Uncle."

Uncle Peter gave the coffee mill a kick.

"Next time you see him, return it!"

Madé Rudari ran into the room and, with an animal whimper, snatched up the coffee mill. She clutched it tight against her bare stomach.

"Drop it!"

"Peelease, tuan, mine. Very peelease."

"No!"

Uncle Peter wrested it from the girl. He hurled the machine to the floor and stamped on it with his heavy hiking shoes until the wooden catch-box splintered. Madé Rudari, giving a little outcry like a wounded monkey, ran from the room.

"Little fool!" said Uncle Peter. "I'll teach them to trade their batiks for such truck." He turned on Martha. "Kindly tell your American friend that he's started enough mischief in this village. We don't want him and his cheap store gadgets here!"

Martha blinked.

Aunt Hilda said, hastily, "Martha hardly knows the fellow, Peter." And Hough put in, "I say, you're too hasty, old man, aren't you? Martha doesn't approve such tactics, I'm sure."

THERE was a spirited three-cornered discussion, while Martha stood silent, too amazed for words. She gathered the facts very quickly. Uncle Peter, returning from the funeral, had found Madé Rudari and Matunga and Kenang grinding rice in the coffee mill. They had abandoned their picturesque mortars and pestles.

Listening, the girl discovered that it was not the triviality of the incident or their disproportionate anger over it which startled her. For the first time since her arrival, she was seeing Aunt Hilda and Uncle Peter clearly. Aunt Hilda wore a soiled *baju* above a careless linen riding skirt. Her graying hair was stringy in the oppressive heat. She had been a very handsome woman of the sporting, tailored type. How old she looked now, and slovenly.

Uncle Peter's appearance was even more significant. He looked like a beach comber.

"Did Mr. Olmstead trade the coffee grinder to Madé Rudari?" she broke in.

"Eh? No, no, no. The feller imported two dozen of the blasted things and gave them away to the natives. Our girls traded with a Chink."

Martha shrugged. "I'm sure that was Mr. Olmstead's privilege, Uncle Peter," she said. "It seems to me you're magnifying the crime a good deal."

The coffee grinders, it seemed, were only the latest of a long series of crimes against Balinese folkways. Both Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha recited numerous instances. As they ticked off the indictments, Martha saw Marvin Hough watching her intently. He was a very intense young man. He had written three travel books; he was spending three weeks in Bali to gather material for a fourth. Martha had thought him quite fascinating, a week ago. But now. . . .

"We shan't be troubled with the Amurrican Babbitt much longer," he drawled. "His number's up, you know. He tried some high jinks with a *pungawa's* daughter over at Sheng-Kumis."

Aunt Hilda leaned forward. "You mean the natives intend to do him in?"

"I rather think so."

Martha felt something like a chill. "That's absurd!" she blurted. "Someone's been kidding you, Mr. Hough."

"I think not," said Hough, who prided himself on understatement—in conversation.

In swiftly mounting anxiety, the girl appealed to Uncle Peter and Aunt Hilda. "The—the Dutch don't let anything—anything like that happen?"

Uncle Peter, sobered, made a fatalistic grimace. "If they really want him they'll get him."

"I'm sure he hasn't done anything serious enough to warrant that," said Aunt Hilda. "He could buy himself out of any affair with a girl."

Martha eyed Marvin Hough levelly. "I don't suppose you've bothered to warn Mr. Olmstead?"

Hough looked hurt. "Oh, he's been warned. He just laughed. Thought it was all a joke. One can't do much with a chap like that, you know. I remember what happened to a chap named Matthews. Kenya Colony. Had a row with some blacks. Laughed it off. We all warned him. No good—assegai from the bush. Nasty."

Uncle Peter winced. "Feller's no good. Deserves killing. But I shouldn't like to have it happen."

"Well, *do* something then!" Martha said, gasping it out. "Tell the police. Notify the government. Do something. Don't sit here—"

"Steady, my dear!"

"There's really nothing one *can* do."

"Not a thing, really. If they want a man they get him."

She glared at the three of them. It was preposterous, incredible. Terry Olmstead, no matter what he had done, was a white man. And there they sat, swigging whisky and talking fatalism. The twilight sounds of the *banjar*—a fighting cock's crow, a gabble of flat, strange voices in the street, the snuffling of Madé Rudari, the weird, barbaric tinkle-tonkle of a distant *gamelan*—added to the horror of the moment.

"I think you're all—rotten!" she said. And she stumbled out of the *balé*.

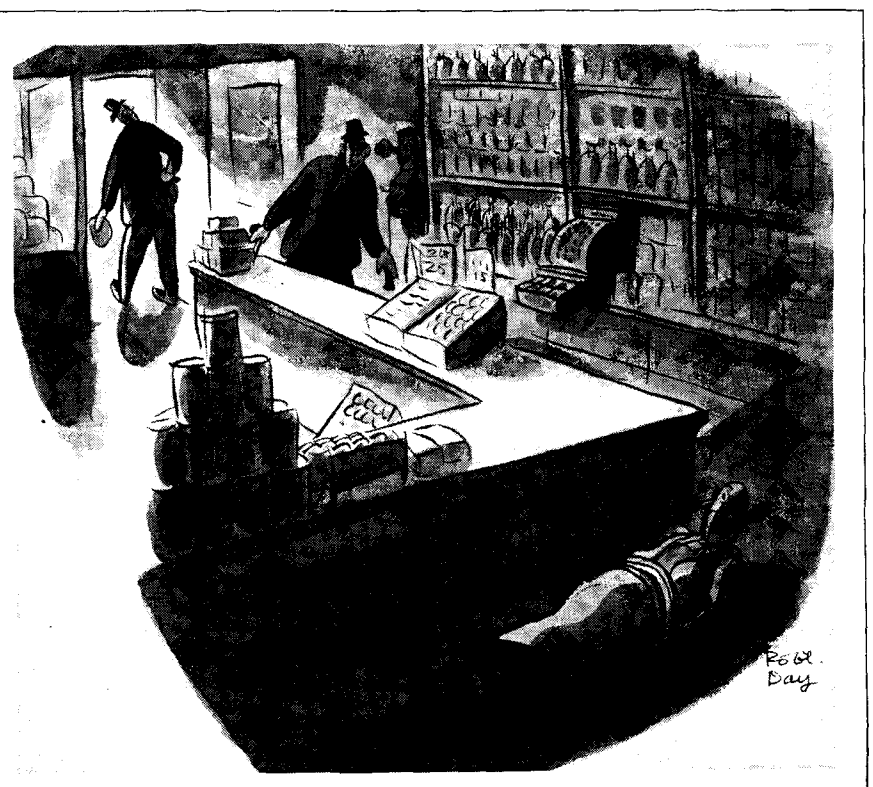
Aunt Hilda's pony, still saddled, was tied near the side gate of the compound. Martha saw it and ran blindly to the gate. She heard Hough call, "I say, what on earth—" She flung herself astride the pony and gave it a frantic whack with her hand. The pony broke into a gallop.

"HURRAY! I'm just starting dinner!" It was quite dark.

"You darn' fool," Martha said, breathlessly. "You've got to clear out! They warned you—they meant it! It's true!"

"W-what? Who—good golly, what *is* the matter?"

(Continued on page 34)

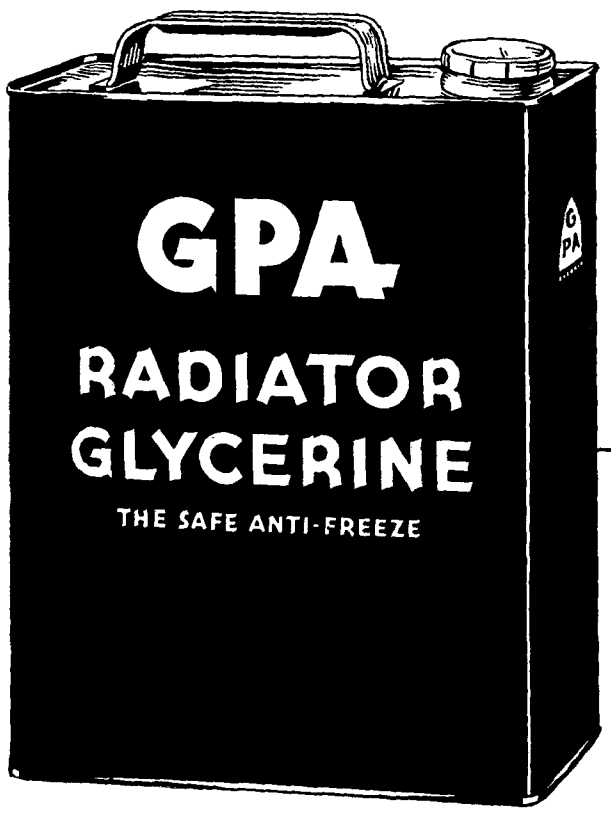


"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. O'Hara!" *Robert Day*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAYS PUT

NOTHING TO DO TILL NEXT MAY!



● Why worry with an anti-freeze that has to be watched and checked up on?... that evaporates and fades away on you?... that has to be filled and refilled and refilled some more?

Get G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine. Fill up once and forget it. Nothing more to do until time to drain it out next spring. One filling lasts all winter. It won't evaporate.

G. P. A. is economical—because no refillings are required, because the first cost is the last cost. It's doubly economical now; prices reduced last year, reduced *again* this year—when everything else is going up!

Read the five advantages of G. P. A. that are displayed below. Remember, too, that G. P. A. has no unpleasant odors, that it won't injure Duco . . . Why accept anything less when the best is so low-priced. FILL NOW!

Glycerine Producers' Association, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The *New*-G. P. A.

★ Won't evaporate

★ Stops radiator rusting

★ Does not cause leakage

★ Will not clog or gum

★ Prices AGAIN reduced

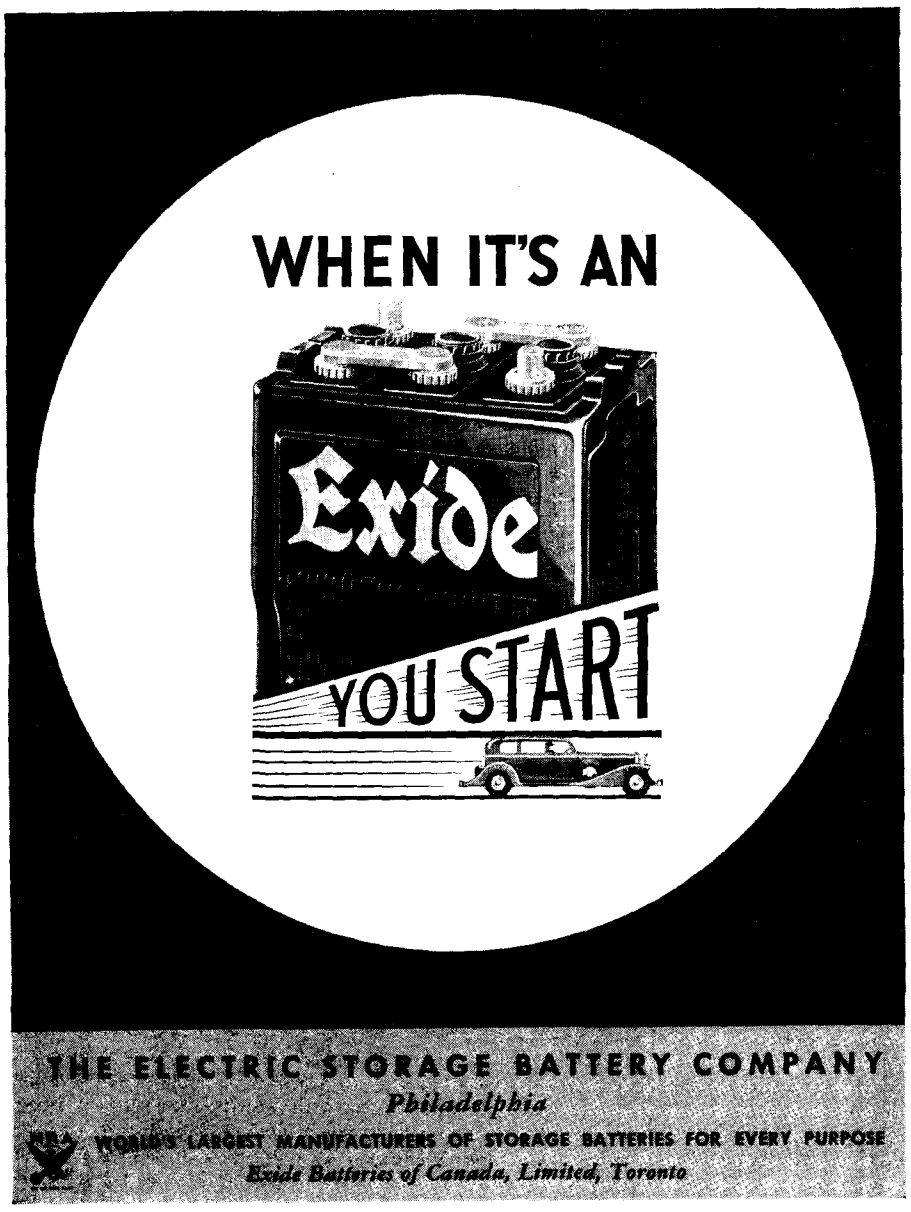
★ 1933's BIGGEST ANTI-FREEZE BARGAIN!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T PAY TWICE
FOR YOUR BATTERY
PLAY SAFE....
GET AN EXIDE!

MANY batteries are really paid for twice. First when they are installed, and later in costly recharges, rental fees and service charges. Only the best battery will stand up during the coming months. Put an Exide in your car—the safest assurance of starting day in and day out in all kinds of weather. Exides *exceed* the rigid starting requirements fixed by the Society of Automotive Engineers. Buy an Exide and you will be playing safe and saving money.

Look for the Blue and White Exide Sign . . .
a symbol of honest battery service



Far Pasture

Continued from page 32

She pushed him back through the doorway of the bungalow. Then she told him what Marvin had said.

Terry Olmstead grinned. "Yeah, I know." Then, seriously, "He ought to have a punch in the jaw. Lying that way. Getting you all upset." He grabbed a topcoat from a hall closet. "Here, slip into this. Now, then, you sit here while Mamma Toensfeldt gets ready for the guest."

"I don't want food. I'm not hungry. I want you to listen to me. You're in a jam. A bad jam."

"Whoa, there! Thanks. Thanks a lot. You're a honey to worry about me. But it isn't necessary. Honest."

"They're going to k-kill you!"

The terrible Olmstead gently forced her into a chair. She began to feel a little foolish.

"In the first place," he said calmly, "I haven't done anything to be killed for. I merely broke up a native wedding when I saw half a dozen brown bucks dragging a girl across my garden. The girl didn't want to go with them.

"She spent the night with Aiouman's womenfolks and in the morning I sent her back to her father at Sheng-Kumis. He's the big chief over there. The prospective bridegroom came to see me. He got tough and I slapped him over. You can't let these monkeys sass you. Got to keep face, you know."

MARTHA'S fear returned. "He'll remember that," she said quickly.

"He's yellow all the way through," Olmstead chuckled. "It got funnier and funnier after that. It's an old Balinese custom to take for granted that if a man breaks up an abduction he wants the gal for himself. So Madurka's papa sent a delegation offering me his darling for ten guilders, twenty pigs and five bullocks, or something like that. I declined the honor."

"You insulted the *pungawa!*"

"Please don't worry about it any more. I'm afraid you've been reading the great Hough's travel books." He got up and his face hardened. "I think I'll have a little talk with Hough one of these days."

Mamma Toensfeldt announced dinner. It was the best food Martha had seen since leaving the liner at Boeleleng. But she ate very little.

"I don't see why you had to get so many people down on you," she said, irritably. "Rescuing Balinese maidens and distributing coffee mills right and left."

Mr. Olmstead took a hearty bite of deep-dish apple pie.

"Oh, those rice grinders? I hated to see the poor women pounding for hours to accomplish what they could do in twenty minutes with a grinder. I tried to keep 'em restricted to the women on my place, but their noble husbands sold the mills far and wide."

"One turned up at Kunkal today."

"Did it? I'll bet your uncle cussed me out."

"Yes." Then, making her last stand for Balinese folkways, "You must admit the stone mortars are more seemly."

His blue eyes were restless, impatient. "They can pound rice with sticks till Kingdom Come for all of me," he said. "But it isn't because they're more artistic. That's a lot of beach-comber hooey. These monkeys are living in their jungle because they're just too dumb to know any better. But me—I shed no tears. I'm laying down the white man's burden as soon as the plant is finished, then I'm going back home to live life on *my* terms."

"Bali *is* beautiful, though."

"Sure. You can have it, lady. I'll take New York. I'll take America." He moved restlessly in his chair. "Lord, to get back into the big parade again!" Then, looking straight at her, "You won't vegetate with the *kutus* and monkeys long."

"I've saved money enough to stay two years."

"Two months will be enough."

"It won't!"

"Yep. It will. . . . Have some more pie?"

"You're utterly impossible."

"Sure. In Bali. I go down much easier in the dear old U. S. A. You try me when we get back!"

She reddened angrily. "I'm afraid that will be a long time away."

The impossible Olmstead laughed. "I'll bet you malted milks at Eddie's."

Shortly after dinner, she insisted on returning to Kunkal. He said he would drive her in the roadster and send the pony back by one of his coolies.

They left the bungalow in silence. The rain had stopped and a moon heavy with gold balanced perilously in the black, mysterious sky. The air had the exciting odor of frangipani. Bali's old humpbacked hills made their pilgrimage toward Mount Batur. Seeing and smelling and feeling beauty, Martha forgot the early evening's terror. Surely, nothing evil, nothing sinister could happen in this last, unspoiled paradise.

"I don't see how anyone could ever leave this place," she said.

"I'll take the subway, please," he said, disgustingly.

He helped her into the roadster, parked near a deep bank of moonflowers. He walked around to the driver's seat. There was a sudden twanging sound.

"Damn! Duck, Martha! See if you can find the pistol! Door pocket—throw it out!"

She did not duck. She scrambled to him as he leaned against the car.

"You're hurt!"

"Yes. Kris." He found the pistol and emptied it—seven shots—into the bushes. "They've gone. Stay behind me. We'll back toward the house."

MAMMA TOENSFELDT and several Chinese servants came. Martha found herself walking beside Terry and dabbing ineffectually at blood on the shoulder of his linen coat and sobbing, "Oh, the stupid, dumb beasts; the dumb beasts!"

"Think it's poisoned," said Terry, weakly. "Feel drowsy. Get hold of Doc Willitts at Den Pasar. Tell Bill. They'll know what to do."

Martha started back to the automobile. "No—the telephone. . . ."

Blessed telephone! Martha put through the calls while Mamma Toensfeldt babbled hysterically. . . . Doc Willits and Mynheer Groot arrived. . . . Oh, seventy-mile-an-hour speed. . . . Terry was unconscious. . . .

"Can't get that stuff short of Sourabaya. I'll phone Boeleleng—naval plane will bring it over. They'll radio. . . ."

Oh, dear good radio! Oh, wonderful, beautiful airplane! . . .

Some time after midnight, Uncle Peter stalked into the living-room. He wanted to take her home. She shook her head and walked doggedly into Terry's bedroom. The first treatment had brought him out of coma.

He looked at her, and smiled. "Okay, lady," he said. "I'll still take that subway."

"So will I," said Martha.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVOLUTION IN SMOKING HABITS FOLLOWS TOBACCO "FLAVOR TEST"

Won to pipe smoking by "flavor test"! Although today he smokes a fine briar, it was the Edgeworth testing outfit (below) that brought the contentment of a pipe into this home.

Widespread Swing to Pipes Result of Edgeworth Offer of Flavor-Testing Outfit

Edgeworth Mildness a Factor in New Popularity of Pipe

OFFER OF TESTING OUTFIT STILL OPEN!

RICHMOND, VA.—Thousands of letters reporting a widespread swing to pipe smoking are flooding the offices here of the makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. This revolution in smoking habits began some time ago with the announcement of an offer by the makers of Edgeworth of a *special flavor-testing outfit.* The response to this offer was nation-wide. These letters disclose many reasons for this general swing to pipes following the Edgeworth "flavor test."

Mildness Makes Hit

Most conspicuous among them is the statement that in Edgeworth is found a rare combination of *mildness and flavor.* This is explained by the fact that Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do for Edgeworth. Not only do these leaves have the choicest flavor, but also, tobacconists say, in them is found the *mildest pipe tobacco that grows.*

Not the least significant phase of this revolution in smoking habits is the manner in which women have sponsored the popularity of the pipe for their men-folks. Nearly two hundred thousand wives wrote for the Edgeworth flavor-testing outfit for their husbands.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Edgeworth is sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Also a variety of sizes in vacuum packed tins.

Not Too Late Yet!

Send the coupon at the lower right corner of this page for the flavor-testing outfit. You will receive enough Edgeworth for several days' trial smoking, and with it an old-fashioned corn cob pipe. We are sending you a corn cob because this pipe requires no "breaking in," and because we want you to try Edgeworth in a *new* pipe, free from any association with other tobaccos.

Smokers Invited To Be Members of Radio Club

"Corn Cob Pipe Club" Meets Every Wednesday

Pat Binford, master of ceremonies

Richmond, Va.—"The Corn Cob Pipe Club" is the kind of radio program that gives smokers a pipeful of chuckles. It's just a crowd of happy Virginia country folks having a big time. Meet Pat Binford, Squire Hix, the Old Timers, and let Bob Beadles tell you how to become a member of the Club. Tune in next Wednesday night at 10 o'clock, Eastern Time. WEAF, coast to coast N.B.C. network.

Here's what Pipe Club fans say:

Robert R. Hulbert, New York City: "Let me congratulate you for giving the listeners a radio program as different and as outstanding in radio as Edgeworth is among tobaccos."

Walter E. Zahn, Williamsport, Pa.: "May I say how much I enjoy and appreciate each Wednesday night. Your broadcasts are full of the romance of the old South."

Thomas Stewart, Detroit, Mich.: "We can hardly wait for Wednesday night to roll around to listen to you all."

Arthur D. Hawkins, Ann Arbor, Mich. "My application for membership in the Corn Cob Pipe Club serves as a means of expressing my gratitude to the manufacturers of Edgeworth—for marketing such a mild, tasteful, high grade smoking tobacco."

Mrs. Edw. Woods, Chicago, Ill. "My husband and I have been listening to your radio programs on the Corn Cob Pipe Club and we enjoy them immensely."

Edgeworth a Favorite Xmas Gift World Over

Clever Wives Find Way to Men's Hearts

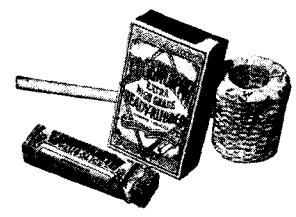
It is often said that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But clever wives have found an even quicker, surer way — through his pipe. Give a man his pipe and some good tobacco, and he's at peace with the world.

That's why Edgeworth is a favorite Christmas gift the world over. Not only do wives know this sure-fire way to please a man, but business executives who send Christmas remembrances to their salesmen or other employees find Edgeworth the one gift that pleases everyone.

May we suggest the pound or half pound vacuum tin of Edgeworth for this Christmas? Being vacuum packed, it just *has* to be as fresh and sweet as the day it left the factory. Your extra thoughtfulness in giving him Edgeworth in a vacuum tin will be doubly appreciated.

Here's Flavor-Testing Outfit

Here is the offer which started all the excitement—sample packets of Edgeworth in two forms, and an old-fashioned corn cob pipe—which is just the thing for a temporary test pipe. Pipe, tobacco, tax, postage and packing cost us 26 cents. We ask you to send 10 cents as evidence of your sincerity.



Make the "Flavor Test"

Below is a family coupon. You men who are missing the real joys of pipe smoking—make the "flavor test." You women who want your men folks to be happy pipe smokers—send for this flavor-testing outfit. Why not do it *right now?*

MEN — WOMEN — CLIP — MAIL

LARUS & BRO. CO., 118 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Virginia.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send Corn Cob Pipe and Samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. (PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco that grows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

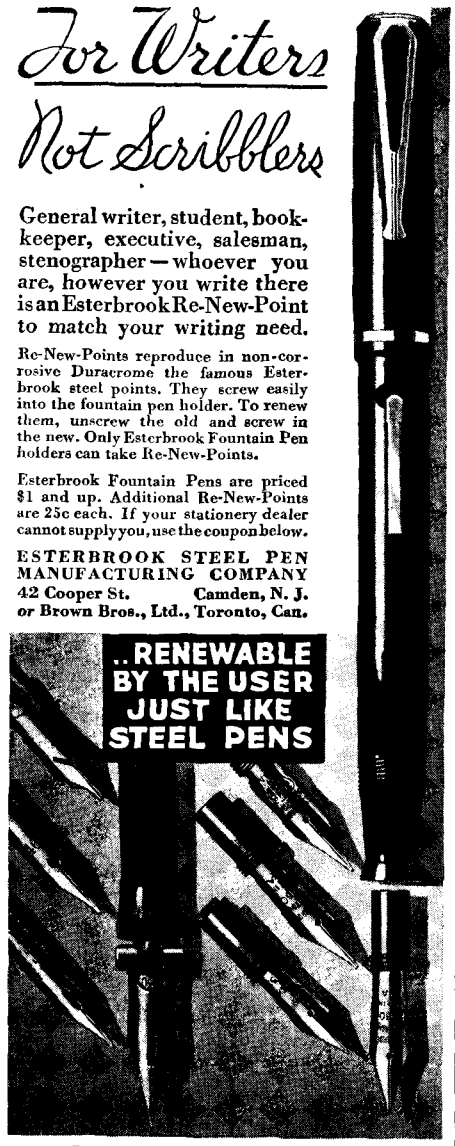
For Writers Not Scribblers

General writer, student, bookkeeper, executive, salesman, stenographer—whoever you are, however you write there is an Esterbrook Re-New-Point to match your writing need.

Re-New-Points reproduce in non-corrosive Duracrome the famous Esterbrook steel points. They screw easily into the fountain pen holder. To renew them, unscrew the old and screw in the new. Only Esterbrook Fountain Pen holders can take Re-New-Points.

Esterbrook Fountain Pens are priced $1 and up. Additional Re-New-Points are 25c each. If your stationery dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon below.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
42 Cooper St. Camden, N. J.
or Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Can.



Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PENS *and* STEEL PENS

Esterbrook Steel Pen Manufacturing Company
42 Cooper St., Camden, New Jersey
I enclose $1 for Esterbrook Re-New-Point Fountain Pen, postpaid. I have checked Re-New-Point desired in the fountain pen.

☐ Gregg Shorthand ☐ Business Falcon
☐ Bookkeeping ☐ Executive Signature
☐ High School or College ☐ Manifold Use, Orders
☐ Social Stub ☐ Bold Stub

Name _____
Address _____
Dealer's Name and Address _____

. . . Want Extra PAY CHECKS?

INCREASE your income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write now for money-making offer!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-28
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rough Air Ahead

Continued from page 15

As a co-pilot, riding with older, more experienced men, he had been taken unwillingly through several thunderstorms, but this had been in daylight when the flame of flashes did not arc and burn and throw blinding light in all directions in the clouds. It was enough to plunge headlong into a blot and smear of rain at night without being shot at by these spears of fire that would kill with contact.

A bolt from cloud to earth a quarter of a mile away, twenty minutes after he had taken off, was sufficient to solidify his fear to a decision. He was determined to go through, but lightning blocked his path; so he turned sharply to the left, toward the blackest portion of the storm ahead. This would cost him minutes on his schedule, would put him far out above the Everglades for a time; but there was no lightning there.

He hit the rain, a sheet of black that fell in streaming, slanting lines against his navigation lights, that beat upon the thick glass of the cockpit with a drumming like hail upon a canvas roof. The lights below were blotted out as if they had been candles snuffed. Durson turned up the rheostat to illuminate his instruments, "got on" his turn-and-bank and rate-of-climb, and bored ahead. He could get back on his course when he was through the storm.

Hours without sleep had drained his nervous energy, and now a rigidity of mind and muscles crept insidiously upon him. His feet were stiff upon the rudder pedals. His eyes were glued intently on the turn-and-bank, with quick, sharp glances now and then at other instruments. The turn needle flicked back and forth across its dial, and Durson "walked" the rudder, trying to bring it back and center it and hold it there. He discovered suddenly that he could see three lights upon the ground, and instantly relaxed in quick relief, and in that black, flailing rain began to fly by them.

NICELY done, he thought, and flew on for half a minute. This wasn't difficult; this wasn't really bad. The old-timers who had told him to be wary of a blinding rain at night just had a secret fear of rain, just the way he did of lightning. Certainly he had seen more terrifying things than this, and he was just a youngster. Feeling better, he glanced back into the cabin, where Joan McElroy was sitting rigid at her sister's side, where Doctor Scrogens was doing something with a hypodermic needle. He liked Joan. She was depending on him. Pride in his responsibility, a sense of capability, was a stimulation to his mind. He forgot that he was leaden from the loss of sleep. He might be young, but he could fly as well as anyone; he'd take them through, weather or no weather. He turned back to his task, and squinted hard into the rain.

The lights were still there—they hadn't moved! The instruments were crazy. The turn needle was over in one corner. The compass was spinning now with dizzy revolutions. Just as Durson looked, the rate-of-climb took up its lag and flicked down and pointed to a thousand-foot-a-minute dive.

With jarring crescendo the engines growled out of synchronization and rumbled into clashing discord as they revved up in this prolonged turning dive. The air speed jumped and swung swiftly from a hundred and ten to a hundred and forty, then a hundred and fifty, then a hundred and fifty-five. Those lights—

Those lights were an illusion! Durson sat frozen in his seat, his mind dangerously near panic for an instant. He had been flying by the reflections of his own instrument lights in the cockpit glass before his eyes. No wonder the turn was standing in one corner, that the compass had been spinning, that the plane was in a dive. Perspiration burst out upon his face and hands; his fingers grew slick and cold upon the wheel. His heart leaped and pounded until it drummed against his ears.

This was no dive. This was a power spiral—the next thing to a spin! This plane was a bi-motored one, and a spin would be a hard thing to recover from, a hard thing to stop, before they smashed into the ground. He glanced at the altimeter. They still had seven hundred feet.

"Center the turn—center the turn!" he thought, invoking desperately the admonitions and advice his blind-flight instructor had harped upon most frequently. "Kick rudder—hard." He kicked rudder. His leg was a piston shoving on the pedal. The turn indicator whipped across the dial, and Durson stopped it in the middle. He hauled back on the flippers and the nose came up. The air speed dropped, and the engines fell into reluctant step again.

THAT was the way these unexplained fatalities occurred. Just little things—light reflections in a windshield, when a pilot thought he had been looking at rain-blurred lights upon the ground. It could have killed him, would have killed him if his discovery had come a moment later. He'd never flown a cabin plane in rain at night before. No one had ever told him—no one had ever thought to tell him—that reflections from the board lights could produce such an illusion. He sucked in a deep lungful of sweet air, and turned carefully and slowly toward the south. This was one of those nights Mr. Norris had predicted. A shiver shook Paul Durson's frame. He could just as easily be dead as sitting here!

He would have preferred to go on through, and, alone in a mail plane with a parachute, he would have had no slightest hesitation. Going back seemed somehow like surrender, even though he meant to wait only long enough for this storm to blow out before he took off again. But he owed it to his passengers to avoid unreasonable hazard; this weather was more than he could safely negotiate. His choice was obvious. He looked back, and Joan met his gaze from the dimly lighted cabin. Just as well tell the doctor now. He motioned to Joan, and she slipped past the busy nurse and stood behind the cockpit, her head bent forward to hear his words against the drum and pound of the propellers and exhausts.

"Weather too bad now," he shouted to her. "I'm going back, and wait a while. Tell Doctor Scrogens to come here."

SHE cried desperately, "Can't you possibly go on?" She said more, but he didn't hear her words, for the radio came in harshly to his ears, the broadcaster's words blurred by intermittent crashing static:

"WWAF, Miami, Florida. Special broadcast to Pilot Durson on Trip Four. Miami weather at twenty ten—Miami weather at twenty ten: Overcast, driving rain, heavy lightning; ceiling, one hundred feet—one—hundred—feet; visibility one eighth mile; wind, northwest forty-seven—northwest—four—seven—extremely gusty; temperature, sixty-nine; dew point, sixty-nine; barometer, twenty-nine eighty-seven; violent thunderstorm struck station at twenty zero five. Weather Bureau advises it will probably continue for hour or more. Repeating—"

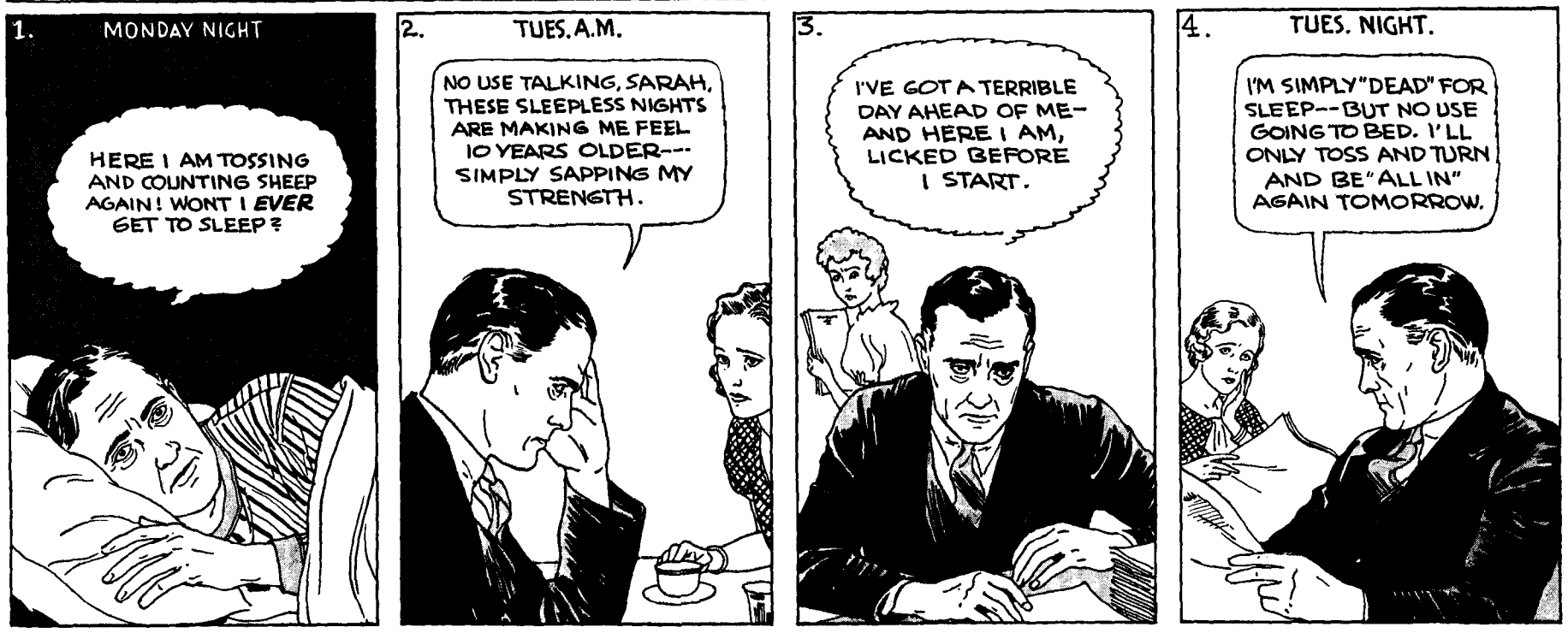
Durson did not listen to the repeat, but swung quickly to the girl, who still stood rigid in the cockpit entrance holding to the edges of the opening. Her lips were quivering, and her face had turned to solid stone. He made no effort to explain; he only said, "I've changed my mind; I'm going on. Go back and sit down. Tell Scrogens there's rough air ahead—we'll be bounced around. I'm going to get you through—or else!"

(Continued on page 39)

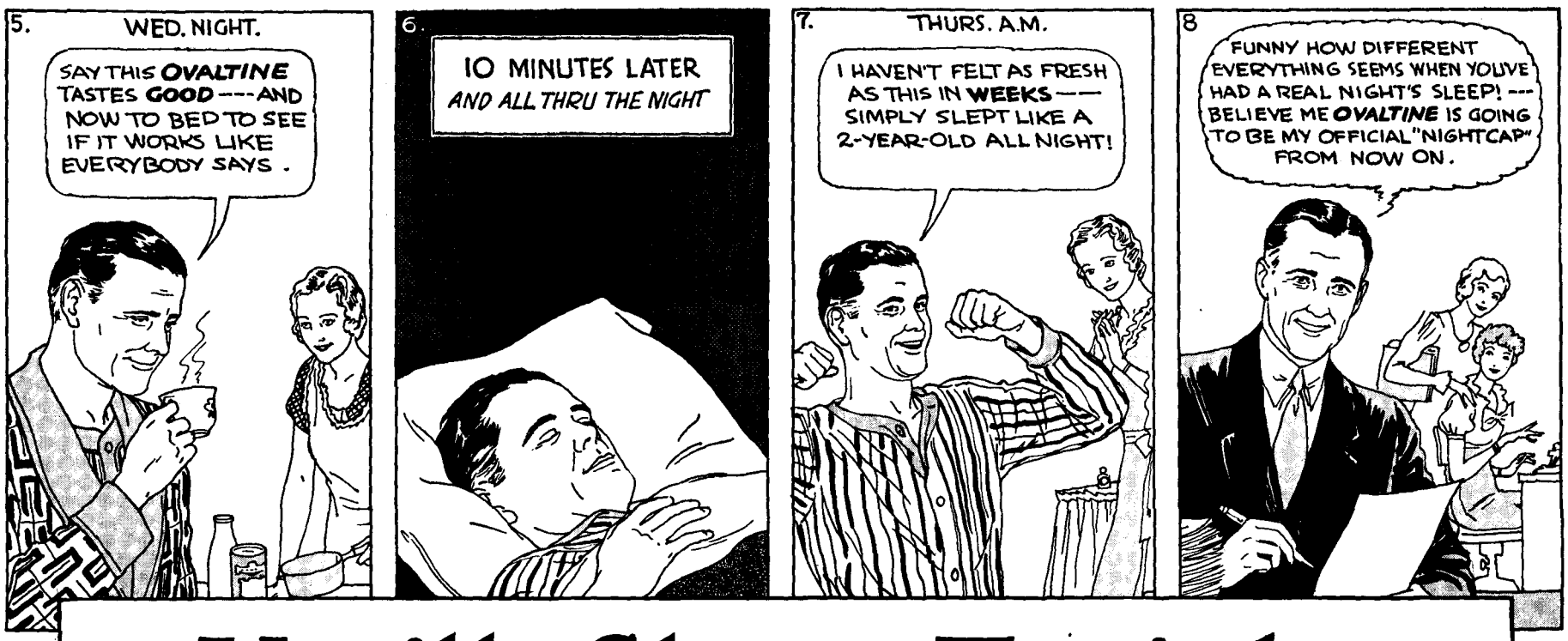
"Ah, good morning, madam. Could I interest you in a combination radio tube and potato masher?" *Joe Easley*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIS SLEEPLESS NIGHTS — NOW A THING OF THE PAST


1. MONDAY NIGHT
HERE I AM TOSSING AND COUNTING SHEEP AGAIN! WONT I EVER GET TO SLEEP?
2. TUES. A.M.
NO USE TALKING, SARAH, THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING ME FEEL 10 YEARS OLDER--- SIMPLY SAPPING MY STRENGTH.
3.
I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE DAY AHEAD OF ME- AND HERE I AM, LICKED BEFORE I START.
4. TUES. NIGHT.
I'M SIMPLY "DEAD" FOR SLEEP--BUT NO USE GOING TO BED. I'LL ONLY TOSS AND TURN AND BE "ALL IN" AGAIN TOMORROW.

...and then...someone told him about Ovaltine


5. WED. NIGHT.
SAY THIS OVALTINE TASTES GOOD---AND NOW TO BED TO SEE IF IT WORKS LIKE EVERYBODY SAYS.
6.
10 MINUTES LATER
AND ALL THRU THE NIGHT
7. THURS. A.M.
I HAVEN'T FELT AS FRESH AS THIS IN WEEKS--- SIMPLY SLEPT LIKE A 2-YEAR-OLD ALL NIGHT!
8
FUNNY HOW DIFFERENT EVERYTHING SEEMS WHEN YOU'VE HAD A REAL NIGHT'S SLEEP! --- BELIEVE ME OVALTINE IS GOING TO BE MY OFFICIAL "NIGHTCAP" FROM NOW ON.

You'll Sleep Tonight

And Feel Like A Totally Different Person Tomorrow

Try This Natural, Drugless Way That Doctors Recommend—See How Much More Soundly You Sleep And How Remarkably Your Energy Is Increased And Multiplied.

NOW—no need to lie awake and toss at night! No need to pay the price next day with over-wrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's logy and dull.

For now there is a drugless way that brings you natural sleep quickly—a way that's safe and sane. You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

The discovery which enables you to do this is a remarkable food-drink called Ovaltine. It acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Try It Tonight

So—if you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. Try Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how quickly your nerves calm down—how swiftly you fall asleep.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks and months. And feel far fresher next day.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for convalescents and the aged.* 999-A

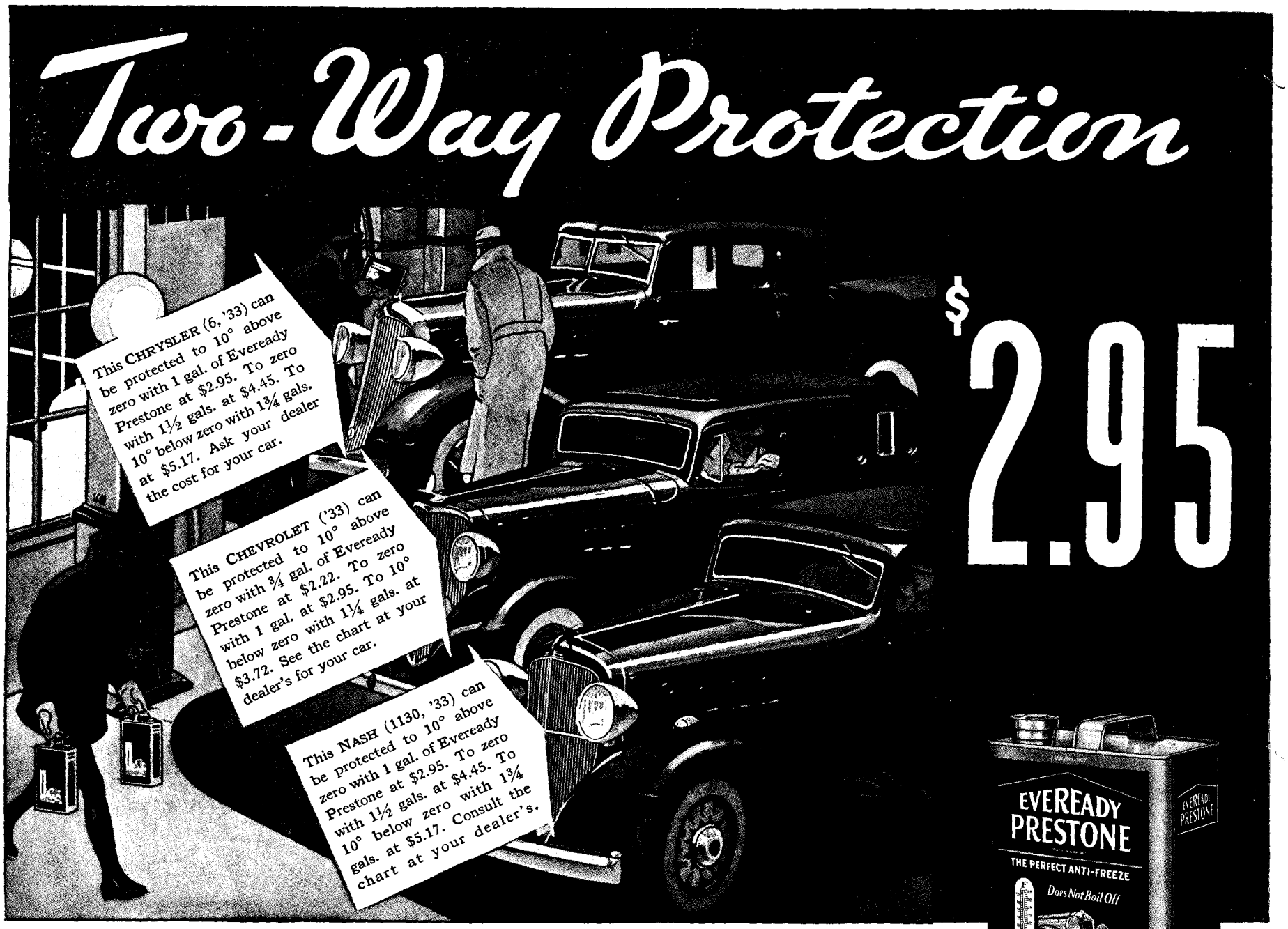
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Two-Way Protection
This CHRYSLER (6, '33) can be protected to 10° above zero with 1 gal. of Eveready Prestone at $2.95. To zero with 1½ gals. at $4.45. To 10° below zero with 1¾ gals. at $5.17. Ask your dealer the cost for your car.
This CHEVROLET ('33) can be protected to 10° above zero with ¾ gal. of Eveready Prestone at $2.22. To zero with 1 gal. at $2.95. To 10° below zero with 1¼ gals. at $3.72. See the chart at your dealer's for your car.
This NASH (1130, '33) can be protected to 10° above zero with 1 gal. of Eveready Prestone at $2.95. To zero with 1½ gals. at $4.45. To 10° below zero with 1¾ gals. at $5.17. Consult the chart at your dealer's.
$2.95
EVEREADY PRESTONE
THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.

EVEREADY PRESTONE

WILL KEEP YOUR CAR SAFE FROM FREEZING AND RUST ALL WINTER LONG

Your car needs *two* kinds of protection this winter. You know, of course, that your engine must be kept from freezing. That's plain! But corrosion in a cooling-system can do just as much damage. You have to guard against *both!*

Eveready Prestone does these two jobs. It brings you safe, all-winter protection against freeze-ups. It also halts the attack of rust on the cooling-system. Two kinds of motor protection for $2.95 a gallon.

Boil-away anti-freezes evaporate on the first warm day, and leave your engine unprotected against the next cold snap. Their one appeal is low initial cost. But you have to keep on refilling —and that costs money.

Many so-called "permanent" anti-freezes won't stand up through the winter. To discover the truth about their performance, exhaustive laboratory tests have been conducted. For hundreds of hours, each product was run through an automobile cooling-system at a speed and engine-temperature *exactly duplicating actual driving conditions.*

The 25,000-*mile anti-freeze*

Under this test, Eveready Prestone still gave full protection after 1000 hours—25,000 miles of driving and upward. Other anti-freezes broke down and became definitely corrosive in from 50 to 200 hours.

Laboratory analysis also shows that many "permanent" anti-freezes are nearly *half* water. Eveready Prestone is concentrated. Before you buy, figure the cost of anti-freeze to a definite protection-point. You will find that *one* can of Eveready Prestone often equals *two* of water-diluted anti-freeze. Buy protection, not water. Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with either alcohol or glycerine. It is a distinctive, patented product, approved by every car-manufacturer in America.

At $2.95 a gallon, Eveready Prestone offers you the most economical all-winter protection against freezing and rust. Have it put in today. Delay may mean a big repair bill.

An absolute guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, if used according to directions, will protect the cooling-system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling-system tight enough to hold water.

Tested AAA CONTEST BOARD CERTIFIED TEST *Approved*

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rough Air Ahead

Continued from page 36

He did not explain that he was now unable to go back.

For there was no use trying to get into Miami with a hundred-foot ceiling and a driving rain and violent wind. He would only crash this Junebug, for the rain streamed off the cockpit glass and blinded him even when the visibility was otherwise sufficient. And he couldn't sit here, circling, waiting for the storm above Miami to subside; the plane had three hours' gasoline, and it would be exhausted, possibly, before the storm passed on. His only chance was to get in at Daytona, or at one of the infrequent lighted airports along this lonely coast of Florida.

ONCE more he turned north, having lost five minutes of precious gasoline. It would pinch him to get through, and he could not now waste time dodging thunderstorms. He settled on his compass course, and throttled back a little, to conserve fuel, to make it last as long as possible. The mixture controls on these planes had been disconnected, so he could not save gas by leaning out his carburetors.

He tried to reason back his confidence, to feel again the strength that singleness of purpose gives. He thought: "Of course I'll get this outfit through! Didn't I stand up and bat when this Junebug got away from me a while ago? Just stay in here and pitch." But although he fought down his imagination, a nervous apprehension made him cold. He had always been afraid of lightning; it was a thing he couldn't help. And there was lightning of the wildest sort ahead.

Joan McElroy squeezed his arm impulsively in gratitude, ignorant of his thoughts, of the reason for his quick decision. She thought, perhaps, that he was going on for her. She went back into the cabin. Thereafter Durson did not look back. He turned northeast, to hunt the lights of towns that squatted in this rain along the coast. The thought went through his mind that the Atlantic, in this wind, would be a lashing, living thing, and that he might be over it right now. He had been navigating to the best of his ability, but he wasn't sure just where he was above the ground.

The flickerings of lightning in the sky thus far had come as broad bursts of quick illumination, like a light repeatedly snapped on and off behind a blanket of thick fog. But as minutes passed and the Junebug bored on through the night, the lightning turned to streaks of fire, livid, blinding, that flashed on every side and burned quick patches in the rain.

They hit the wind, and the air became a thrashing sea. The plane was flung upward like a piece of tissue paper, while the engines raced and pounded and the wind shrieked with demoniac force around the struts and wires. They burst out above the wind, still in the clouds, and went serenely on for half a minute, blind at ten thousand feet; and just as Durson thought the worst was over—they had really hit a line-squall—the downthrust on the other side took hold of them.

A crash seemed sure. Doctor Scrogens in the cabin left the floor, and the unconscious girl there on the cot would have been catapulted and suspended in midair if they had not strapped her to her bed. The nurse and Joan McElroy went up helplessly and struck the ceiling and hung there for a fraction of a minute. Durson was against his belt for an agonizing time, and then came back upon his seat where he could fight the wind.

Fight it? Not exactly that. The plane was in a down draft that defied mere men and airplanes. It was falling, being blown to earth. The wind hurled it from the base of a cloud at six hundred feet, and, as if it had done enough for one night's work, let it go on unmolested. The rain, however, still fell heavily.

But there were lights suddenly below, and they were not reflections from the instruments. Durson recognized Palm Beach, and West Palm Beach lying beyond the dark width of Lake Worth. He emerged into a bowl-like opening in the clouds, with a sudden ceiling of two thousand feet or more. Ahead, however, was another bank of heavy black that extended to the very ground, and this one reached far inland and far out to sea. It was clearly visible against wild bursts of lightning in a dozen places.

It would be impossible to dodge it, or go under it. So, perforce, he went on, holding the compass course that should bring him to Daytona. Just as he was turning to go on, Doctor Scrogens thrust his head inside the cockpit and yelled angrily, "Durson, you'll simply have to find smoother air. My patient won't survive another jolt like that one. If it's rough ahead, you'd better go back to Miami."

With his eyes on the instruments, Durson said from the corner of his mouth, over his shoulder, "I can't get back, so I'm going on. I'll be as smooth as possible, but I can't waste time dodging storms."

There was a silence, filled with the roaring of the engines. Then Scrogens' brittle voice, "You can't get back? Good God, man—"

Durson wondered that he was so calm about it when he interrupted, "You can't do anything about it. You do your job back there and I'll take care of you. We'll get down at Daytona."

He smiled grimly at his instruments. He'd take care of them. . . .

He tried his radio again, but, at this distance from the broadcasting station, and with the crackle of static pounding the 'phones, the beam signals were garbled and broken. He could hear the squeal of the beacon, but not enough to fly by. If he found Daytona tonight it would be entirely by compass and instruments, by dead reckoning. He must navigate carefully. Since he was blind here at a thousand feet, he might just as well go on up into a smoother layer of air.

PRESENTLY, when the tension of prolonged worry, when the strain of concentration was producing a reaction in fatigue, he found himself upon a plateau of clouds, with an overcast sky. There was a level of clear air two thousand feet in depth between them, and in this space was an inferno of repeated flashes. The place was lighter than day.

Then he was out of that, without having been struck. But suddenly he jumped as if he had seen fire spurting from an engine. A shudder of abject horror froze him in his seat. He snapped the throttles shut, and kicked the plane into a side-slip, to get down.

For at the tip of each propeller a thin blue line had appeared, which rapidly increased in width until each prop was a whirling disk of flame—St. Elmo's fire, a peculiar form of static which collects upon a plane in flight in some

(Continued on page 40*)*

"I'd given up hope . . but the PACKER TREATMENT STOPPED *my* DANDRUFF as you promised"

"For years I suffered from dandruff," writes an Ohio business man. "I used almost every remedy on the market. I was forced to wash my hair twice a week . . . at the end of three days the dandruff was again embarrassing.

"I happened to read one of your advertisements. I shampooed with Packer's Tar Soap—then used Scalptone every day. After three days I looked in vain for the dandruff which was always there at that time. I started my Packer treatments three months ago—and I've yet to see a flake of dandruff."

The Packer Treatment for Dandruff is as simple as it is sensible. Just these two steps:

1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
with Packer's Tar Soap

Before you start with Scalptone, give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

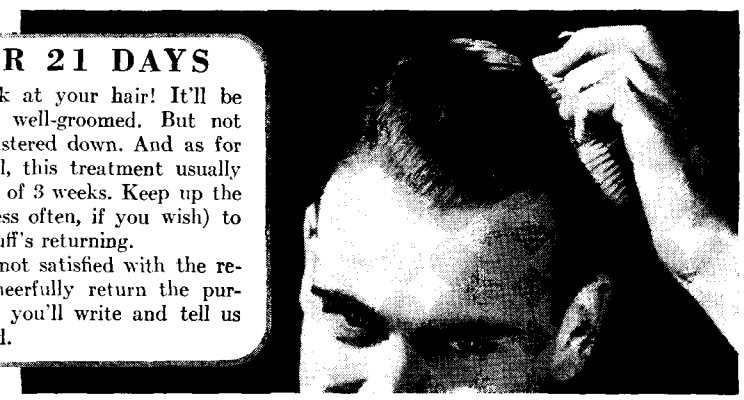
2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY
with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day. And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to *prevent* dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, we'll cheerfully return the purchase-price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.



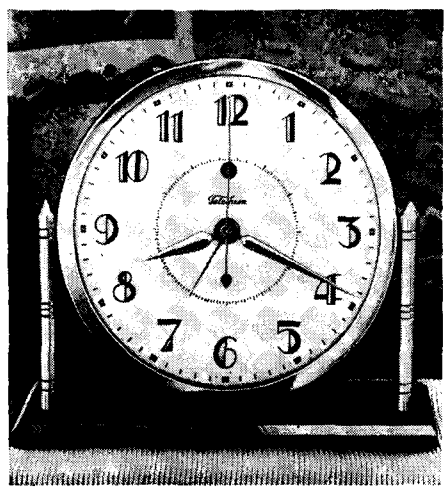
PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

1 *Shampoo with* **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** *once a week*

2 *Massage with* **PACKER'S SCALPTONE** *every day*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONSORT — *For kitchen or bathroom wall. Chrome-plated case, molded bezel in choice of colors.*



SIGNALETTE — *Modern alarm. Case and frame in chrome or gold finish. Black molded base.*
TELART — *Same model without alarm at lower price.*

TELECHRON TIME!

You'll find nothing newer *or* more useful than the clever clocks Telechron has created just in time for the holiday season.

Alarms that light their own faces; tambours that grace *any* mantel; kitchen clocks of colorful distinction. Clocks for desk or dressing-table—small clocks, wall clocks—for every place in the home.

All electric—all *self-starting,* trustworthy and trouble-free. Most good jewelry, hardware, electrical, and department stores can show them to you. Prices range reasonably from $4.50 up—subject to change without notice.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND MASSACHUSETTS

Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

(Continued from page 39)

conditions. As Durson watched, wide-eyed, he saw the flame form on the wing struts, lines of it that leaped and writhed. Balls of it took shape and grew, and then ran up and down the struts, leaped up on the fabric-covered metal wing and whirled there in a dervish dance.

There is, than this, no more awe-inspiring spectacle to be found in night flight. At first glance it seems that the plane itself has caught fire and is being rapidly consumed. It seemed so now to Paul Durson, and it was the final shock of this ghastly night.

WHEN he saw the flame, he had only the thought that the plane was ablaze. He cut the throttles to slip down, to get under the ceiling and put the flaming craft anywhere upon the ground. In sweating fascination he watched the fire leap up, form and roll out upon the wings. And then, in sudden perception, with almost hysterical relief, he realized that he had heard a pilot once relate in sketchy form the story of a flight like this at night, with fire blazing from every metal member of his plane. This wasn't fire of the burning kind. He didn't have to land to get away from it. For at that moment a deluge of rain began, and every vestige of the flame was gone.

He sank back in the seat, tired, wet and cold; his teeth were chattering. He pushed the throttles open and picked up altitude again.

To find himself, if possible, he tried his radio once more. But it was useless, for static was like cold water dripping into burning grease. He could not hear the beam, and on the period for the scheduled weather broadcast the voice came like a hammering upon a distant drum. With that useless effort, he realized how completely lost he was. Strange winds blow in the upper air, and, although he had held his course quite accurately, he might have drifted far to sea. He sat at the controls woodenly, trying to think and yet control his thoughts. He might not be lost, he knew; he might be directly on his course. Yet it had been an hour since he left Palm Beach, and in that time he had been able to check nothing on the ground. If he should be lost it would take some time to find himself, and he shouldn't wait too long. His subconscious mind kept going on and on: "Find a hole. Find a hole and get on the ground. Crack up if you have to, but get down—now. Don't wait until you run out of gasoline and crash. A crash will kill you!"

That did seem wiser than sitting up here in the clouds. He decided to go down, orient himself, and then go on. He cut the throttles. The altimeter crawled around the dial from eight thousand to fifteen hundred feet. The clouds still held. The engines muttered softly in their long exhaust stacks, stacks which, when Durson gunned the throttles to clear the motors out, grew cherry red and glowed against the rain.

His eyes ached from looking for a light that never showed. He had fifty-five minutes' gasoline left in the tanks. Ample, if the rain was not too hard, if the clouds were not too low. But if the rain and ceiling blurred the lights, and he couldn't find the ground— There was no radio to guide him to Daytona. He tried the set again, but static cut out the signals which Titusville was putting on the air.

Joan McElroy spoke into his ear, and her low voice, raised against the thunder of the engines, startled him. He jerked reflexively. "What is it?" she demanded. "Are we there?"

He couldn't, he considered, tell her he was lost and was trying to find the ground. He said gruffly, "Sit down! You change the balance of the plane, running up and down the aisle." And then, instantly sorry he had said that, added, "About there. I'm trying to get below the ceiling. It shouldn't be long now."

The Junebug mushed on down. Rain beat at the glass, and wind whistled over the propeller blades. His confidence had turned mainly now to hope. He didn't feel so sure he'd break out underneath the clouds and see the ground, he simply hoped he would. He might crash, he knew; many other better men than he had done it just this way. But he couldn't wait until the tanks were dry of gas and the motors starved and still. What if he broke through fifty miles from shore? Or the same distance inland, over swamps and forests? The sane thing was to steel himself to run the risk of crashing, while the crash could still be averted.

That recalled to him a phrase of Elkins, on the Newark run, on which Durson had been the co-pilot. Elkins always said, "Anticipate emergencies, and they don't become emergencies." And, "Endurance and morale are more important than the mere ability to fly. Anyone can be taught to take off and get around the field. Every now and then a pilot must have a weather-proof, slow-burning kind of nerve."

Paul Durson, mushing down, holding his breath, knew for the first time how true this was. He smiled mirthlessly at the thought of how much nerve this long descent required. The altimeter showed eight hundred feet. He gunned the engines, flattened out the glide. He knew, suddenly, that he had the nerve. Time would tell about the other things.

The lightning cracked viciously at intervals when he broke from cloud to cloud, but still he could not find the ground. There were no holes. Minute after minute made it worse, because the gasoline was getting low. He ran through a rainstorm, and, out of it, dropped lower, until, at four hundred feet, he was afraid to risk further descent, for fear his altimeters might be in error. But the boiling, heavy mist was everywhere. The flare of lightning was before his eyes almost without an interval.

HE SHOULD be over Daytona now, he knew, at two hours and a half. As futile effort after effort failed to show the ground to him, he had to fight off panic. There certainly must be a hole somewhere which he could find. It occurred to him suddenly that this entire coast might possibly have been inundated by a rolling sea fog, and that there were no holes. He could not find out if this was so or not, because of static in the radio. Yet it did not seem reasonable at all that this should be, with thunderstorms and rain on every hand.

But there were no holes. He overcame the insane impulse to cut the switches and mush down until he saw the ground, whether it was from a hundred feet or fifty. He knew this would be fatal, when he considered it more carefully. He might not see the ground at all. The night was inky, except where lightning flashed.

Just then, riding as he was above that lower layer of the clouds, he saw ahead a glow as of a bombardment. It was behind a tall cloud, miles away; but as he watched it he knew that it was an electrical storm of greater magnitude than he had ever seen before. And the brash idea came to him to fly directly into it, mush down there. In rapid flashes of that kind he would be sure to see the ground before he crashed.

The thought resolved to action. He had thirty minutes' gasoline, and it would take most of it to reach the storm. He throttled still more, to save fuel.

He might be struck, he knew. He would collect blue flame on every member of the plane, no doubt; and for a moment he had misgivings that there might be real danger of ignition of the fabric. But he went on; he knew he could get down if he held his nerve and went on. If a bolt should strike them, they would never know it. Their agony and strain and fear of what was coming would be ended in a flash.

Paul Durson was afraid of lightning. He brushed through the cloud and found himself amid the wildest display his imagination could conceive. Livid, white-hot, darting tongues of flame were everywhere. A bolt flared before his very eyes, and as he flew headlong through the spot an instant later, ozone was strong inside the cockpit. St. Elmo's fire formed and streaked and danced upon the struts and wires of the plane. But amid all this, Durson was now too busy to worry about being hit.

Slowly he mushed down. The altimeters crawled, while the navigation lights still glowed. He looked from the left window of the cockpit, careful that he was not staring at a place where a flash might come and blind him for a time. And then suddenly there was no glow. A flash threw the earth into shattering relief, and in that burst of flame the St. Johns River showed, and in the distance, Jacksonville.

HE WAS down, and he was past Daytona! He had overshot, riding somewhere up there on a strong tail wind! But now he doubted that his gas would last until he made the field. It would be irony, now, if the engines quit and he went down in the river ten miles from the airport. Without a moment's hesitation, he cut the right switch, listened to the engine die, turned the gas valve to stop the flow, and went on on the left one. That, he figured for himself, was one way to cut down the expenditure of gasoline. . . . The motor died just as he got on the ground.

Turner, the veteran with seven thousand hours, was ready to go on up the cut-off to New York with the Junebug that Durson had brought in. But the mail was not ready, and there was time to spare. Durson and Turner and Joan McElroy were in the frowzy little restaurant that serves the field. Doctor Scrogens had insisted that the girl eat something before going on. Turner was expounding.

"St. Elmo's fire, eh? You got some? Well, I'm glad it's behind me—me, I'm afraid of lightning. I've flown a hundred miles, clear off the beacon line, to get around a thunderstorm—I've done that lots of times. I sure don't care for lightning, me!"

Joan put in, "Was that the blue flame I saw on the plane tonight? It scared me. But Mr. Durson wasn't frightened, were you, Mr. Durson?" She turned big eyes on Turner there. "He went right into the worst-looking storms, with lightning all around—and right here at the field was worst of all. I'm so glad we had an old, experienced pilot to bring us through bad weather. Mr. Durson, Doctor Scrogens complimented you."

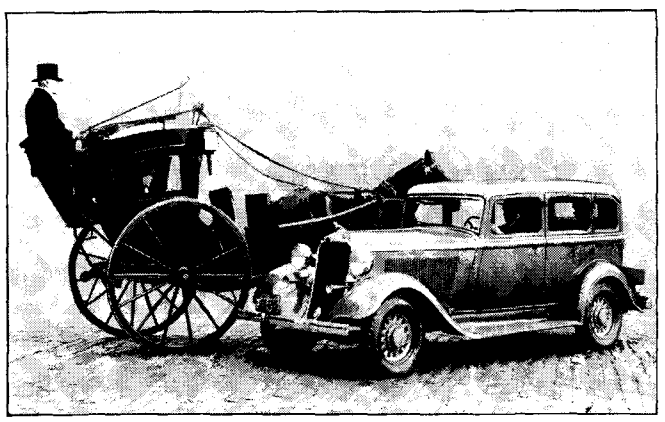
Turner smiled furtively behind his napkin. "You bust through 'em, eh?" he asked Durson at his side. "Well, not me! I'm afraid of lightning worse than anything."

"What," asked Paul Durson in a round tone full of confidence, "is the use of getting scared?" He turned his smile upon the girl. "I used to be, but I got over it. You'll never see the one that hits you. And that St. Elmo's fire stuff—I cut my teeth on that."

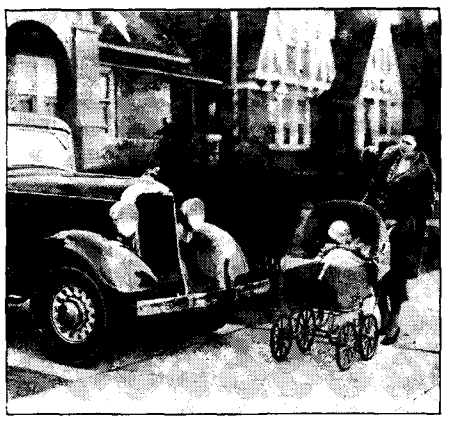
"Milk teeth, eh?" Turner returned acidly. "Miss McElroy, I expect we'd better go. I'm kinda young at this business, and I may have to fly around a thunderstorm."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

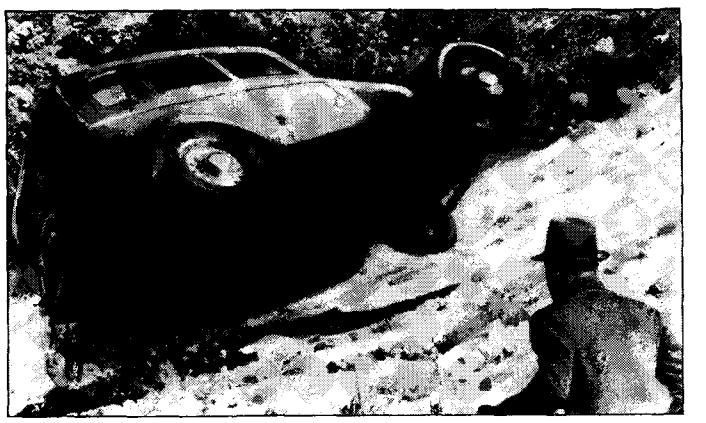
WILL YOUR NEW CAR HAVE ALL THESE ADVANCED FEATURES?



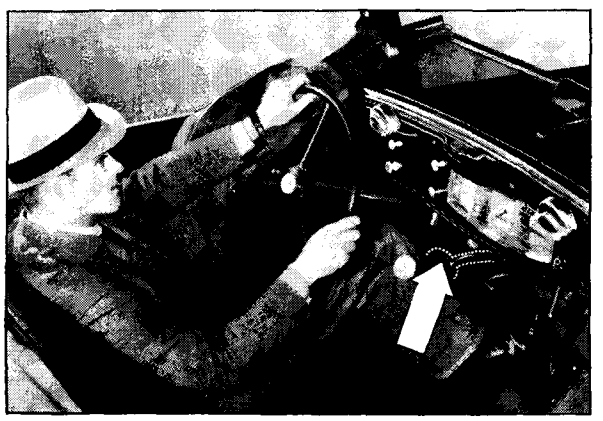
LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY. Compare Dodge with the old-fashioned top-heavy cab above. Dodge has a double-drop frame . . . it brings the car close to the ground; no danger of tipping even when tilted to an abnormal degree. The Dodge frame is ten times more rigid than ordinary frame construction.



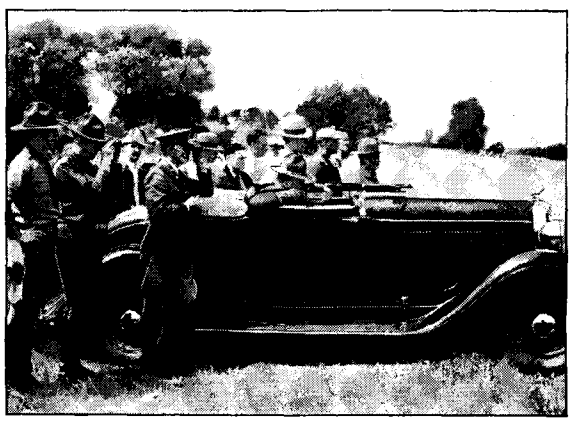
"HYDRAULIC BRAKES SAFER" declare drivers who have a chance to compare Dodge hydraulic brakes with the old-fashioned kind. They stay equalized . . . act promptly. Most taxicabs have hydraulic brakes.



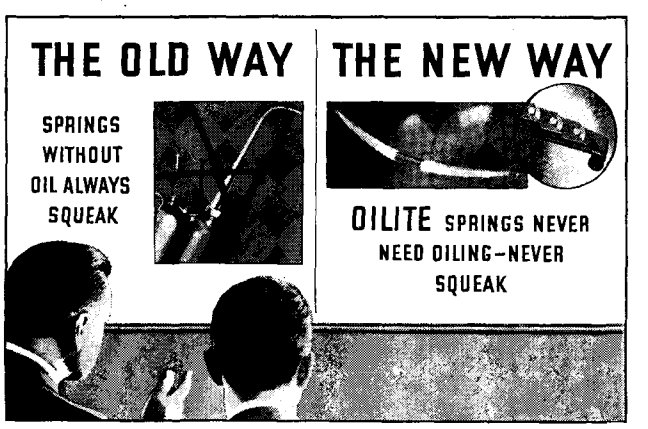
SAFETY STEEL BODY! Even though engineers rolled the new Dodge Six down a steep hill, the bouncing and crashing it went through on the way down couldn't smash the strong, safe steel body. The big Dodge drove off under its own power after it hit bottom! Such extraordinary strength means far greater safety for you.



AUTOMATIC CLUTCH—(optional). You never need use your left foot. You can start, stop, shift into any gear including reverse, without ever touching the clutch pedal. Makes driving simpler, easier—and much less fatiguing. The big Dodge Six has free wheeling, too.



FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS keep engine vibrations from shaking the body of the car. That's what enables this marksman to make a perfect score on a target 100 yards distant—even while the engine in the Dodge Six is running!



"OILITE" SPRINGS! Old type springs must be oiled to prevent squeaks. Dodge has "Oilite" spring inserts—they never need to be oiled, yet they never squeak! "Oilite" springs stay flexible, and ride easy! And Dodge springs are equipped with metal covers, too . . . keep out dust and dirt.

THE NEW DODGE HAS THEM!

The Nation's Most Modern Motor Car for Only $595*

No other car in the world gives you the sensational features you get in this new Dodge Six at such a low price—just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars!

Speed and comfort . . . dazzling performance and driving ease . . . safety and economy—you can be sure of them in a Dodge because of these advanced engineering features.

Dodge doesn't pick out one lone feature and rest its case on that! Altogether you get more than 21 advantages in Dodge . . . 21 reasons why Dodge gives you most for the money! They are *real* features . . . not gadgets.

And you don't have to take anybody's word for the value of the new Dodge! The "Show-Down" Plan lets you see for yourself! Lets you compare Dodge against competitive cars feature for feature, point for point. No other car in the world offers you all the advantages you get in Dodge for as low as $595 . . . not even many cars that cost hundreds of dollars more than the new Dodge Six!

Ask yourself, "Will my next car have all these features?" Then let the "Show-Down" Plan give you the answer. Any Dodge dealer will be glad to explain it to you. Get the free "Show-Down" score card and be your own judge in picking your next car.

Although costs of labor and raw materials have been going up, you can still buy this longer wheelbase Dodge for as little as $595 at the factory. Your old car has a higher trade-in value now, too—today it will probably make the full down-payment on your new Dodge. And you can arrange easy, convenient terms.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

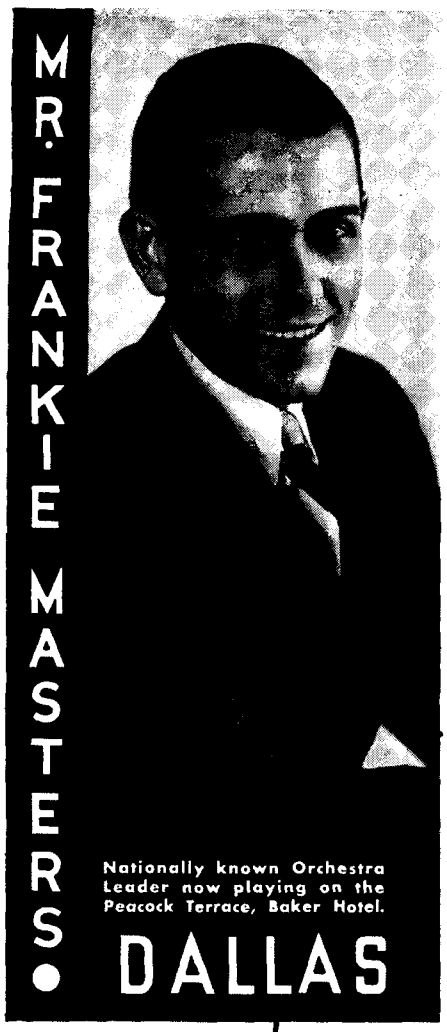
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE!

New 115-inch wheelbase Dodge Coupe, $595 . . . Two-Door Sedan, $630 . . . Brougham, $660 . . . Four-Door Sedan, $675 . . . Convertible Coupe, $695.
*All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit, Michigan.

BIG NEW LONGER WHEELBASE DODGE

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION — DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



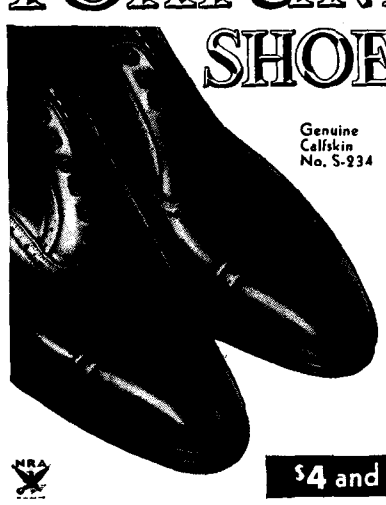
"Smooth dancing calls for smooth shoes"

DURING a week I see thousands of men dancing. Some handicap themselves with their shoes. I wish they would take a tip from me, and the boys. We all wear Fortune Shoes for perfect foot freedom, and smart style."

May we suggest that you *do* take a tip from Frankie Masters and his boys? All materials going into Fortune Shoes are Quality Tested in the Fortune Laboratory. If you are not acquainted with your nearest Fortune dealer, write the factory.

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
A division of General Shoe Corporation

FORTUNE SHOES



SMART STYLES
$4 and $5

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 19

"That's the man."

"No one knows him well," Timothy Sarson answered. "He dined here tonight with us all. He is a pleasant dinner companion, he has mixed with decent people, but we all of us wonder at times whether he is really alive. A robot-like man, with his own destiny and the destiny of his friends and enemies all blocked out in front of him."

"What about the Earl of Milhaven?"

"A great gentleman," Timothy Sarson said. "He also dined here tonight."

"I can tell you a little more," Dr. Anderson put in. "He has led a wildly adventurous life. He started in Australia and they say that he knows as much about Arabia as Colonel Lawrence. He is trying to live the English country life on insufficient means, but I should think it's a hell of a time for him."

"Do you mean that both these men were dining here tonight?" Inspector Penny demanded.

"They certainly were," someone assured him. "They were here when Tyssen was arrested and carried off, without a doubt. Lord Milhaven tried to dispute the warrant."

"Tyssen never opened his mouth?"

"He seemed to have nothing to say."

"I take off my hat to him," the inspector said. "He wanted his success his own way and he worked hard for it. He's won all right, but God knows what price he'll have to pay."

He moved back to the French windows and listened. There was no sound of any returning car. He came back to his place.

"Give me a drink quickly, please," he begged. "If there's any trail to follow we may have to be off on this man hunt directly. No port—whisky. Plenty of whisky and plenty of soda—a long one and I'll talk again."

He handled one of Timothy Sarson's great tumblers lovingly, drank of its contents and set it down half empty. Then he went back to the threshold of the window and listened. There was still no sound of a returning car.

"TYSSEN'S real name is Sandford," he said. "Christian name's all right—Christopher Sandford. Tyssen was his mother's name. His father was a millionaire banker pretty well ruined by an embezzling cashier. His son, who had made one appearance in golf with great success, was thinking of becoming a professional when gold was found on some almost forgotten land of his father's. He became suddenly wealthy and disappeared from Australia. No one knew what had become of him. These notes tell us. He came to England to find the man who had ruined and murdered his father. He went to London. He came here."

"My God!" Timothy Sarson suddenly exclaimed. "Whom was he after here?"

"One of the greatest of the world's criminals," Penny answered. "A man who has never had his fingerprints taken, or stood for one moment in the dock, or been under one minute's suspicion. Can you imagine—you who live here—who that man may be?"

He left the question tormenting them while he hurried over to receive the report from his returning chauffeur. When he came back his fresh-complexioned face was drawn and heavy.

"We've got to find Lord Milhaven and Huitt," he confided. "Where they are Christopher Sandford is—and God help him!"

Christopher Sandford's first sensation, after he had felt a hand clapped over his mouth in the back seat of the police car, was that he was lying on a rose-colored coverlet and that there was a strong scent of pines floating into the room through the opened window. Inside was only the light from a heavily shaded lamp. He even failed to recognize the figure leaning over him. His first question was obvious but natural.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"You are at my bungalow," Madame de Sayal announced.

He made an effort to sit up, and failed. He was utterly destitute of strength. The whole of the blood seemed to have been drained from his body. He tried to lift his leg and found it impossible.

"WHAT have they been doing to me?" he demanded.

"They had to keep you quiet," she told him. "They profess not to understand such old-fashioned methods as tying people up. If anyone has to be kept quiet this is their latest idea."

"Who are they?"

"Not very many."

"Where's the inspector?"

"Melted into thin air," she replied. "The car lies at the bottom of the false pit of Lord Milhaven's private garage up at the Golf Club, nicely covered over, and the uniforms are somewhere there too."

"A clever stunt," he muttered.

He was suddenly aware that there was at least one other person in the room—Milhaven! No longer the genial dinner guest, but darker and more sinister than Christopher had ever seen him. Then he heard Huitt's voice—calm and definite.

"I consider this an absolutely futile waste of time," the latter said. "However, since you have insisted upon it—ask him the questions."

"You have been down here for some time, Sandford, watching Mr. Huitt and myself?" Milhaven began.

"Chiefly Mr. Huitt," Christopher replied.

"You know Mr. Huitt's antecedents?"

"I do. I know them from the time he was a small accountant in Sydney to the time when he escaped in a fruit boat after murdering my father and, I believe, with two other murders on his hands."

"How do you know that he was the man who murdered your father?"

"The first thing I did after I came into money," Christopher recounted, "was to employ a very clever detective in Sydney, who found out for me nearly everything I wanted to know. I got the proofs of Huitt's participation in the raid on the Sydney Bank and I got a copy of the deathbed statement of the manager, indicating Huitt as the man who shot the two clerks and my father. It was years, in all, that I searched in vain. I kept the papers, though. My detective friend died—"

"Pardon me," Huitt interrupted. "I killed him."

"I suspected it," Christopher went on. "You are rather good at killing, aren't you? Your Australian friends, my father, Jesson, Julian Bott, Roland Martin—"

"Guilty," Huitt interrupted again. "Is this worth while?"

"At last, when I was giving up hope and making up my mind to resume my own name and go back to Sydney I spotted Huitt one evening among the crowd at Waterloo Station. Since then I may say that I have never lost sight of him. I have collected specimens of his handwriting and I have proof that he is the most expert and ingenious forger the world has ever seen. If you come to think of it there is nothing easier in the world than to turn a murder into suicide if one possesses Huitt's amazing gifts."

"Dear me," Milhaven sighed. "I thought I was the only one who had found that out. Still, I made a fortune out of his gift and you didn't!"

"I have the proof," Christopher continued, "that Sam Jesson's letter of confession was a forgery and that Huitt, having helped himself to all his assets at the bank, murdered him in cold blood. Julian Bott refused to come into some scheme, the details of which I do not know. I do know this, though, that at the time Julian Bott was shot he was on the point of discovering that one hundred thousand pounds' worth of his securities had been appropriated by James Huitt."

"One hundred and forty thousand," the latter murmured quietly.

"We will let it go at that for the present," Milhaven observed. "You have told us enough to convince us that you are not the foolish, inquisitive person you professed to be and that your boasted novel is all a fake. You are a very intelligent and persistent young man, Mr. Sandford, but you have been taking risks, have you not?"

"What does that matter?" Christopher answered. "I have succeeded. You and Huitt have been taking risks, too."

"You have succeeded," the bank manager repeated thoughtfully. "I suppose it occurs to you, knowing my character and knowing something of Lord Milhaven too, that what you have discovered means certain and very speedy death for you. The very completeness of your success has made your death more inevitable."

THE young man remained silent. A feeble dream of last night in the garden of "The Haven" floated before his eyes and he realized that he had no wish to die.

"There is a very important question still to be asked," Milhaven said. "You have told us of your discoveries. Have you shared them with anyone?"

"I have not shared them with a single soul," Christopher replied. "I think there is only one person in Sandywayes who does not believe me to be the goof I tried to seem."

"Discreet, very discreet," Milhaven murmured. "One further question, though. Have you left any written record of your discoveries behind which might fall into anyone's hands?"

"Certain to, you mean," Christopher corrected him. "The manuscript of my so-called novel contains every paper and all the evidence I have spoken about. I left it behind addressed to the Chief Commissioner of Scotland Yard or whoever might take his place. I left it with my landlady, Mrs. Foulds."

He saw Madame's ominous shake of the head.

"You fool!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose it was not wise to tell you," he admitted. "Anyway, you seem to have made up your minds to kill me, so I don't suppose it makes much difference."

"On the contrary," Mr. Huitt declared, "it makes a great deal of difference. Have you tried to use your limbs?"

"I can't," Christopher replied.

(Continued on page 44*)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why *Kate Smith's* manager insists on the new *Stewart-Warner* to check her programs with

KATE SMITH, *"The Songbird of the South," Radio's Beloved Personality. Singing to 50 Million People over the Columbia Network.*

KATE SMITH'S MANAGER, *Ted Collins, listening in to "The Songbird of the South" in his New York office, over his Stewart-Warner—"The Radio of the Stars." Here illustrated is the Duncan Phyfe Table Model, typifying Stewart-Warner's new Dual Harmony idea in radios—high-grade radios plus handsome pieces of furniture. Radio proper is concealed behind drop door, made to look like two drawer fronts, $52.50. Other Dual Harmony models represent other fine pieces of furniture, priced, $42.50 to $89.50.*

NRA WE DO OUR PART

STEWART WARNER

The Radio of the Stars

The last word in radio reception PLUS *an exquisite piece of furniture—both for one price*

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
or BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Now—A New Development That Changes All Previous Ideas of Radio Reception . . . Brings You—For the First Time, the *True, Living* Voices of Your Radio Favorites As They *Really* Sound In the Studio

MILLIONS of people tune in on Kate Smith religiously every night when she is on the air. The names of her fans are legion. But, of all who have listened to this star of stars, comparatively few have heard her as she *really is*. Or have heard the glorious voice that is the true Kate Smith, unaltered by radio "tone."

Take her manager's word for this. He's in a position to know. That's why, when he checks her broadcasts away from the studio, he insists on the new Stewart-Warner. He tells his reason below:—

"Whenever I'm unable to attend Kate Smith's broadcast, I check her program at home. And I do it with a Stewart-Warner radio because I know I'll hear her singing exactly as if I were right in the studio myself. It's one set that never distorts or changes her voice as lots of radios do. So, with a Stewart-Warner, I'm always sure that I'm hearing Kate Smith right."

A New Principle

The secret of the new Stewart-Warner "radio of the stars" is that it is *NOT* built on the premise that a radio is a musical instrument in itself. It is built on the principle that the sole function of a radio should be to give perfect *duplication* of studio-performance—not impose a "tone" of its own.

With this goal in mind, Stewart-Warner engineers have perfected a radio different from any other. A set that *recreates* studio broadcasts with an accuracy that's nothing short of uncanny.

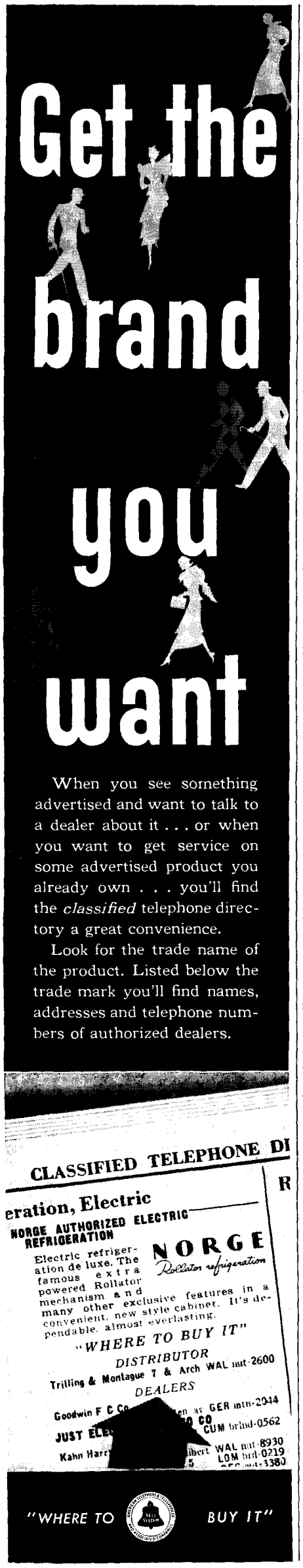
The first time you hear the new Stewart-Warner, it will be a revelation to you. You'll hear—perhaps for the first time in your life—the *true, living* performances of your radio favorites just as they really sound in the studio. Visit your nearest Stewart-Warner dealer today where a real radio thrill awaits you.

Note, too, the exclusive Dual Harmony feature, introduced by Stewart-Warner. Note that these new creations do not look like radio sets at all. That the mechanisms are completely concealed—built into exquisite and useful pieces of furniture that satisfy the eye just as Stewart-Warner *duplication of studio performance* satisfies the critical ears of the most critical listeners in the world:—the families of the stars!

6-TUBE CONSOLE—Model 1192—This extremely handsome console leads in modern designing. Striped American Walnut, Maple Burl and French Rosewood, as well as Matched Walnut Veneers, finished in hand-rubbed lacquer, give this cabinet great richness and charm. Complete with new powerful 6-tube superheterodyne chassis and latest type speaker, only $69.50. Other console and table models also available with 6-tube and 10-tube chassis. See them at your dealer's.

All Prices Slightly Higher in the West and Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Get the brand you want
When you see something advertised and want to talk to a dealer about it . . . or when you want to get service on some advertised product you already own . . . you'll find the classified telephone directory a great convenience.
Look for the trade name of the product. Listed below the trade mark you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized dealers.
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DI
eration, Electric
NORGE AUTHORIZED ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
NORGE
Rollator refrigeration
Electric refrigeration de luxe. The famous extra powered Rollator mechanism and many other exclusive features in a convenient, new style cabinet. It's dependable, almost everlasting.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
DISTRIBUTOR
Trilling & Montague 7 & Arch WAL mut-2600
DEALERS
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 42

"You never will again," the bank manager assured him. "You are suffering from the effect of a marvelous drug brought home from the East by Lord Milhaven here. In twenty-four hours you will be dead. Do you see that small bottle on the table?"

"I do."

"That," Mr. Huitt confided, "is the antidote. We have gone as far as this with several others at different times. The antidote has invariably brought them back to life—where we have administered it. Where we have failed to do so death has taken place at about the expiration of the period I have stated. You would scarcely expect us to spare you, Mr. Sandford, with all this stock of damaging knowledge you possess and have left behind."

"I don't see that it makes any difference," Christopher replied. "You will have one more murder on your hands. That's all. The police will know. What's the time?"

"Four o'clock in the morning," Milhaven told him.

"Well, the probabilities are," the young man went on, "that by nine o'clock or ten they will have discovered that your police car and my arrest were both frauds. My parcel will then be opened and I should say a quarter of an hour after that both of you will feel the little tap upon your shoulders."

"If we are here," Milhaven murmured. "I will admit that your estimate of time is excellent. But why should we wait for that little tap?"

CHRISTOPHER felt himself trying to shrug his shoulders but his arms refused to respond. He shivered with the mere misery of his ineptitude.

"I don't see how you can get away nowadays," he observed. "Passports, wireless and all that sort of thing."

"We shall take our chances, of course," Milhaven agreed. "A difficult matter, without a doubt. The thing we have to decide before we go—and our time will be up in a quarter of an hour—is whether to give ourselves a slightly better chance by getting rid of you first."

"There is no question about that," Mr. Huitt remarked, with a slight sneer. "You need not worry, Milhaven. I have disliked this young man for some time. It will give me a certain pleasure to take the responsibility for his departure."

"Not quite so fast, my friend," Milhaven begged. "I am thinking. I am not sure whether I shall consent to your killing him."

Huitt's speech was still equable and metallic.

"My mind," he said, "is already made up upon the point."

"But mine is not," Milhaven objected, with a touch of his customary drawl. "I believe you know, Huitt, that among my other claims to being a sportsman I was once very nearly a first-class golfer. I was scratch at St. Andrews and I still thoroughly appreciate the science of the game. Now, I have never seen a more lightning-like turn of the wrists than that young man possesses at the top of his swing, and I have never seen a player who could make use of that same turn to cut his balls with an iron so that they look almost like dead things on the green. Then, you noticed that last putt, Huitt?"

"Yes."

"He stabbed it," Milhaven declared earnestly. "He stabbed it so that it bit into the ground every inch of the way to the hole, and nothing would have deflected it. I have always said that the man who learned to stab his putts scientifically was going to be the greatest golfer in the world. Sandford might easily become that."

"I fancy that his chances are slim," Huitt scoffed.

"You may be mistaken," Milhaven continued. "I should like to ask you a question, Sandford. You appear to me to be a remarkably truthful young man; a man of character, I should say, as your father was. Now, if you are allowed to live—in which case you would certainly play on the Walker Cup Team before long—would you qualify for England or America?"

Sandford felt his eyes growing larger. To a man on the brink of eternity it seemed an amazing question.

"I decided last night," he confided feebly, "to live in England."

"There you are, you see, Huitt," Milhaven pointed out. "I am a judge and I know what I am talking about. We have not a man of his age in England at the present day of anything like his class. We should be guilty of more than murder if we sent a young man like that out of the world when it might make all the difference in the next international contest."

There was a soft peal of laughter from Madame.

"Hugh," she murmured, "I still say you are the most wonderful person in the world."

"One has one's principles," Milhaven sighed. "Where did you put that antidote? Ah, I see it."

He was on the point of moving towards the bottle when suddenly there was a still, very quiet voice from the farther end of the room.

"Stay where you are!"

Milhaven turned around in cold anger. There was a little stab of flame, a sharp report. The bottle crashed into pieces and the liquid streamed off down the floor. Huitt replaced the cartridge but did not at once transfer the revolver to his pocket.

"If you can save the young man's life now for your golf, Milhaven," he sneered, "do it."

Christopher watched the stain upon the carpet with despairing eyes. He heard Milhaven's voice, still and cold, filled with the suggestion of a terrible anger.

"You have forgotten yourself, Huitt. It was my will that this young man should live."

Huitt pointed to the carpet.

"Is there anything you can do about it?" he asked coldly.

Milhaven seemed to have given himself up to a fit of meditation.

"Just at present, Huitt," he acknowledged, "I fear there is nothing."

The man who had no nerves moved a little uneasily in his chair. There was a light in the eyes behind those highly polished lenses, half suspicious, half inquiring. It passed, however, almost at once. Christopher Sandford's eyes half closed. His last conscious impression of the two men was that both were listening.

CHRISTOPHER opened his eyes once more to the sense of a passing world. A pair of thin, strong fingers had parted his lips. The voice of Madame de Sayal sounded in his ears.

"I hope you can understand what I am telling you," she said, "for it may mean life or death for you. I could not wake you before. Lord Milhaven has just given me the other half of the antidote. He never trusted Huitt, so he kept back half. You will need it all—every drop. You must not move your head but you must be very careful to swallow. I shall pour it in slowly. Please prepare."

His body, it seemed, had left him. He had the curious impression of remaining with his senses intact, a human being without power of movement, unutterably weak. A little stream of something fell on his tongue. He made an effort to swallow. His mouth was held open—he himself had not the power to open or close it. The liquid, whatever it might be, was descending. He was dimly aware that he must assist its passage as well as he was able. He lost consciousness for a moment and came back to find the little stream of liquid was still dribbling down his throat. His dim eyes saw the bottle empty. His mouth was closed for him. She stood away from the bedside.

"If that was not too late," she said, "you will find that you can begin to move your limbs very soon. After that you will be all right. I cannot help you further for the present."

ANOTHER lapse into the unknown and then a long, slow waking. There was sunlight now in the room, the twitter of birds outside, the rustle of wind in the trees. Memory made a shivering return to his confused brain. He knew that he had been lying there paralyzed, with death creeping upon him. There was something different now. Surely that was a muscle working! He drew up one leg and then the other. He moved his arms. He felt a slight tingling all over. There was feeling in his body. . . . With it all his brain cleared. He began to remember. Huitt had left him for dead but Milhaven had saved his life. Together these two had gone off.

His lips slowly twisted into a smile. What chance would they have? Penny would have all his papers by now. There was enough there to hang Huitt, all right. Milhaven only came into most of it by inference. They would find out about him as they went on. Perhaps he would be strong enough to crawl away before long. He had better be found somewhere else—where they had found Julian Bott, for instance. Presently Madame de Sayal reappeared, wearing the smock in which she painted. She noted his changed expression with a smile.

"This is fortunate," she said. "Have you tried to move?"

"I have tried to and I can," he replied. "I believe that I could get up from the couch."

"Do not hurry," she begged. "You must not collapse here. Tell me—in these memoirs of yours is there anything very incriminating about me?"

"Neither about you nor Milhaven," he assured her. "I came to England to find Huitt. I could have gone to the police long ago, but I could see there was something going on here. I stayed and watched. I have run no risk so far as Huitt is concerned. He will hang."

"If they catch him," she murmured.

"He must be caught," Tyssen answered. "They have only a few hours' start. How can they possibly get away?"

She smiled.

"So far as Milhaven is concerned, how could they possibly stop him?" she retorted. "In forty hours he will land in Abyssinia. No one will follow him where he is going. No one else could get into that part of the country alive."

"And Huitt?" he demanded.

(Continued on page 46)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweaters . . . more popular than ever with adjustable openings

. . . made possible with this slide fastener

NECK OPEN WHEN PLAYING . . . GIVES NEW FREEDOM

CLOSED WHEN YOU STOP . . . KEEPS YOU WARM

Just a silver or gold streak, flexible as silk . . . that opens like lightning, that closes tight as a seam . . . has made some remarkable changes in the old-time sports sweater!

For Talon Fastener convenience and utility are combined with smart new materials to bring you style freshness . . . and a better all-round garment for outdoor play.

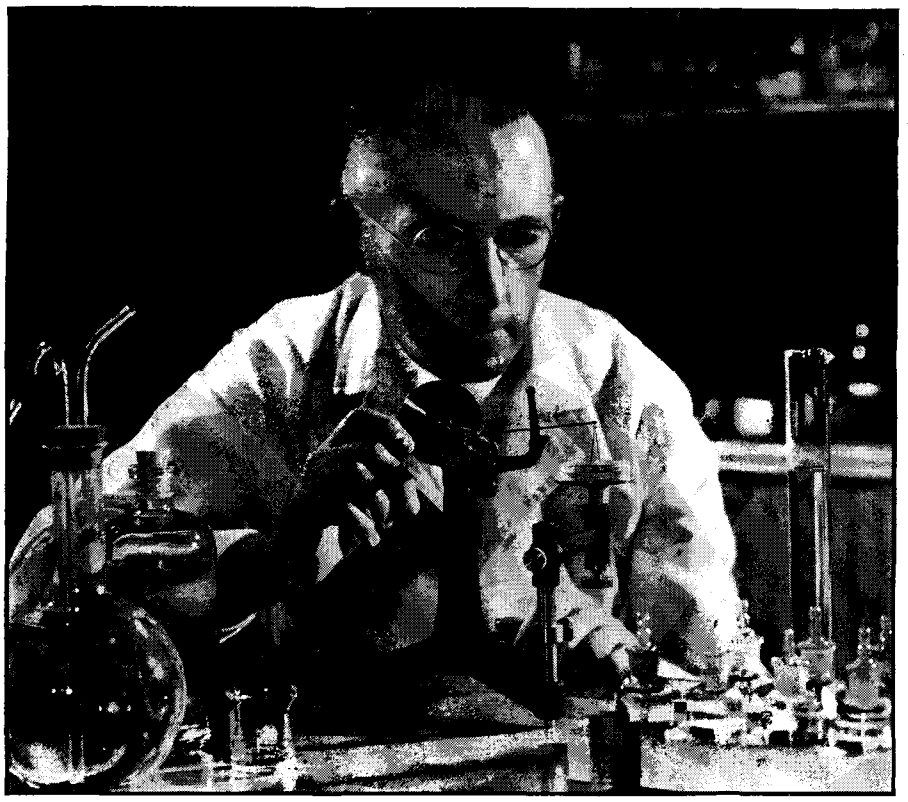
You can choose almost any type sweater or collar you wish. Some of these sweaters open all the way down the front like a coat, with a separating Talon Fastener. Others open just enough for comfortable head-room and adjustable neck-opening. You can choose roll-collar types . . . turtle necks, or even one of the new and popular semi-military designs.

To make sure you get the best grades of materials and the new authentic styles . . . just take a second to see that the sweater you buy has the genuine Talon Fastener, the final certificate of quality.

The name Talon on the pull-tab is your assurance of slide fastener perfection for the life of the sweater.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



W. G. Mennen has made a scientific study of shaving. Frankly and impartially he answers a vital shaving question.

"LATHER OR BRUSHLESS— *which is best for you?*

I'LL HELP YOU TO FIND OUT · · ONCE AND FOR ALL."

W. G. Mennen

"WHICH IS the best shave—Lather or Brushless? You've read many claims . . . words . . . arguments. Puzzled? . . . I don't wonder. Yet, there is a sensible, scientific answer to the shaving preparation question. And—because I make *both* kinds and have no axe to grind—I can give it to you.

"I've been studying shaving for 25 years, and I *know* that there is no such thing as *one* best shave. One type of shaving preparation does *not* suit all faces. Whether Lather or Brushless is best for *you* depends on your own shaving habits, your type of beard, and —most important—*your type of skin.*

"That's why I make both. Both are America's fastest *whisker wilters.* Both take *all* the fight out of *all* of the beard . . . so that the blade can cut clean . . . cut close . . . without yank or scrape.

"*But only your skin can decide which is best for YOU—Lather or Brushless.*

"If you have an *oily* skin—I recommend Mennen Lather Shave. You need that lather—to flush out your overactive pores. Mennen Lather penetrates into the pores. Loosens imbedded grease deposits. Cleanses the skin. Leaves your face fresher, *healthier!*

"If you have a *dry* skin—I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a fine, quick-melting cream—*not a grease* —containing special ingredients which soothe and heal thin, sensitive skins.

"If you have a *normal* skin, then it's a question of convenience—do you *like* a brush or don't you? Either Mennen Lather or Mennen Brushless Shave gives you that wonderful comfort that comes only when you *wilt whiskers!*

"Convince yourself! . . . see coupon!"

MENNEN

2 KINDS: PLAIN AND MENTHOL-ICED

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

IT'S A CREAM, NOT A GREASE!

SPECIAL OFFER
3 PRODUCTS—10¢

Generous sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer and Mennen Talcum for Men—*all 3 for only 10c.* Send 10c to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-12. Plain ☐ or Menthol-Iced ☐

SPECIAL OFFER
3 PRODUCTS—10¢

Generous sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men —*all 3 for only 10c.* It's a real bargain. Send coupon with 10c in stamps or coin to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-13.

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 44

She shook her head.

"I am not so sure that he will take Huitt," she replied. "I have never known a person to cross Milhaven's will who had not to suffer for it."

"If he takes Huitt with him and they do succeed in getting away I shall follow," he declared.

She smiled cryptically.

"That," she insisted, "would be certain death. No one but Milhaven could live where he is going. Somehow or other, though," she repeated, "I do not think that he will take Huitt with him."

"Why not?" Christopher asked eagerly.

"Milhaven is a great sinner," she acknowledged, "but he is capable of the most bizarre actions. One of those was his sudden determination to save your life. Huitt was determined that you should die and to the best of his belief made it a certainty. I do not think that Milhaven will forgive him for interfering. I have never known him to forgive anyone who disobeyed him. Can you get up?"

He rose stumblingly to his feet. He felt like a man recovering from a fever.

"A breath of fresh air would do me good," he confessed.

"You shall have it immediately," she told him. "First of all, I am going to the door. I want to be sure that there is no one about."

SHE was gone about five minutes. When she returned she motioned him to follow her. She led him out of the back door and up the grass path to where the body of Julian Bott had been discovered.

"If you could contrive to be found here," she suggested.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I am going to paint," she confided, "until my maid brings me my coffee. If you have not been taken away by then I may give you some."

"But all this," he said, waving his hand. "My being abducted by those bogus policemen, being brought to your bungalow and very nearly murdered?"

"It's all part of a dream," she answered. "They drugged you and dropped you here, just as they did Sir Julian. You know no more than that."

"But why here?" he demanded.

She pointed down to the elaborate gates which led to the Golf Club.

"Milhaven naturally has a key to those gates," she confided. "The land belongs to him and the converted clubhouse is his property. The airplane sheds are his. Several of the members rent them. The largest he keeps for himself. For that one he has a night and a day watchman. He experiments there sometimes. You know that once he was in the Air Ministry?"

"Has he a machine here?"

She smiled.

"He has the most perfect machine here that has yet been built," she continued. "It is a type which has never been shown. He preferred to keep it for himself because of what might happen. The machine has been ready to start night or day for twelve months. He has a wonderful mind," she went on. "To divert attention he owns a smaller plane also, which he flies continually. People think he is still experimenting with the other machine. Not a soul except myself and Huitt and the pilots, who have worn a police uniform now and then, know what he has been keeping in that guarded shed.

"What has always puzzled me, though, is how Milhaven managed to communicate with all his accomplices—Huitt, the airdrome men and the others."

Christopher smiled weakly.

"Perhaps I can help you there," he said. "I got on the track of that. One of the announcers of the Broadcasting Company was in his pay and any night there was to be a meeting—which was always at the same place and time—this announcer used to make some slight change in the ordinary terms of his weather announcement. They were all listening in as a matter of course and received their summons in that manner. 'British Islands' for 'British Isles,' for instance, was one of the variations."

"Just like Hugh. Horribly ingenious," she murmured.

"What made Milhaven take to this crooked business?" Christopher Sandford asked.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"For one thing, he loathes poverty," she answered, "and there was no money when he inherited. For another thing, he loves excitement. Huitt's skill, too, as a forger fascinated him. It was he who brought him to England and got him into the bank. . . . I am really going to work now."

"Shall you stay on here?" he asked abruptly.

"I shan't run away, if that is what you mean," she said. "Why do you ask?"

Tyssen looked through the trunks of the trees down to the houses of the Oasis. There were no signs of life but thin spirals of blue smoke were beginning to curl upwards.

"Down there they used to call me the most curious person they ever knew," he observed. "They didn't realize there was method in it all. I am a curious person, I confess, and things went on up here which I still do not understand. Who knocked Anthony Sarson out that night?"

"One of Milhaven's men," she answered. "Strangers weren't wanted so near the byway."

"One thing more," he begged. "Milhaven?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"Have you never had an idea?" she asked, with a strange little smile.

"Not up till this moment," he assured her.

"Of course, Debrett would have told you," she said, "but I don't suppose you have ever looked inside it—and we were a very distant branch of the family. I was born in Florence and married to an Italian, but Milhaven is my brother. I came here hoping—but it was foolish of me! One might as well hope to change the stars as to influence him."

She suddenly held up a warning finger and stole away from him. Through the trees he saw her pass to where her easel was already arranged. He heard the chattering of a little group of caddies passing along the byway to the golf links.

THE dignitaries of Scotland Yard were inclined to make a fuss over Christopher Sandford when, this time in a properly authenticated police car, he drove up to London to visit them. The sub-commissioner himself received him.

"Your indictment of this extraordinary fellow, Huitt," the official pronounced after the customary greetings, "is quite a wonderful document, Mr. Sandford. You seem to have forgotten nothing. At the same time, if only you had come to us direct the day after you had seen Huitt at Waterloo a great deal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this later trouble would have been avoided."

"I can see that now," Christopher acknowledged, "but I knew that there was something going on down at the Oasis and I wanted badly to find out all about it. I thought, perhaps, something might have gone wrong with the Australian business—witnesses dead or something of that sort—and I had to make sure of him."

"He very nearly made sure of you," the sub-commissioner observed.

"Quite true. Would you let me know now what happened, please? Inspector Penny is nowhere to be found and there is nothing worth speaking of in the papers."

"WE SHOULD have been rather in the dark ourselves," the other replied, "but fortunately one of the mechanics at the Golf Club Airdrome has come across with the truth. It seems that Huitt and Milhaven arrived there shortly after four o'clock in the morning. Milhaven ordered his special machine started at once, took his place at the controls and called out to Huitt that he was just trying the engine for three minutes. Huitt remained with the others watching and, according to our man, Milhaven circled down once, then descended to within shouting distance.

"'Huitt!' he cried—and dropped something: a weighted paper of some sort, which fell within a few feet of the man for whom it was intended. Then the plane shot up and disappeared over the trees.

"I've read that message; it went something like this: 'No one has ever profited by disobeying me. Christopher Sandford's life repays a debt to his father. As for you, Huitt—if I had ever been convinced that it was you who were concerned in that shooting affair at Sydney you would have been left long ago where you are now. Goodby. Milhaven.'

"They say that Huitt stood for a long time, his face quite expressionless, after reading that note."

"And then?"

"He calmly drew his revolver and blew out his brains."

"Any news of Milhaven?" Christopher asked with a slight shiver.

The sub-commissioner touched some papers with his forefinger.

"I have a sheaf of reports here," he said. "He passed over Trieste at midday yesterday, heading southeastwards. He was flying high, and any sort of pursuit, of course, was out of the question. . . . By the bye, Mr. Sandford, what about Madame de Sayal? She seems to have been mixed up in these affairs. I daresay you know that she is Milhaven's sister."

"I have not a thing against her," Christopher declared, "and as you know I was pretty close on everyone's tracks. I daresay she guessed there was something going on, and I believe that she came over to England to try what she could do to stop it."

The sub-commissioner nodded.

"We have nothing against her," he admitted. "What are your plans, Mr. Sandford? Although we shall never be able to bring that terrible fellow to justice, we realize, of course, that it was entirely due to you that his career was brought to an end."

Christopher's face for a moment was stern.

"That was my affair, sir," he replied. "I am only glad that I succeeded. I daresay you have heard the story. My father discovered him in the act of forging his name to a transfer of bonds—such a perfect forgery that no one in the world could ever have detected it. Huitt saw immediately that there was only one chance for him and he took it. He shot my father through the heart, left the bank by the back entrance and got away in the crowd. That was before he got mixed up with Milhaven, who probably knew nothing about it."

"I heard the story," the sub-commissioner acknowledged. "If it is of any interest to you, Mr. Sandford, I can tell you that you have rid the world of the most amazing forger who ever breathed. We have five handwriting experts attached to Scotland Yard who have never in their history made a mistake. There is not a single one of them who is not prepared to swear that Huitt's signatures to the Jesson bonds and the Bott deeds and transfers are genuine! He was the greatest artist with a pen that ever lived. It was Lord Milhaven, I suppose, who was responsible for their marvelous staff work—their flying squad was a wonderful idea and wonderfully carried out—but Huitt was the man who had us beaten. Forgeries such as he was capable of have never been known before in the history of crime. . . . However, I suppose you are tired of talking shop. Let me hear your personal plans."

Christopher Sandford smiled.

"Well, the chief one that I can think of at the moment, sir, is that I am going to be married next Monday."

"Capital! To the charming young lady who gave us your manuscript? She had her brother with her, I think, but from the determination in her face I don't think that she needed much protection."

There was a twinkle in Christopher's eyes.

"Yes—to Miss Sarson," he acknowledged. "They are waiting lunch for me now, by the bye. Anthony has brought his own fiancée up and we are going to make a sort of celebration of it. After I am married I am going to settle down in England and see whether there is any place for me in first-class golf."

"Heavens!" the sub-commissioner exclaimed, with a sudden flash of memory. "You don't mean to say that you were the schoolboy wonder who was champion of Australia before he was seventeen?"

Christopher nodded.

"I was the sinner," he confessed. "It was directly after that that the Sydney bank robbery took place and my father was killed. I dropped out of golf afterwards, except for odd games. I have only played once in England. That was down at Sandywayes and it pretty nearly cost me my life. Huitt recognized me! On the other hand, it also saved me my life. I should have been killed if it hadn't been for Milhaven."

"HOW was that?" the sub-commissioner inquired.

Christopher Sandford hesitated for a moment.

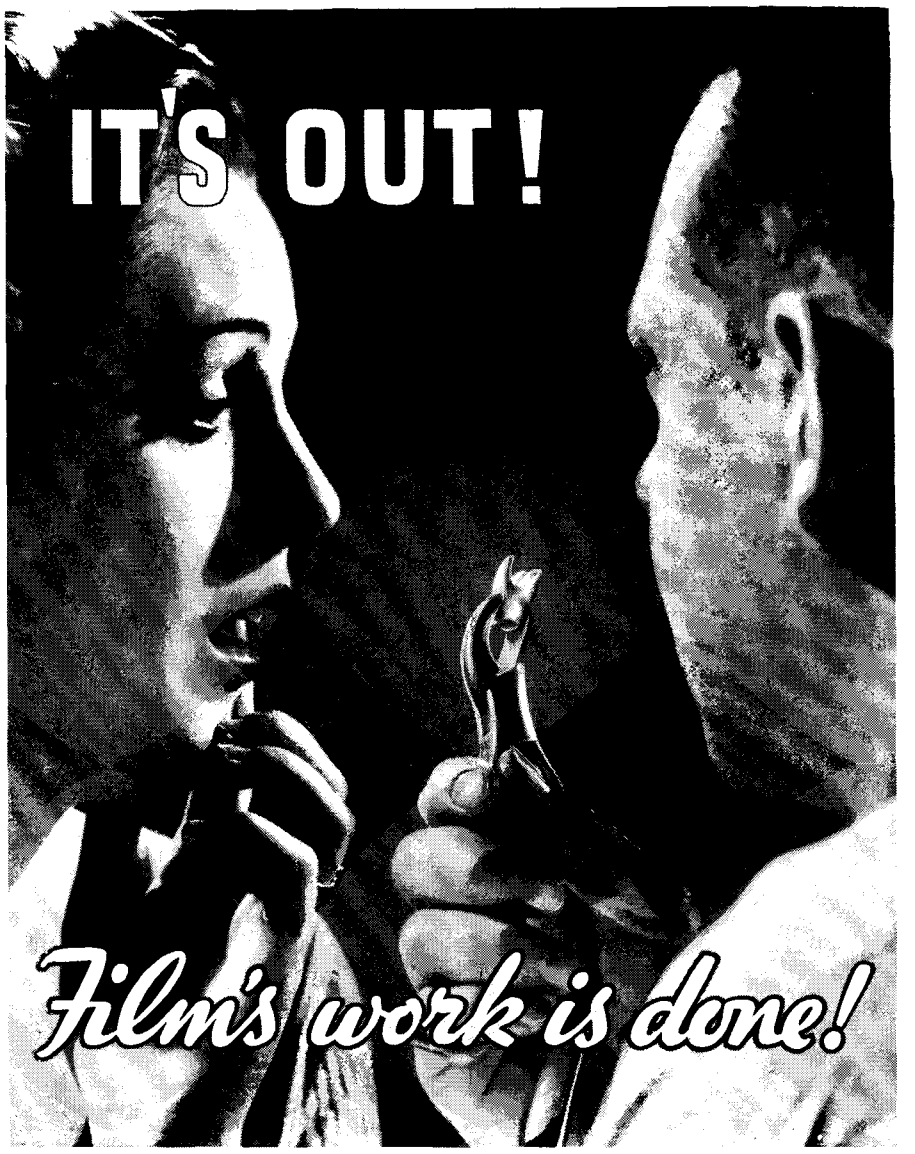
"You know, sir," he said, "when one is talking of such serious matters as life or death, what I am going to tell you sounds absurd. Lord Milhaven, though, was one of the strangest people in the world. I am convinced that if things had gone more easily with him during his earlier life he might have been a great man. He was capable of great cruelty, of immense generosity and of the strangest quixotism.

"Of course, I realize that he saved my life because of what my father had done for him, but he would not tell Huitt that. He let him think that he was running all the risks of permitting me to remain alive because I promised to qualify for England and not America in the Walker Cup!"

The sub-commissioner's eyes twinkled.

"What on earth will a man with a sense of humor like that do in Abyssinia?" he sighed.

THE END



Remove film . . . before it ravages lovely teeth

"OH, what can I do to save my teeth?" ask despairing millions. Science answers: "Remove that film from teeth."—*The important thing to know is* HOW *to remove it.*

For 15 years the Pepsodent laboratories have been constantly improving a scientific method of removing film. Today this method stands alone as the effective method—the SAFE method, as shown by recent study. You owe it to your health to investigate this method for 10 days at our expense.

What is film?

Film is the sticky *mucin* in saliva. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. Bits of food stick to it. Likewise stains from food and smoking.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny germs which cause tooth decay. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that first break through enamel, then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save.

Other germs are found in film that are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary ways. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

When tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. **Use it twice a day and see your dentist twice a year.**

NRA MEMBER

FREE—10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 1611, 919 No. Michigan Ave.
Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

4250

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because they're medicinal

If you were to ask the millions of users why they prefer Luden's, their answer would be, "because they're medicinal."

Luden's Menthol Cough Drops are made "just like a prescription". . and contain eleven medicinal ingredients for quickest cough relief.

LUDEN'S 5c

WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER

Before putting anti-freeze in your car be sure your radiator is entirely rid of "oil-muck" and dirt. Use Warner Radiator Cleaner for safe sure results. Do it yourself. It's easy. Price 75¢

At Gas Stations, Garages and Accessory Stores

Stop radiator leaks—don't lose expensive anti-freeze. Just pour a can of the nationally known Warner Liquid Solder into the radiator—it finds all leaks and repairs them *permanently*. No tools. Only 50¢

At Gas Stations, Garages and Accessory Stores

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

NOW TRY LAVORIS

It's Different

The *purging* mouthwash that gets rid of *embedded* germs in mouth and throat. That's why it is used in more dental offices than all others combined.

Woman's Place

Continued from page 22

boys, and the boys mend their shoes.

The building where they live was formerly a poorhouse. It was given by the city of Spandau to the government for use as an *Arbeitsdienst.* The girls themselves replastered the walls and ceilings. They painted the house, inside and out. They made cupboards and cabinets, chairs and tables—in short, they made a home out of a house. They made curtains, draperies, and the home is as clean and as comfortable as any girls' school in the United States.

In the largest dormitory there hangs a huge picture of Adolph Hitler. "The girls," Fräulein Streit explained, "are each given thirty pfennigs (twelve cents) a day for spending money. They saved their pfennigs and bought this picture of the Chancellor. They feel that they owe a lot to him. He has saved them from want, perhaps from starvation, and has given them new hope for the future."

This camp and the other 399 like it cost the government roughly fifty cents a day per girl. This includes administration expenses as well as food and lodging. Is it worth it? It is worth many times more than that.

It is pleasant for a Berlin correspondent to turn from his daily task of reviewing authenticated examples of brutality on the part of storm troopers, stupid blunders on the part of government officials, the absolute chaining of intellectual liberty and other depressing aspects of this new Germany to a contemplation of such a working camp, which helps to solve one problem better perhaps than any other country is solving it.

Fashions by Germans

What of the little Elsa we mentioned a while ago? She comes to such a place as Spandau disheartened, a bit ill in body and mind, facing nothing but a precarious future. After six months at Spandau, what of our Elsa? She is healthy, bright-eyed, eager to find a place for herself in the Third Reich, convinced that the clean, healthy, outdoor life she has been leading is the best of all lives.

In every way she is an asset to her community and her country. She has learned a great deal about cooking, about farming, about housekeeping, about her country, and she has been taught a smattering of political science, geography, grammar and literature. Perhaps her intellectual curiosity has been aroused to the point where she will attempt further to educate herself. In any case it is up to her now. The government took a half-starved, hopeless girl who might have been on the verge of a rather horrible existence and after six months replaced her with an Elsa who would do credit to your kitchen or your shop or to the fireside of a farmer. The government, too, does its best to get her a job when she is ready to leave.

The tremendous good done by these working camps can best be shown by the answer to this question: "Where would the 200,000 girls now in working camps be and what would they be doing if the government had not provided these camps for them?"

Inevitably pictures of Paris, Vienna and even London streets after dark with pitiful slinking figures trying to eke out a precarious livelihood come to mind. Hitler has saved these girls from starvation and other things and has made useful women out of them.

What does this prove? Does it give us a clue to the future of women in Germany? Not at all. It is only another vignette to be put beside the rest, all forming a jigsaw puzzle which may or may not mean anything when we complete it.

Let us turn to another aspect of feminine life under Hitler. There is, for instance, the comparatively frivolous subject of woman's dress. Did Paris but know the plans being made by the Deutsches Modeamt (German Ministry of Fashions) to dethrone her as the fashion capital of the world Patou no doubt would throw up his hands in despair and Chanel without further ado would dive headlong into the receptive waters of the Seine.

The Fashion Ministry comes under the direction of the Bureau of Propaganda and Enlightenment, which is headed by the violent Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, the man of many speeches.

Let Herr Hans Horst, chairman of the board of three which controls this organization, tell of its plans.

"Above all," Herr Horst tells us, "we want to encourage German designers. We want German women to wear German-designed clothes, and the first step in that direction is so to encourage German designers that they will progress in their art to a point where they will be as good or better than the Paris fashion dictators.

"All of our film stars will wear only German-made clothes in their pictures. Within two years we expect these clothes to be every bit as good as Paris models—and of course they will be less expensive."

"But, Herr Horst," one couldn't help but ask, "what if German women refuse to fall in with these plans?"

"They will not refuse," Herr Horst said coldly. That is true. German women now do as they are told. Many of them do as they are told because they are convinced of the truth and beauty of the Nazi doctrine, that service to the state is the highest possible aim.

At the great convention of the National Socialist Party held in Nuremberg the last week of August, Hitler said: "Real beauty lies in usefulness. Thus it took thousands of years before people realized that the real beauty in a woman lies in the highest perfection of the usefulness of her body."

In short, the most beautiful woman is the woman who serves the state the best. It is an ideal borrowed from antiquity and it has caught on tremendously in Germany. It may seem odd to American women but to Germans it seems perfectly logical, perhaps because their beloved leader (and that Hitler is beloved in Germany is not an opinion but a fact) voiced this doctrine.

Germany's Lady Astor

One of the world's most charming women is Frau Magda Goebbels. She is actually Frau Doktor Goebbels, because her husband is Doktor Paul Josef Goebbels and in Germany a wife profits by the degrees her husband has taken. Frau Goebbels is the only woman to emerge from the vortex of the new Germany as an individual. In a manner of speaking she is the Alice Longworth of Germany, the Lady Astor of the Third Reich. She is as feminine as a breath of perfume, a cultured, beautiful, intelligent woman.

It is at her charming home that Hitler often takes his rest. Here he knows that he will be free for a time from the multiplicity of worries and problems that crowd into his day. Here he listens to music, of which he is passionately fond, and here in quiet, cultured surroundings he soothes his ragged nerves. Frau Goebbels and he are good friends—as close as is possible with Hitler, who being sheer energy and vitality and thought seldom makes any such human concession as to allow anyone really to grip his affections.

Frau Goebbels recently talked about the position of German women in the Third Reich. Speaking alternately French, English, German, her eyes sparkled as she talked of Hitler or his views and of the country's future.

"Such foolish ideas are abroad about our women," she said, laughing. "We are on the threshold, I believe, of an era of strong men. In such times women must not struggle for the place of men but must fulfill their own important destiny. Men are manly in Germany now and women must be womanly. There are three professions, three callings, we close to women. They are the law, government and the military career. Beyond that, such women as do not marry must find their *metier* elsewhere and they are certainly not to be discouraged. Only the married women have been actually forbidden their jobs now.

"When it is a case of choosing between marriage and a career the German girl will always be encouraged to choose marriage because that is without doubt the happiest thing for a woman. And our leader means to rebuild the German home to make Germany once more a great power in the world. Without the help of women he cannot do that.

"One reads in foreign papers that we are forbidden to smoke and wear make-up. As to that"—her clear laugh rippled through the sunlight which filled her hotel room at Heiligendamm on the Baltic and she waved a hand which held a gold-tipped cigarette—"that is sheer nonsense. I talked with our leader only recently about that and he said he disapproved of smoking not on moral grounds but only because he knew that excessive smoking harms the health. It is important that the coming generation of young Germans shall have healthy mothers. . . ."

Weddings by the Lot

As a matter of fact the mass of the storm troopers do not quite agree with Frau Goebbels. They do not approve of smoking or make-up, influenced undoubtedly by the ascetic life of their leader. In many of the cheaper restaurants and night clubs one sees signs, "German women do not smoke," or "German women do not use make-up." Not long ago in Breslau a police order forbade women to use make-up in the territory under Breslau jurisdiction. The Breslau papers carried the story under a headline proclaiming, "No more painted women in Breslau."

Even more recently the police president of Erfurt, the so-called "Flower City of Germany," requested all owners of restaurants, cafés and night clubs to warn women guests by signs to refrain from smoking. The signs, politely worded, said, "Ladies are requested not to smoke," but the enforcement is as rigid as though the sign read *Rauchen Verboten.*

Frau Doktor Goebbels, one fears, is among the minority. This fear is strengthened by the fact that she recently resigned several honorary posts which she held. She is a bit too modern, intellectual and cultured for the storm troopers, and even though she is the wife of the third most powerful man in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany her advanced thoughts are too modern for this Third Reich.

Again what does this picture prove? Nothing at all. Just another vignette. Make of it what you can. Just fit it into our jigsaw puzzle. German women on the whole do what they are told. Some do it from fear. Most do it because of their worship of Hitler. A suggestion from him is a royal command. You don't believe it? Listen to this and remember we are dealing with facts, not fancies.

Recently the German Christian Church was accepted by the government as the official German church. All over the country men and women who had been married years ago by clergymen of other churches rushed to be re-wed. They thought that if they had not been joined in holy wedlock by an official Nazi clergyman there might be a flaw in the wedding and that fingers of scorn might be pointed at them. In almost every case it was the woman who insisted upon the remarriage.

Not long ago such a group wedding occurred in the Lazarus Church in Berlin, located in the poorer quarter. Fifty couples were married simultaneously. Two of them were being married for the first time but the other forty-eight were veterans of the matrimonial wars and many had brought their children along to see Mamma and Papa enter the holy state as sanctified by the Nazi government. It might have been ridiculous except for the look upon the faces of the fifty brides.

No Place for Intellectuals

Thousands lined the narrow street leading to the church. Five hundred brown-shirted storm troopers kept the crowd back and made a path for the prospective brides and bridegrooms and their children, who looked a bit bewildered but happy in being the center of attention.

The procession entered the church preceded by twelve stalwart uniformed storm troopers carrying Nazi flags. They stood at attention, framing the altar, and the fifty couples advanced and knelt. It was simple, impressive and a bit pathetic. These fifty women, on the word—not even the command—of a dictator, were forgetting the marriage ceremony which had actually made them wives and were now feeling a spirit of exaltation because they were following the suggestion of their leader and becoming real Nazi wives.

When the benevolent-looking bearded preacher said softly, "Do you take these women for your lawful wives," there was a resounding crescendo of "*Jas*," followed by the wailing of many infants who had been awakened by the cry. The question repeated to the women with its traditional variation was answered by fifty shrill feminine "*Jas*" and the ceremony was over.

So the future of women in Germany is the future which Hitler has mapped out for them. They will not protest, for at present his word is more than law—it is almost a divine command. Rebels will be scorned. A woman must lose and submerge her personality in the state. She must become merely a servant of the state and be judged by the excellence of her efforts on behalf of the state.

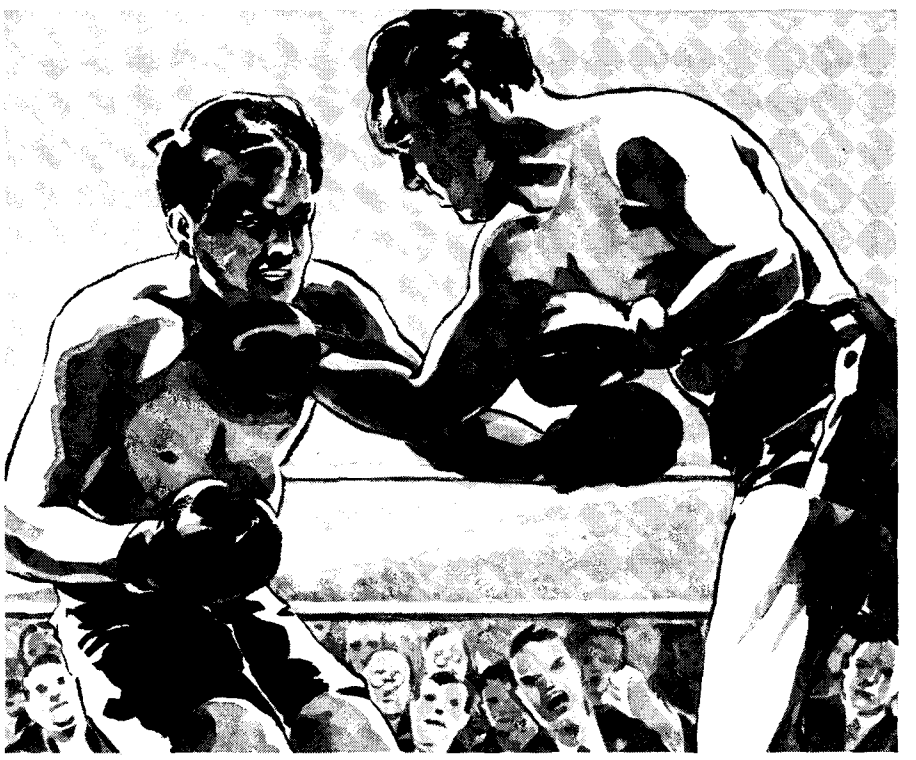
She must be healthy, not because health is a desirable end in itself, but because the healthier she is the better she can serve the state. Right now German women are perhaps the healthiest and most moral women in the world. One sees groups of girls of high-school age marching through the Tiergarten in Berlin. They are uniformed and they carry flags and there is a bloom of health on their cheeks. They are smiling, completely, subjectively and objectively happy and contented to be serving the state. One sees the same groups on the country roads of Bavaria and far to the north on the shores of the Baltic. It is inevitable that a race of women healthy in mind and body arise from this training. Out of their ranks there will never arise a Frances Perkins, a Jane Addams, a Sarah Bernhardt, a Mme. Curie—but then Nazi Germany says coldly that intellectual tasks will be henceforth taken care of by men.

Looking ahead, one can come to only one conclusion: Woman's place in the Germany of the future is in the home. She must scorn night clubs, she must scorn frivolity, she must ignore all artificial pleasure and intellectual pursuits, and she must be happy in serving only the state. For Hitler has thus decreed and, so far, at any rate, Hitler can say no wrong. Thus woman—in the Germany of 1933.

Is there any hope, any real place for the cultured, intelligent woman in the Third Reich? If you can find it in these pictures you will bring joy to the hearts of thousands of such women who feel themselves to be individuals capable of thinking for themselves and women who feel that the self-realization of their potentialities is at least as important as a life of service to the state—a service which, because of their intelligence, they feel themselves unfitted to give.

"Junior! Will you eat your way back out of there or will I have to come in after you?" *Frank Owen*

YOU MAY ENJOY BETTING ON A PRIZE FIGHT—



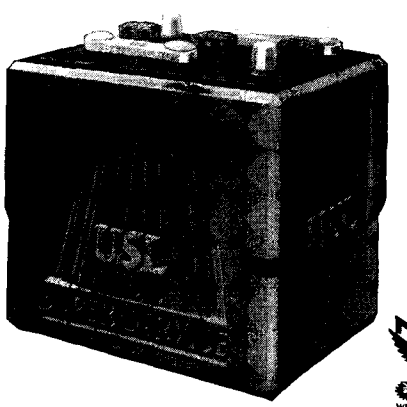
BUT WHY GAMBLE WHEN YOU BUY A BATTERY?

● You wouldn't think of betting on a fighter without knowing something of his past accomplishments. The same holds for batteries. You can't buy one blind-folded and expect satisfaction.

Analyze the battery you buy very carefully. Will it give you 41% more cold-starting power than the standard required by S. A. E. (Society of Automotive Engineers)? Will it give you 85% longer life than the average life of all other makes recently tested? A USL will because it is built with "Activite"—a new patented plate material which makes possible USL's extra power and longer life.

If you don't need a new battery just now, let a nearby USL dealer help you get the most out of your present battery. See him today for a free inspection.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION • NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Oakland, Cal. • Toronto, Canada • Sydney, Aust. • Manchester, Eng. • Paris, France



THERE IS NO GAMBLE WHEN YOU BUY A USL

When you buy a USL battery you have a product which has built into it 34 years of successful experience and research—a battery which is used as standard equipment on many leading automobiles—a product which is enthusiastically endorsed by 18,000 USL dealers and millions of satisfied users.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

More Power USL Longer Life BATTERIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If it had teeth, it would bite you!

Somewhere, lost in the shuffle of inadequately indexed records, is precisely the information you want. It would stand out like a cat's eyes in the dark if indexed with

RAND
MAK-UR-OWN
INDEX TABS

Snip the tab to fit the label—no waste—no skimping.

Stick tab to record, as easy as a postage stamp. It can't come off. Reinforces margin on both sides.

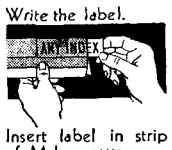
Flag information by topics—a different colored transparent tab for each topic.

Change labels as often as you like.

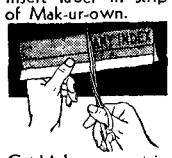
Cut costs by substituting sight for search.

Buy Mak-Ur-Own from your Stationer.

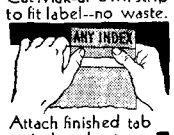
Write the label.



Insert label in strip of Mak-ur-own.



Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit label—no waste.



Attach finished tab to index sheet.

MAIL the coupon for FREE SAMPLES

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
1125 Payne Ave., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Send Free Samples of Mak-Ur-Own advertised in Collier's Weekly, November 25, 1933.

Name .....

Address .....

PERSONAL·STATIONERY

Choice of 200 Note Sheets, 6x9, 100 Envelopes to match, printed on Quality Bond, name and address. Correct style. Sent postpaid for $1.00. Or 75 Calling Cards, 75 Note Sheets, 75 Envelopes for $1.00. A Perfect Gift. Send $1.00 for your box **Now.** Add 15¢ west of Mississippi. Nu-Style Stationery Co., Room 111, Shuey Bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

TO HELP GUARD AGAINST FLU

Use Daily

LAVORIS

It's Different

The unique throat-*purging* action of this gargle keeps tissues in a clean, hygienic and resistant condition.

Midnight Council

Continued from page 13

start of the World War. Their booted black-horse cavalry and heavy artillery are, for the moment at least, useless against the more mobile Democrats. Accustomed for so long to winning with these ancient weapons, they are loath to give them up until battle lines are more definitely drawn. Meanwhile, they have retired to their dugouts, leaving only a few camp followers and straggling privates above ground as evidence that there was once an active, aggressive army. And another Roosevelt goes galloping along!

Hopes for a Second Helping

Before they can emerge they must also unify their command, which is divided, chaotic, angry, desperate. Several cliques are warring for control of the party machinery, and this does not include Senate Progressives, who are more concerned over legislation than political maneuvering. Despite their repudiation a year ago, Mr. Hoover's Cabinet cronies liked their first taste of national politics and, being long-suffering fellows, want some more. They hope to stay in power until they find where the party is going, if anywhere; they want to stay on top until they discover where the bottom is. Once they let go their somewhat tenuous grip, they know that the Old Guard will reorganize the party without much consideration for them.

Although few believe that Mr. Hoover can or will be the 1936 nominee, or will have much influence in inner councils, his old friends are using his prestige as titular leader to gain some advantage for themselves. Besides some personal loyalty to their former "chief," they believe in his theories of government if only because they helped to formulate them. Although still in nominal control through use of Mr. Hoover's name and their recent occupancy of national office, a strong wind would blow most of them off the scene. In this group, whether active or passive, are listed such eminents as National Chairman Everett Sanders, Andrew W. Mellon, Ogden Mills and Walter Brown. If they can keep voting control of the National Committee, they may be able to frame future policies and nominate their own kind of men in 1934 and 1936.

Mr. Hoover has given no sign that he inspires or approves his friends' course, but it is presumed that he does. It is only natural for him to want vindication. He keeps up a large correspondence, and many former aides frequently visit him in his exile at Palo Alto. He expresses some skepticism at the Roosevelt revolution, and his friends deplore what they consider the public's lack of appreciation of his accomplishments. Some maintain that his establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Federal Farm Board blazed the way for Mr. Roosevelt's emergency set-ups. If they don't watch out, they will soon be picturing the apostle of "rugged individualism" as a wild-eyed radical, 1933 model.

But the Old Guard, which consists of tough, trough-eating politicians, still dislikes Mr. Hoover, and has unpleasant memories of his régime. They feel that the former President and anybody too closely associated with him during his four years in the White House are barred from political preferment for many years. The artificial prosperity, the market crash, the false "around-the-corner" optimism and the 1932 defeat, they think, must be erased from the public mind before a Hoover satellite can hold any office higher than that of alderman. They yearn for a return to the good old days when no-nonsense bosses like Penrose, Platt and Hanna ran things; they are sick of the excitement and unorthodox policies which follow from the election of such "political upsets" as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Hoover and the present Roosevelt. Their ideal Presidents and party leaders are of the Taft-Harding-Coolidge type, and they would rather lose with them than win with any other kind.

In fact, the Old Guard's most active leader now was once Mr. Taft's secretary. He is National Committeeman Charles D. Hilles, of New York, who served for years as the party's most successful money collector. Both his insurance office and political headquarters are on the fringe of Wall Street, and Mr. Hilles never gets far from there. An upright and well-liked individual, he has ridden with the most elderly guardsmen for more than a quarter of a century, and though it may be their last round-up, he is again assembling them. He seeks no office for himself, but control of the party by his crowd means a lot to his friends. When the test of strength with the Hooverites comes, Mr. Hilles will have on his side such figures as Mr. Watson, Representative James W. Wadsworth of New York, ex-Senator Moses of New Hampshire and many veterans in the committee and Congress.

There would be little difference in policies or prospects regardless of which group comes out on top. Although they have a mutual contempt for each other, it is only political and personal; both subscribe to the same ideas of a benevolent, oligarchical government dominated by a few large interests. The Hoover element still clings to his hands-off theories, while the Old Guard likes best the Harding-Coolidge-Mellon brand of government.

Charlie the Diplomat

Mr. Wadsworth, who proved himself to be an able and sincere Tory when he entered the Senate as Elihu Root's successor—he lost out in 1926 and is now in the House—reflects the attitude of all conservative Republicans. Discussing the Administration's industrial and agricultural program before the great silence fell, he said:

"These mark the beginning of a great contest which will last for several years. In that contest it must be decided whether the American people shall cling to that individualism which has blessed them for so many years, whether they shall be permitted to employ their initiative and energy, whether the individual will still be afforded the opportunity of working out his own salvation, to his own advantage and without injury to his neighbor; or whether American initiative and individualism shall be subordinated to the control of a vast bureaucracy.

"The constitutional questions involved are of immense importance, for if the new school of thought has its way, we cannot longer remain a federal union of states. Rather shall our government become imperial in character and clothed with the power to regiment millions of men and women, to say to a man how he shall earn his living, to transform the entire picture of American life—social, industrial and political. Frankly, I am appalled at the prospect."

There you have it. Dig beneath the silence and you find that the Old Guard never retreats or goes forward. The conservative Republican regards the Roosevelt experiments as raising issues more grave, more historic, than those which have divided the major parties since early days. But it takes a lot of digging to find out what the G. O. P. is thinking and planning.

Wait a minute, though! At Washington there is an influential Republican named Senator Charles L. McNary, whom everybody calls "Charlie." This genial, red-headed minority leader of the Senate is one of the smartest members of his party, and one of the most open-minded; he is an evolutionist rather than a fundamentalist. He golfs with dour Jim Couzens, plays around with the Watsons and Wadsworths, confabs with that "big bad wolf," Hiram Johnson, and stays on the friendliest terms with the Borahs and Norrises. As a Leland Stanford alumnus, he has been close to Mr. Hoover for many years. He stands as a link between reactionaries and liberals inside and outside the Senate.

Mr. Roosevelt's Responsibility

Nobody has his ear closer to the ground; he knows, as a rule, what the people are thinking, what a Senate vote will be days before it is taken. It is doubtful if any Republican reflects critical, sensible thought more truly. He represents no group seeking to dominate the party, or tear it to bits, but for that very reason his ideas may have more weight. More ambitious and aggressive men, anxious for Republican reorganization along different lines, may take their cue from him.

He does not favor a stiff-necked, ostrich-like policy for his party. The senator feels that this is no time for partisan or so-called scientific playing of politics. Although he thinks that real differences between Democratic and Republican ideas still exist, he believes that the G. O. P. must loosen up. For instance, he feels that the Republicans must favor such fundamental features of the recovery program as higher wages, shorter hours, self-regulation of industry, elimination of child labor.

The party, in his opinion, cannot come back if it holds back. In this view, to a greater or less extent, he has the support of Senate Progressives, the so-called "Young Turks" on the Republican side of the aisle, the younger folks outside Congress and even many industrial and financial elements which think it a sound and safe program from a selfish standpoint.

There is, of course, no discussion of the Republican candidates for 1936 at this stage. It is much too early, for the early bird rarely gets the worm in politics; it is usually the latest and least visible one. Moreover, the outcome of the Roosevelt program will help to determine the opposing candidate and platform three years hence. If his experiments work, the G. O. P. must adopt the McNary policy if only for expediency's sake, and put up a moderate liberal. It may be McNary himself, although he comes from the far western state of Oregon. If the President's ideas bog down, his opponent will be drawn from the ranks of the Wadsworths, the Millses, the Dave Reeds, although those names are used only as samples. Everything, even the Republican party's future estate and ideas, seems to depend upon Mr. Roosevelt, although he may not appreciate having such a responsibility on his conscience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pro and Coin

Continued from page 24

his snobbishness was that he always made good—on the gridiron. At a tight spot in one big game we were tied, three minutes to go and on the enemy's forty-yard line.

"I'll kick a goal," this chap said.

He took the ball, booted the goal that won the game, and smiled with a superior air as he stalked off the field.

In another game an exceedingly aggressive opposition halfback worried me. We could trap most of the other carriers, but this chap could vault and wriggle to freedom. He was heavy and fast and seemed to have ten pairs of knees with which to bowl over our tackles.

Our egotist said:

"Let me carry the ball once."

He took it, and instead of seeking a clear spot charged right at the troublesome halfback, butting him for a distance three times his length. That halfback was taken out to stay out.

After the Whistle Blows

Every time this chap suggested anything he made good. Yet nobody liked him. He was too cocksure.

I was interested in meeting him some years later. He was assistant manager in a second-rate hotel and so obsequious that he might better have qualified as assistant barber.

Another chap graduated with enough gold footballs on his watch chain to make a counting rack for kids. He was a great hero—then. Friends in the financial district, who remembered the sacrifices he had made by bleeding, literally bleeding, for the old school, gave him a job—and he made good. Anyhow, they kept him on that job for years. Then the Wall Street district became the wail street district. He was let out. Unprepared for any other employment, and gridiron glamour all that was left to put to bread-and-butter account, he wound up—how? As assistant coach of a prep school squad.

I could name a dozen boys whose names have been on the tips of football fans' tongues and who have since found that football fame was only ultimately serviceable in gaining them a pittance. Some of these ex-heroes failed in business because they proved not as indispensable as the non-football boys who made business a business. That's a way athletic celebrity has of reducing those who achieve it.

The star athlete is in a position to be favored in his class-work. If he's a bit behind in studies his mentors are inclined to be lenient, and he, engrossed more in athletics than in his studies, comes to accept this favor as his right. The boys who have no athletic fame have no leniency shown them and they stick to their class-work because they have to. They're the better for it.

It's so difficult for athletes to get out of the rut of their athletic glory that every one of them, when he examines his heart, must at times curse the day he ever got into it.

When you consider that in most cases the personalities focussed by the football spotlight are boys under twenty or in the early twenties, it's logical for them to overemphasize, in their private reaction to public plaudits, the value of what the public overemphasizes. The lad whose play dazzles thousands should never let it dazzle himself. It would be extreme for him to figure that a completed forward pass for the old school can be translated into a good job with a potent old grad; but he should be alert—as too many of us have not been—to realize that preëminence in football can be made the background, with its physical and mental training, for efficiency in something more serious.

Failing this realization, his ego—which he is bound to develop to be a good football player—is in for flattening and he gets up against the bread-and-butter problem.

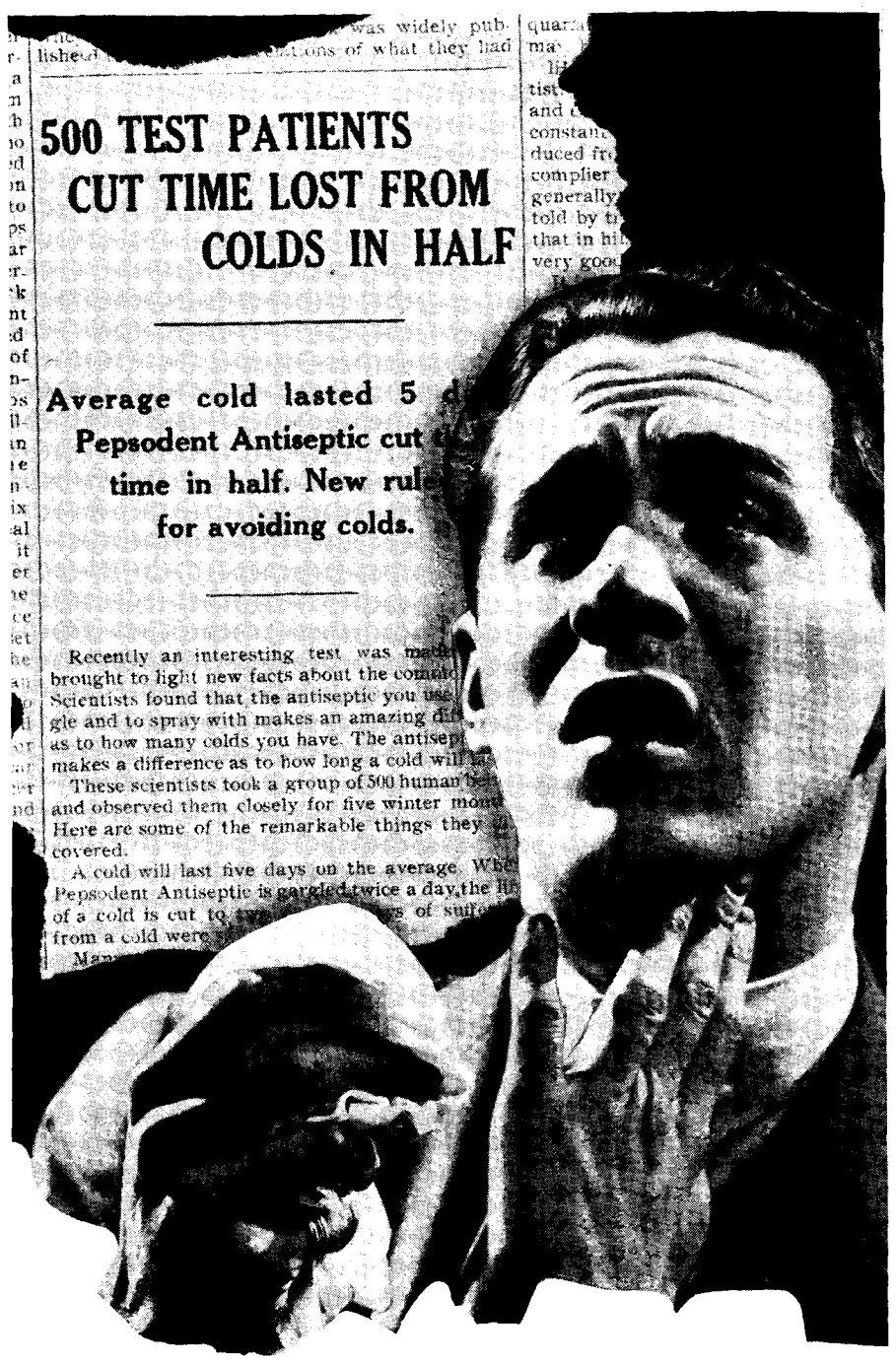
The football star probably first senses minimized importance in social status. The football player in action and headlines is a hero with the girls. That changes after the din of battle dies.

With the rampant romanticism of youth, I had an idea that a gridiron war-

(Continued on page 52)

"Don't turn around now, Emma, but there's that man again!"

Jay Irving



Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with other leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had *50% fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.*

What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with water, many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

NRA MEMBER

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make Him FACE HAPPY ALL YEAR

The Perfect Gift for Every Man

HEAVY 22K GOLD PLATED

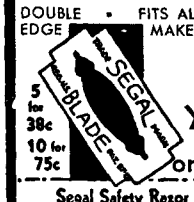
SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR

AND

50 SEGAL SUPER KEEN BLADES

in a Silver Trimmed BAKELITE CIGARETTE BOX packed in a handsome gift carton with attractive Christmas card.

DOUBLE EDGE • FITS ALL MAKES $5.00



Order from Your DEALER or MAIL COUPON

Segal Safety Razor Corp., Dept. T.
270 Broadway, New York City.

Enclosed find $5 for De Luxe Gift Shaving Set as described. (Postpaid) Unconditionally guaranteed.

Name_____

Address_____

MAKERS of the Famous SEGALOCK

"I bd-bd-ch-ch g-g-g-r-drr"

Colds! What will *you* do to avoid their disagreeable, costly effects? Give yourself protection where it is most needed—next the skin. You can do that and still dress lightly and comfortably, if you wear Duofold. *This* underwear differs in principle from all others. Its exclusive fabric in two *thin* separate layers gives you *warmth without weight.* Inner layer all soft cotton for comfort. Outer layer contains wool combined with Peruvian cotton, rayon, or silk. The wool can't touch you—can't itch. Made in all styles, for men, women, children and infants.

Duofold *Health* Underwear

DUOFOLD, *Inc.* Dept. B-6, Mohawk, N.Y.

(Continued from page 51)

rior in his suit and helmet was irresistible to the fair sex. Every college player has some pair of bright eyes in the grandstand at which he aims his play. Rockne once rebuked a star player who was decidedly girl-conscious.

"Mr. Casey's loose on his tackles," he told Mr. Casey in the presence of his team-mates. "So we've made special arrangements in this game against Northwestern this afternoon so that Mr. Casey won't miss a single tackle. Coach Dick Hanley has promised to dress his ball-carriers in skirts."

Female applause is always more intoxicating to the footballer than the loudest roars from his own sex. A working axiom for the squad man and the girl friends would be simply: "Don't believe half of what you tell each other."

During an amazing campaign of personal ballyhoo arranged by the promoters of professional football, I got a slant on another side of feminine interest in headline heroes. I had been invited to appear at a charity affair in Chicago where funds were to be raised for some worthy movement. The meeting was crowded, but the fund-raising was slow.

$1,250 for a Dance

A leader had a bright idea. He announced that Benny Friedman would dance first with the lady who secured the largest contribution. One girl's father put up a check for a thousand dollars, so I wrote her name first on my card. Then an aggressively handsome blonde stepped forward and topped the thousand with twelve hundred and fifty dollars. She claimed the first dance. While we danced she talked enthusiastically about games in which she said she had seen me play. Of course, I was flattered. She said she'd like to take dinner some time. I agreed and we arranged a date.

Fortunately, I happened to mention this engagement to a friend the next day. He knew her.

"Keep your date if you want to," he said. "But go in a bullet-proof vest. She's married."

I telephoned her that the dinner date was off.

"Well," came her reply, "why do you think I paid twelve hundred and fifty dollars the other evening? For a dance? As a dancer you're a good quarterback, Benny."

No purpose in prolonging that conversation. The incident typifies one danger attached to the glamour of prominence in football. Every player who receives wide publicity has similar experiences with the fair sex in its capricious moments when it seems reckless about being unfair. One of the most beautiful shiners I ever saw adorned the handsome face of a gridiron star who made a blind date but forgot to inquire beforehand if the young woman was engaged. She was—to an amateur heavyweight pugilist of no mean punch.

There's a decided drop in female interest in a college gridiron star when his college days are over. After you've made your last run for the old school, the girls look forward to new faces and newer fame. I know my perfumed mail fell sharply from a score of letters a week to zero. The only echo of past thrills I received was in a hotel in Grand Rapids when an attractive young woman approached me with: "Aren't you Benny Friedman?" "Yes," I said—and the pleasure of apparently admiring recognition was instantly dissipated when she said: "I've got a little message for you," handing me a paper which was a court notice in a lawsuit.

Attention from women and preoccupation with women remain, in a degree, an experience common to all college men. A college football star can easily settle the woman question by getting married. Some of them do—at college—and suffer the consequences where the rules prohibit undergraduate marriage, as witness Red Cagle of Army and Joe Savoldi of Notre Dame. But the star can't dismiss pedestal-raising so easily.

Especially when you're of All-America rank are you expected to do your stuff for the old school in personal appearances at banquets, Chamber of Commerce luncheons and the like. During my junior and senior years I kept track of the demands made upon me for these appearances. There were scores of affairs that I attended because some influential member of the faculty or alumni wanted me to.

The football star is used to ignite lay enthusiasm for the college by masquerading as an after-dinner speaker, and he's expected especially to grace high school football dinners with his presence to inspire budding young players with the ambition to attend his college and seek major-league laurels.

At a meeting in New York of outstanding football players of one particular season, I made it a point to check with all of them on the time demands made on them apart from their actual participation in football games and practice.

From their immediate recollection—and, remember, they were all All-America rank—I've made the calculation that, as an average, the star college player's three years of football sizes up like this:

Time actually spent in scheduled games, nine to the season, twenty-seven games in all, averaging forty-five minutes of play per game: twenty hours, fifteen minutes—an exceedingly brief time in which to make a career.

Time spent in practice and studying strategy, five hours a day for ninety days each year of three, 270 days: 1,350 hours.

Time spent attending luncheons, dinners, dances, Chamber of Commerce and high school functions, two a week during twenty-six weeks of the school year, each consuming an average of two hours: 312 hours.

Of course, I don't reckon travel time, sleepless nights worrying about every speech and agonizing minutes before the delivery of the speeches. But, roughly, you get the idea that the name-making time of the football star is just about one per cent of the portion of his life that football really consumes. Add to this the days and nights he must spend, through desire and politeness, in attending postgraduate affairs and meeting and talking over old times with old-timers, and the investment in gridiron minutes to win gridiron fame dwindles almost to nothingness.

And the surprise comes when you hang up your shoes after the final whistle of the final game and quite suddenly find yourself no longer in demand.

The Case of B. Friedman

The strain of the excitement of the playing seasons is easy compared to the overpowering emptiness of realizing that your college football days are over. It dawns upon you like a devastating blankness that you have become past tense, and you begin to regard your successors with a mixture of envy and dislike. If you're worth anything you struggle against this, you step out and help coach them, to give them the benefit of whatever you know. But the old glories haunt you and when the fan mail drops, when the invitations to luncheons and dinners and dances dwindle, you begin to wonder if fleeting fame was worth the effort and the time.

The answer: of course it's worth it if it's given you a knowledge of yourself that otherwise you wouldn't have had.

ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT LAVORIS

It's Different

Because it *purges* mouth and throat—Gets rid of embedded germs and offensive odors.

34% STRONGER POINTS!

Certified by NEW YORK TESTING LABORATORIES

USE *CHEMI-SEALED

EAGLE MIKADO

*LEAD AND WOOD INSEPARABLY BONDED

Brand New TYPEWRITER NOW ONLY $19.75

Guaranteed by REMINGTON

Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard—fully guaranteed by Remington Co. Send no money.

10 Day Trial—Then 10c a Day

Send for new literature and easy pay plan—only $1.00 down, then 10c a day. Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models, sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities.

231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1172, Chicago

PANTS MATCHED TO ANY SUIT-

DON'T DISCARD Your OLD SUIT

Wear the coat and vest another year by getting *new trousers to match.* Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit FREE Sample of best match obtainable.

AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO.
Dept. 12-40 6 W. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be independent. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1140-LA, Chicago

Make Money at Home!

Experience unnecessary, we tell you how. Big demand! Write for Mushroom Book free.

American Mushroom Industries, Ltd.
230 Woolnough Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Grow Mushrooms IN YOUR CELLAR OR SHED

EARN up to $25 A WEEK *or More*

LOOK how much money you can make taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. You may earn $1.00 or more an hour. For full particulars without cost or obligation, *write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-27
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the moral of that answer is lost and defeated if the football player goes away from football to remain a star. He takes the line of least resistance. He becomes, like Monte Munn of Nebraska, a second-rate boxer, or like Sonnenberg of Dartmouth, a first-rate wrestler, or like me, a pro football captain.

Consider my own experience. When I left college I wanted, more than anything else, to be a stockbroker. Instead I became a pro football player, in Chicago, in Cleveland and in Brooklyn. For the past six years I've made ten thousand dollars a year at pro football.

It's been fun, hard-earned fun; but where has it got me? I'm still in football, while scores of men I know have turned to other things. One of these was worth his 228 pounds in gold as a pro football player or as a boxing or wrestling gate-puller. Instead, he threw his All-America football glory aside and as an interne specialized in heart diseases. Now he's thriving in medical practice and thoroughly satisfied with life.

Building for the Future

Money? I asked this ex-hero about that. He hasn't made a lot of money—not as much in the aggregate as I have. But his future is assured, while I, on the verge of thirty, still have to scout around for mine, with football rapidly becoming no pastime for an aging gent.

Consider the earnings of all the so-called "big shots" of the game who after leaving college have entered professional sport: Jim Thorpe, greatest of all, never accumulated more than ten thousand dollars at one time in his life—and now he's glad to get manual labor at four dollars a day. Sonnenberg's been wrestling for five years and lucky if he nets fifteen thousand a year; Savoldi thought the mat racket was great when they gave him five matches a week at two hundred dollars a match—but how long did that last? Not for more than a year—and if it had lasted longer the next question would have been, how long would Savoldi last?

My best advice to all gridders is to play the game as a college function—then forget it as a postgraduate career. The intelligence necessary, no matter what cynical gagsters assert, to make your degree in any recognized school is something not to be thrown away on professional sport unless you're a world-beater in the ring, which is most unlikely, or a wow of a baseball player—for that's the steadiest of all pro sport employment.

But advice is subordinate to adventure in pointing morals. In 1926 Minnesota and Michigan played each other twice. It wasn't easy to get other teams to play them. Michigan won the first game, 20-0. Michigan won the second game, 7-6. When we went to Minneapolis for that second game the field was covered with straw and the straw with six inches of snow.

Yost ordered practice for recovering fumbles, as when the straw and snow were removed he knew the ground would be damp and slippery. He was right. All through that game the ball was loose; but Minnesota was tight and strong. They threw us all over the field. They had 23 first downs to our three. They scored a touchdown, failed to convert the point after touchdown, but had us 6-0 up to the end of the first half. Our chance came. Oosterbaan scooped up a loose ball and raced for a touchdown, vindicating our prolonged practice of the day before. We converted and the score stood 7-6.

Minnesota desperately resorted to passes. One was hurled just as the gun fired ending the game with our victory. But the ball was in the air, so the game wasn't ended until that play was finished. Louis Gilbert, Michigan halfback, grabbed that ball in the air—and ran. On Minnesota's two-yard line he was downed.

Yost told him in the dressing-room of his mistake.

"You should have cut back," said the Old Man, "then you could have walked over for a touchdown."

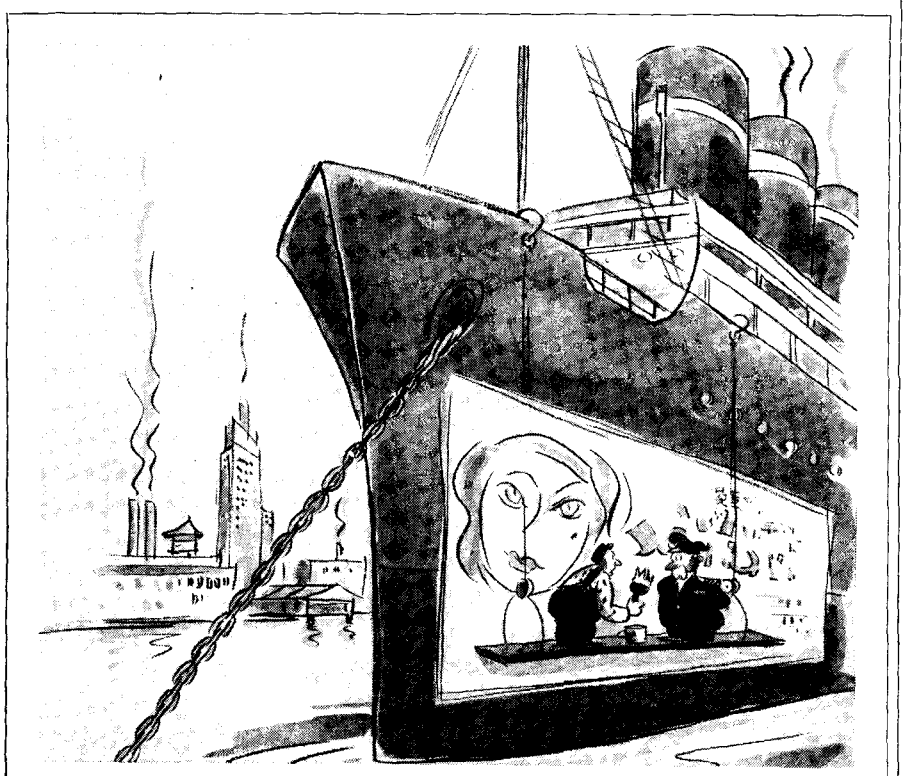
Gilbert pondered this awhile. Finally, he said:

"That wasn't my mistake."

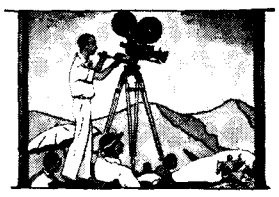
"What was your mistake?" somebody asked.

"I should have grabbed that ball and grounded it," said Gilbert. "We had the game won. It was foolish to run. Supposing I had fumbled and lost the ball and a Minnesota man had scooped it up—and scored."

Football brains like that are great in the gridiron game; but the point is for the gridiron great to remember that with application and hard work they can be equally effective in the game of life.

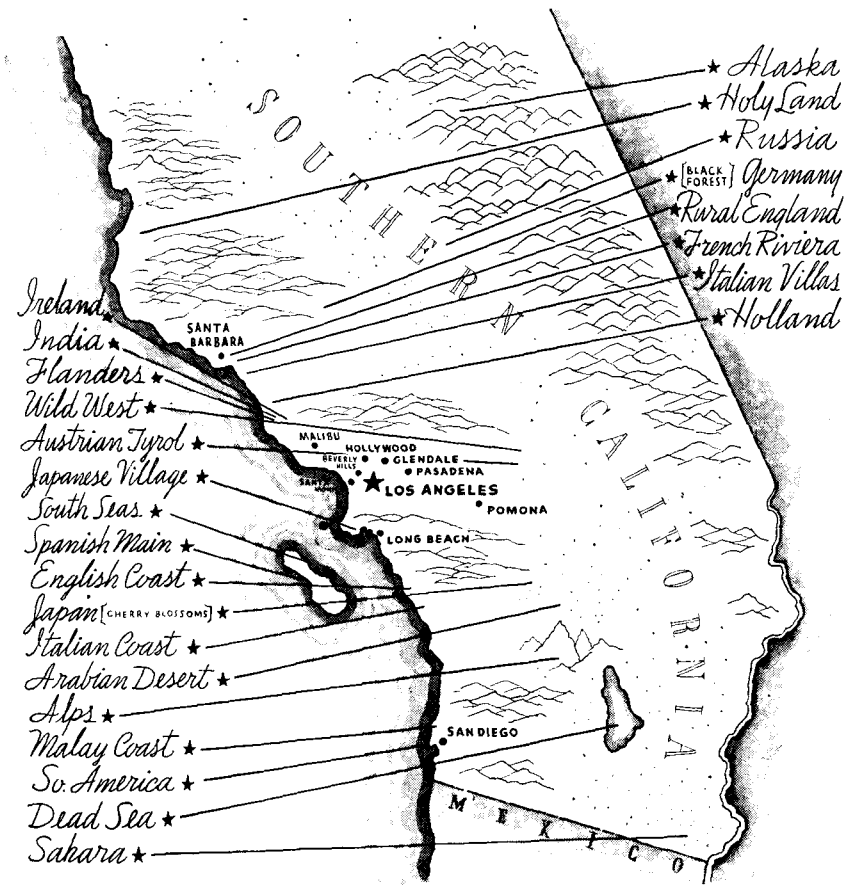


"I'm gonna give you a coupla passes to the show. What more do you want?" *Reamer Keller*



Hollywood Studios find almost every type of world's scenery in

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



This map is made from an actual studio "location" chart. You have seen these places on the screen. Now make them part of your vacation!

Where else, so many VACATION *thrills?*

You need some time off this winter. To regain your perspective . . . and your enthusiasm. To fit you for the tasks—and opportunities—ahead.

Even from New York, Southern California is only three days away by train; less than a day by plane. And the fascinating trip across the country brings you to a land of *many vacations in one.*

Costs here are about 16% under the U. S. average the year 'round . . . *far* less than one-season resorts. Write, and let us prove how a winter here need cost no more than staying home.

Here are mile-high mountains, the blue Pacific, smart desert oases, foreign-land glamour, sports of every kind in new and thrilling settings. As for after-dark entertainment, there's the one and only Hollywood, with interesting people from all over the world to share your gaiety. You'll learn to know Pasadena too, and Beverly Hills, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Glendale, Pomona . . . scores of storied cities. Don't put it off. Come on out into the sunshine and have some *fun!*

Out-of-the-ordinary vacation book, FREE

Won't you let us send you free, a brand new book which tells and pictures all the *facts* about a Southern California vacation? Includes over 150 gravure photographs, maps, itemized cost schedules and a wealth of authoritative information. Rest assured it's no ordinary travel booklet. We'll also gladly send free detailed routing from your home city. Just mark and mail the coupon.

1933 ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.

Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

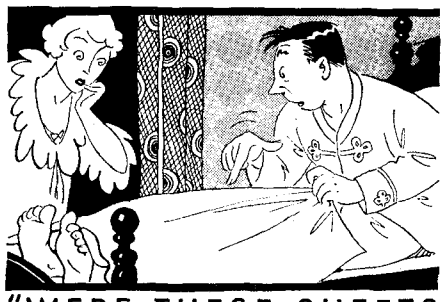
All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.
Dept. AA-11. 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus, ☐ steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked below.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Orange
☐ Kern ☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego ☐ Ventura

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____
*State*_____
(Please Print Name and Address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"WERE THESE SHEETS MEANT FOR A MIDGET?"

Why do wives so often forget that a man, whether short or tall, sleeps with his pillow at the head of the bed? Whatever his height, a short sheet does not cover the blanket and his rest is disturbed by the itchy fuzz of the blanket rubbing against his neck and chin . If he yanks up the sheet, it flies out at the foot.

Tell *your* wife that nothing less than the 108-inch length is the man's size in sheets! Remind her that sheet sizes are given before hemming—hems take at least five inches—ordinary shrinkage another five—and modern mattresses are extra thick.

But you'll hardly need remind her to insist upon Anchor Sheets! She undoubtedly knows all about them, for they have been famous for ninety-three years among thrifty housekeepers for their serviceability and long wear. They're made of selected cotton, skilfully spun and woven, sturdily tailored, with tape-like selvages and extra strong stitching—that's why!

Tell the Mrs. she needn't walk herself weary, shopping for Anchor Sheets. Only one authorized store in each community has them and it's sworn to carry a complete stock—including 108-inch he-man sizes! Write us for dealer's name in yours.

Dwight Anchor Brand 90x108

Dwight Anchor

Nashua Mfg. Co.

Incorporated 1823

Box 1206 Boston, Mass.

Indian Head Fabrics Nashua Blankets

TO CHECK COLDS

LAVORIS

It's Different

Unique *purging* action gets rid of *embedded* germs in mouth and throat. It's soothing.

Frank MEDICO REVOLUTIONIZES PIPE SMOKING

NEW FILTER INVENTION

CELLOPHANE EXTERIOR, MESH SCREEN INTERIOR, KEEPS JUICES, FLAKES and ALL OBJECTIONABLE SUBSTANCES in filter and out of your mouth.

ALL POPULAR SHAPES

FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

$1 IDEAL GIFT!

AT GOOD DEALERS

Patented July 25, 1933. No. 1,919,959

WRITE FOR BOOKLET C S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., 133 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

Visitors from the East

Continued from page 20

"Have you seen any of my pictures?"

"All of 'em," said Eddie. "You're a swell actress, no foolin', and we're sorry we have to take you, but this is our job."

"Interesting," murmured Sadakitcha. "Quite remarkable. Did you see me in The Secret Door?"

"Oh, did we! I guess we did. A hot one."

"I saw that one twice," announced Chicago Bill. "That was the one where the duke gave you too much gin and you got stewed. That was swell where you got bunned and bawled the guy out."

"Say, was you really stewed?" Eddie inquired.

"Certainly not."

"YOU mean to say you can do that cold sober, hunh?"

"That is what acting means," Sadakitcha explained. "That is why I am a good actress, probably the best actress in the films."

"Well then, go ahead and do it now," commanded the gunman. "If you can do it any time, let's see you peel it off."

"You want me to run through the drunken scene?"

"Sure. Go ahead. We got time."

Massarova glanced at the grim, criminal countenances, at the cold, hard eyes, at the idle weapons and decided to humor the visitors. The situation, too, appealed to her vanity—acting in the middle of the night for a couple of desperadoes; so without a word she sat herself upon a pink chair, which became the little iron restaurant chair of the movie scene, and with Eddie and Bill regarding her closely, she repeated the episode from The Secret Door, swaying gently, a slightly maudlin lady giving a gentleman hell. The gunmen stood silent, in respectful admiration, guns forgotten before the outpouring of genius.

"That's slick," said Eddie. "You sure can act. Remember the movie about two years ago, where you shot the man?"

"One of my really great films," said Massarova warmly. "It was The Blue Heron and all the critics proclaimed my shooting scene the finest emotional acting since films began. You see, I loved the man, yet I shot him."

"Go ahead, do that one," urged Eddie. "Make it short."

"I ought to have a gun," the actress suggested with the trace of a smile.

"No gun. You don't need a rod for us. What if you took a plug at me and Bill?"

"How can I shoot the man without a gun?"

"Pretend. Use a hairbrush."

SADAKITCHA gave her dark tousled locks a quick smoothing, picked up a hairbrush and stepped into the rôle in The Blue Heron where she snuffed out the gentleman who was making her life unbearable, after first making her speech. She did the scene as fervently as if cameras were humming and Eddie was overcome in his admiration. So was Chicago Bill. He said as much and added that they'd better be on their way, for, after all, a couple of working burglars must watch the clock. Eddie seemed buried in thought.

"What do you say we give her back the stones?" he asked abruptly. "She treated us swell, acting and all. Let's give her back the rocks and keep the dough."

"Well," said Bill, weakening, "well, maybe we ought. How'd you like to have your diamonds back in the safe, lady?"

"I love them," cried Sadakitcha, and without another word, Chicago Bill tossed the jewel-case back into the wall safe.

"We're keeping the dough," he announced. "You can earn more. Thanks for the acting."

The housebreakers prepared to depart, but at the door, Detroit Eddie lingered an instant.

"Would you be having a dress?" he asked, and Massarova looked at him in surprise. So did Bill, who had stowed his gun and was ready to step.

"A dress?"

"I got a dame back east," Eddie confessed. "She thinks you're the goods. I guess women do. She saw all your pictures and she'd like to have a dress that belonged to you. She would be nuts about that, because she thinks you're the goods."

"Well, certainly," returned Sadakitcha with a smile. "Take a dress. Anyhow, if I refused, you could kill me."

"Probably wouldn't kill you over a dress," Eddie muttered. "I happened to think of the dame. She goes all the time."

"What kind of a dress?"

"Any kind. She's about your build."

Massarova immediately threw open a closet door, disclosing garment after garment.

"Take whichever one you like," she said. "You're the director."

"Was any of 'em in your movies?" Eddie asked.

"This one was . . . I wore it in The Silver Peacock."

"I'll take that one for the dame," said the burglar. "She saw you in that show and was daffy about it."

"So did I," said Bill suddenly. "You was good in that. Swell acting. You're a great actress."

Massarova drew forth the simple but costly gown and handed it to Eddie, who rolled it into a bundle. The gown was a flaming crimson thing, with silver ornaments.

"Now then," said the actress. "Is that all? This has been an exciting night for me, if not for you, and I require my beauty sleep."

"So long, lady. Thanks for the acting. You're a great actress."

Without further ado, the bold fellows slid noiselessly down the stairs and out through the kitchen door. Massarova sat on the side of her gorgeous bed for a while, looking slightly amazed. She went to the window and listened for noises, but there were none, for Eddie and Bill were over the brick wall and away without a sound.

"What'd we give her back them rocks for?" demanded Chicago Bill testily, now free of the witchery. "Couple of saps."

"No," said Eddie. "I'm glad we did. She sure acted for us. She never acted like that for anybody else. Besides, we got her dough."

They walked rapidly toward their car, which they had moored safely in the darkness, and as they strode on, a lonely motor car passed them, stopped suddenly, and someone said: "Just a moment, boys."

AT POLICE headquarters, the lieutenant on duty stared over his desk long and hard, looking at the captives.

"Well," he said, "if it isn't Chicago Bill and Detroit Eddie, and loaded down."

The burglars said nothing at all, and the lieutenant paused, lighted a cigarette and commended the radio policemen.

"Nice work, Tim," he said. "How'd you do it?"

"Just saw them walking along, lieutenant. I noticed the one with the eyepatch first. There was a red sleeve banging against the side of his leg, with silver on it."

Chicago Bill turned for one bitter glance at Eddie, but said nothing and neither did Eddie, for burglars in a police station have little to say, with many years of confinement staring them in the face.

When the officer telephoned Sadakitcha Massarova, she seemed greatly surprised.

"No robbery at my house," she stated definitely. "I have been entertaining friends this evening."

"He must have been holding on to his mother's skirt when he got lost in the crowd!"

Courtney Dunkel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conspiracy

Continued from page 17

queer guys out to call on you—queer guys that give Evans' name as introduction. I'd feel easier, and maybe Evans would rest easier, if your lawyer got back to town in a hurry."

The threat made her pale.

"I—I can go into town—I can call on Mr. Beasley. I can find out definitely when Mr. Patterson will return. Only I wasn't a bit insistent because you wanted it to be casual."

"Sure, but I don't want it that way any more. And maybe it would be just as well if you spent a night or two in town. Yes. You ride into town with Tim. You call on Beasley and find out exactly when Patterson is expected back in New York. Then you stay the night at the town house. Give some stall or other to your mother. *Mother.* There's a laugh. Well, anyway, do what I say. I'll phone you later."

HE HUNG up and turned to a grim-lipped man who had sat silently beside him during his conversation.

"Jake Reardon driving an oil stock salesman—probably a phony one—out to see Minnie. I don't like it. Pick up Reardon. Chances are he'll go to his office. Anyway, that's the best place to hang around waiting for him. See what he does. Got it? And if you get a look at his friend, the oil man, Carminas, so much the better. It don't look good to me."

"Nor to me," said his companion. "Lord, J. F., are you going to let the dame lick you? Two million is a nice piece of change, but what's it amount to compared to the slice of eighty that we expected? I mean, suppose she is stuck on Evans. He can't be worth that many millions to her. More than that. He exposes her; it's the hoosegow for her. Have you reasoned with her?"

"You don't reason with dames—unless you're crazy," said Fay.

"But she doesn't realize what it means to her! She's Phyllis Benedict. The richest heiress in the world, just about. She meets a swell and goes cockeyed for him. But that's the nuts. Does she have to fall for a lad that's got nothing except some maybe oil wells when she can have a prince? A king, if she felt that way? She'll get over her yen for this lad. Talk to her."

Fay smiled icily.

"Don't be a fool, Havens. What sort of girl did it take to attempt this thing? A namby-pamby little flapper without nerve? It took the smartest woman you or I will ever know, and the gamest.

"Don't you suppose she knows she can get other men? Why, when she was just Minnie Ganston I used to think she was sexless. I had an idea that she was emotionless. I know better now. She simply happens to be one of those girls that fall just once. Men never interested her. So when she does get interested—she gets interested all over. And you can't reason, you can't do anything. If I bump off Evans she squeals. Simple as that."

"But couldn't you talk this Evans into keeping quiet? He's stuck on her, she's got eighty millions—"

Fay sighed.

"You've been in the racket too long, Havens. If a guy happens to be born square—get busy on the Reardon thing. Find out about Carminas. And hustle."

IT WAS six-thirty when Reardon and Degas arrived at the Benedict town house. The neatly uniformed maid who opened the door to them was reluctant to answer any questions until Reardon showed his badge. It was not an official badge, but the maid was not the first person to be deceived by it. Ignorant, with that frightened respect which ignorance has for the law, she became eager to talk.

"Yes, Mr. Doyle Evans called here yesterday morning."

"Did Miss Benedict receive him?"

"Yes, sir." The maid looked from Degas, who questioned her, to Reardon, who stood threateningly by. Fear fought with loyalty to her mistress. "But you can ask Miss Benedict these questions, can't you?"

Degas smiled.

"Miss Benedict is a lady who has had much trouble in her life. Is it not so, mademoiselle? This matter—of slight importance, yet nevertheless of the police routine—should we annoy her when we can secure the information from you? You comprehend? It is to save the charming Miss Benedict from the so-slight annoyance that we question you. Later, when the little affair is finished, we shall perhaps take the liberty of telling Miss Benedict how well and loyally she is served."

It was a flimsy excuse and the flattery was equally unconvincing to Reardon who listened, but the maid accepted both eagerly. Degas, even without his beard, was a compelling person.

"He left soon? Miss Benedict accompanied him, perhaps?"

The maid shook her head.

"He left with Mr. Fay."

"Fay!" Degas ejaculated the word.

"Well, I think he did," said the maid. "Mr. Fay was with Miss Benedict when Mr. Evans called. A little while later Miss Benedict sent me upstairs on an errand. When I came down later the two gentlemen were gone. So I suppose they left together, although I don't know."

"And this was at what time?"

"In the morning. The middle of the morning. Maybe nearer eleven, though."

"IT IS exact enough," said Degas. "Mademoiselle will not mention this call of ours. Consider. So much wealth have Miss Benedict's parents. People are always making attempts to get some of that wealth."

"You mean Mr. Evans? Well, whoever would have thought a nice young man like that—"

"Be not too hasty," said Degas. "These matters are somewhat complicated. Mr. Evans knew of some attempt being made against Miss Benedict. He came to see her, but perhaps decided not to tell her. Or perhaps he did tell her. We have not seen her, because we do not wish to annoy her—yet. But Mr. Evans does not return home, and so—we wish to find him. But—this is police work. You will not mention to Miss Benedict that we called."

"What did you tell her so much for?" asked Reardon as they left. "I mean, about Evans knowing some attempt—"

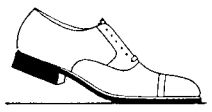
"Because, unless I told her something dramatic, she would speak of our call. But if I made it dramatic—you understand? She becomes part of a big affair and is discretion itself. If any woman is discreet. Well—" he changed the subject—"you have heard. What think you?"

"The same thing you think," replied Reardon. "This Johnson Fay guy is in over his neck."

"And my reasoning, my inspiration, is proved correct," said Degas. "Why does Miss Benedict fail to tell me, this very day, that Evans called on her yesterday? Why does she not tell me that

(Continued on page 56)

Feeture Arch Florsheims bring new comfort to your feet. The built-in hinged shank bends freely as you walk yet becomes a rigid brace when standing. Your arches are supported . . . your step takes on new vigor . . . all without sacrificing the smart style for which Florsheims are famous. *Style Illustrated* . . . The Bellevue, S-364.



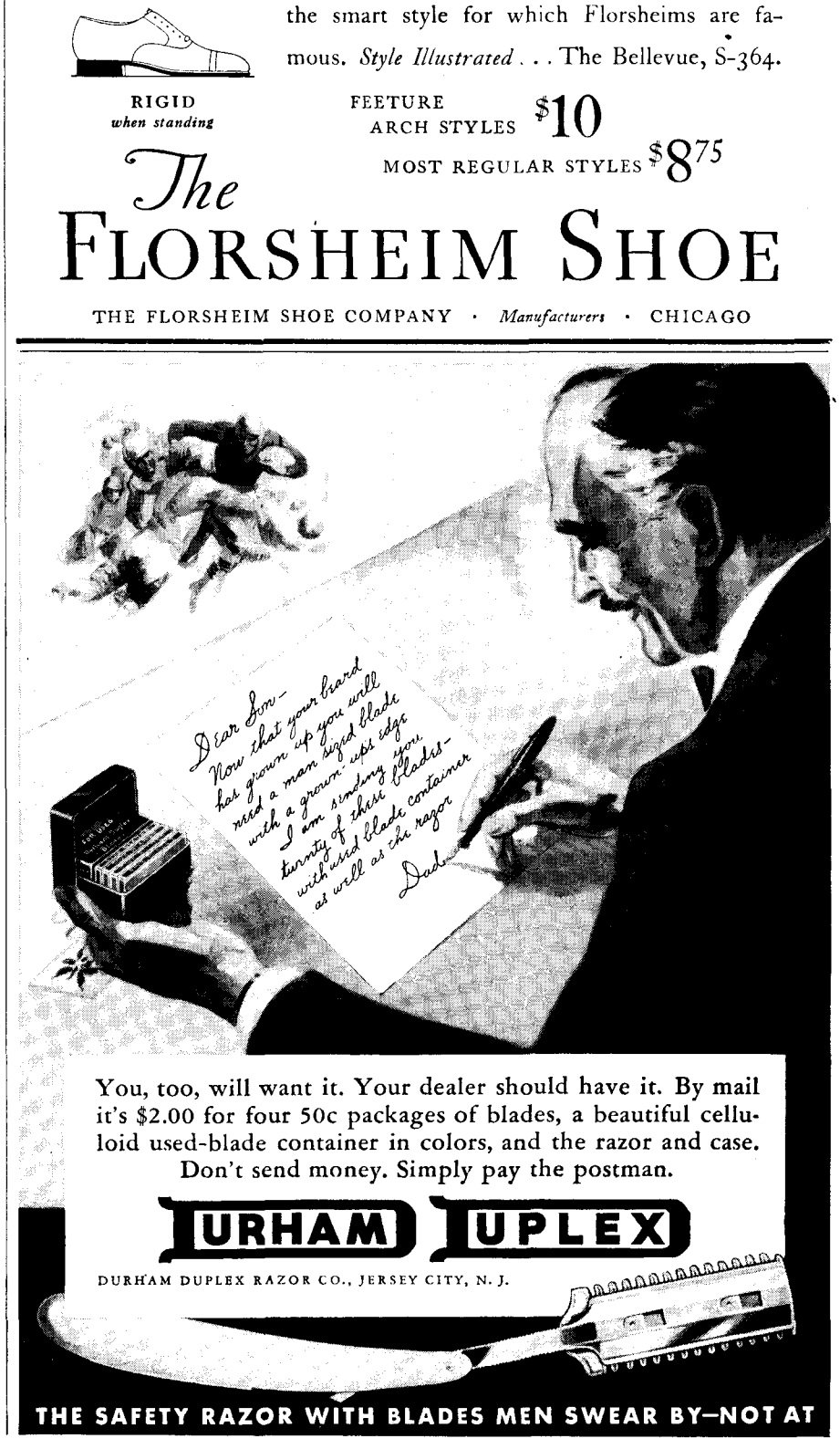
FLEXIBLE
when walking

RIGID
when standing

FEETURE ARCH STYLES $10
MOST REGULAR STYLES $8.75

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO


Dear Son—
Now that your beard has grown up you will need a man sized blade with a grown up edge. I am sending you twenty of these blades—with used blade container as well as the razor
Dad

You, too, will want it. Your dealer should have it. By mail it's $2.00 for four 50c packages of blades, a beautiful celluloid used-blade container in colors, and the razor and case. Don't send money. Simply pay the postman.

DURHAM DUPLEX

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THE SAFETY RAZOR WITH BLADES MEN SWEAR BY—NOT AT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW...

to make an egg stand up

PERHAPS you remember how Columbus proved to the good Queen Isabella and her court that he could make an egg stand on end. He just cracked the tip of the shell and, presto, the egg stood up as straight as Fido asking for a bone.

Shortly afterwards Columbus started out to look for new worlds and new markets. Today the same quest is being carried on by those great explorers into modern business conditions, R. L. Polk & Co. And they have just found out something about rural America which is the tip-off to advertisers who want to make their sales stand up. *Crack the shell of the rural market!*

Here are the facts, as recently announced by Polk: *Sales in rural districts are increasing — and it is this increase in the rural districts that gave automobile makers the best August they have had in three years.*

Now that the farmer has money to spend, what is the best way to crack the shell of the rural market? Some of the automotive manufacturers have found the answer. One of them, new to our pages, started advertising in The Country Home in August.* Then two more, also new, started in October.* Incidentally, October was a record month for us in automotive advertising. The explanation is as simple as Columbus' egg demonstration: THE COUNTRY HOME GETS RESULTS.

*NAMES ON REQUEST

THE Country Home

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 55)

Evans left with this Johnson Fay? I see the hand of Fay in everything, my Reardon. He recommends a chauffeur to Miss Benedict. That chauffeur sees you. That chauffeur's brother kills Raoul this afternoon, after we extract from Raoul certain information. Johnson Fay, we learn today, lunched at Paul's with Miss Benedict on the very day Paul wrote to me. It is all too—what you call it?—too pat. Events blend too smoothly one into the other, where Johnson Fay is concerned. I think, my Jake, it is time we saw this Mr. Fay."

REARDON started the motor of his car. "Maybe if we looked behind us we might see his handsome face."

"No, my friend, we are not followed. Degas, watchful as he has never been in his life, would know if we were."

"I haven't seen any signs of that, either," admitted Reardon. "But I don't figure it. This Fay—if he's the one, and I think he is—has been thinking ahead of us, or dead level with us, all the time. You land—he bumps off Paul. The Gundstrom baby phones Evans—she gets hers. We call on Garron—he's a goner. But to know that Garron might have given us dope, he had to know we went there. The only way he'd know is by following us there. Then why—haven't we been followed?"

Degas, following another train of thought, made no direct reply to this question.

"I am wondering about Garron, Reardon. Consider—the man told us nothing. We could draw our own conclusions, but—anyway, we had already seen him. What damage he could do to Fay—or to his murderer, whoever he is—had been done. Why kill him now? And I am pondering something else. Paul used to exchange information for money from me in Paris. Yet he had no information about the killing of Pelletiere and the others of any importance. He merely knew that criminals met and desired semi-privacy. He did not know who the girl that accompanied Pelletiere was. But, on the very day he sees a girl who *might* have been the girl of Lanson's, he writes me. My train of thought, my inspiration, is justified.

"And now we come to your question, Reardon. Why haven't we been followed? *Because we have been.* I, Degas, who make no mistakes, have made one now. I *must* have made one. This killer, this murderer who slays—as in poor Raoul's case—for revenge, who lets no life stand between him and his desire—would he neglect us?"

They had turned down Fifth Avenue now, and Reardon cast a swift backward glance over his shoulder.

Degas shook his head.

"Ah, not here, my Jake. That would be too crude. To attempt assassination in the open street, in broad daylight—not Johnson Fay. Were it night—no, we are safe out in the open. But when we return to my hotel—or to your office—what then?"

"Well," said Reardon, "I got a gat and I guess you have too. That might be the quickest way out of it. Nail them as they try to nail us—"

"If matters could only be as simple," sighed Degas. "But the man who conceived the colossal idea of substituting a lady of the racket for the Benedict missing daughter will not come himself to—what you call it?—nail us. No, indeed. He will send some foolish one, who perhaps does not know why he is sent or who sends him. And, if we nail him, we are no nearer proof against our Johnson Fay than we are now. And yet," he went on, "we are not so far away from our Mr. Fay this moment. He took Evans away with him—"

"And will say that he left him at the corner," said Reardon.

Degas nodded. "You have reason, Reardon. And yet, if we interviewed Mr. Johnson Fay—while his men unquestionably seek us or lie in wait for us—if we call on him we surprise him. We have information that he cannot know we have. We know that he went off with Evans yesterday morning. He, not following us to the Benedict house—Degas cannot be mistaken about that detail—but having undoubtedly trailed you to the Centralia and discovered that you call on Mr. Carminas, will have men waiting for my return. You follow? But if we call on him, and perhaps surprise him—let us, at least, make the attempt. To do nothing, while my friend Evans suffers who knows what torment—let us look up Mr. Fay's address and call on him."

"His office will be closed now," said Reardon.

Degas shrugged.

"His house is as pleasant a place for a conference. Let us look him up in the telephone book."

But close search of that book revealed neither the home address nor even the business location of Johnson Fay.

"Probably calls himself the World-wide Fur Importing Company, Limited," said Reardon in disgust. "Well, what next?"

"That having failed," said Degas, "we shall try your alternative. You said that when they attempted to nail us we should reverse the pretty procedure. Well, if you can spare the time, Reardon—"

"Hell's bells, pal, I can spend all the time in the world on this little case. I never had one like it, nor ever will again, I guess. But say, I can get Fay's address. Let's go back to the office. If Fay's lads try anything—well, we'll get 'em first. If they don't, I can phone a friend, get his private phone looked up—he must have one—and there we are. Oke?"

"Oke," said Degas.

HOMER BEASLEY, seventy-year-old junior partner of Patterson and Beasley, received the firm's loveliest client with manifestations of appreciation.

"Is there any hurry, Miss Benedict? The securities have been safe with us for fifteen years."

"Of course," the girl instantly assented. "I merely—I hate to make the confession, Mr. Beasley, but—you have never been—poor. To take charge of my property myself, to feel that it is in my possession as well as my ownership—I suppose this makes me seem an unworthy sort of person, doesn't it?"

Old Beasley smiled.

"Not at all, Miss Benedict. And I'm sure, if Patterson were in town, he'd deliver the securities instantly. How could he retain them? But, never dreaming that you'd want the physical possession of them, he went to the Century of Progress. I hate to cut short his vacation by an hour. He's like a child. He's never missed a world's fair, Miss Benedict. He leaves Chicago Sunday, and will be in this office Monday morning. I am not familiar with the estate. Else I would deliver your property to you myself. But as it is—can you wait until Monday?"

"Of course," she said.

She left him, having bidden him a goodby that thrilled him. The touch of her hand would, for years to come, thrill men as old as Beasley. Outside the elevator she withdrew her finger from the call button marked "Down."

In the street, sitting at the wheel of her car, was Tim Darnley. He had scowled when she entered the machine and asked to be driven into town. Since yesterday morning—was it only yesterday?—Darnley had not even bothered with civility. She knew how he felt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She had "ratted," according to his ideas, on her partners. Darnley was to get a share of two million instead of eighty. Also, Darnley must have been warned by Fay that she might try further treachery.

If she tried to go to the police, Darnley would stop her. And why go to the police? Why ask for jail? If she turned over her inheritance—she laughed bitterly at the possessive pronoun—Fay would let her go. She could try to make an escape. Life would be a dreadful thing without the Benedict fortune, but—would it? Was that what she feared to lose? She shook her head. Evans' love, so recently acquired, so swiftly lost, was the thing without which life would become unbearable.

And the Benedicts, whom she had deceived so grossly, so unforgivably? Shame crimsoned her cheeks as she thought of them. Why, Mother—she corrected herself; Mrs. Benedict—would die when she discovered how she had been hoaxed. Old Jason would drop to the depths of despair.

How could she have been so cruel? How could she have let greed animate her to the doing of such a deed? But repentance was vain. The deed was done; it only remained to nullify its wickedness as best she might. But—how did she know that Fay would permit Evans to live after the ransom money had been paid? Was Johnson Fay, merciless as she knew him, the kind to let evidence against him exist? It was so easy to destroy evidence, so easy—as she had learned—for him to kill. Not only Evans, who could testify against him, but herself.

Well, she didn't mind death. She'd welcome it, rather than face disgrace and jail. Or perhaps the Benedicts, the loveliest couple in the world, would forgive her, even intercede for her. But the shame of facing them. . . . And Evans. He'd be killed. No matter what Johnson Fay said, Evans would be killed immediately if she paid her estate over to Fay.

Down the hall was a telephone booth. She entered it, thumbed the telephone book, and found the name and number of Jake Reardon. Yes, that was it, that was the name Fay had mentioned. She called the number. But Reardon was not in.

She hung up. Downstairs waited Tim Darnley. But there was another exit from the building that housed the offices of Patterson and Beasley. She left by that other exit. She took a taxi uptown. From One Hundred and Tenth Street, in a drug store, she phoned Reardon again. From away downtown, by the Battery, where another taxi took her, she telephoned again. And finally, after many efforts, at shortly after seven, she got Reardon on the phone.

"I want to speak to Mr. Carminas," she said. "Where can I get him?"

"He's right here," said Reardon. "Who is it?"

"Phyllis Benedict," she said.

THEN Degas' voice came over the phone to her:

"Hello, Miss Benedict?"

"Oh, Mr. Degas, I want to see you. At once. I—didn't tell you everything I knew—about Mr. Evans—and I must see you."

Degas recognized the hint of hysteria in her high-pitched voice.

"But, of course, Miss Benedict. Instantly. Where are you?"

"I'm in a telephone booth in a drugstore on Eighth Street. Right near University Place."

"Then you stay right there until I come down," said Degas. "On no account must you leave, understand?"

"Of course I won't. I'm frightened."

Degas hung up and turned to Reardon.

"The case begins to tighten, my Reardon," he said triumphantly. "The so-called Benedict girl—she telephones; she has confessions to make."

"And what about Fay? I've got his address now." Reardon looked at the slip of paper on which he had just made notes.

"He will wait. First the girl, and then Mr. Fay," said Degas grimly.

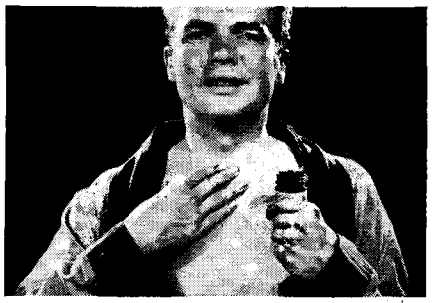
(To be continued next week)

"Oh, Miss LaVere! Here's your sucker!" *Sydney Hoff*

He's a COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE

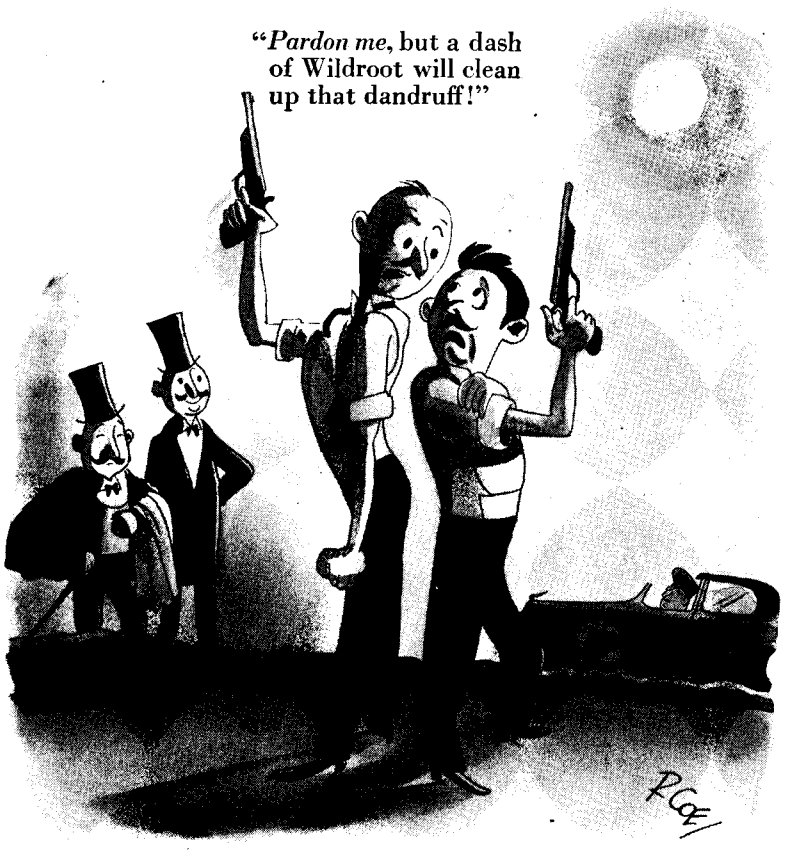
Everybody steers clear of a "Colds-Susceptible"—a person who catches cold too easily—a person who is always "carrying around a cold"—and passing it on to others. Are you one of them? Then follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. Vicks Plan ends most colds sooner—it prevents many colds entirely. It is fully explained in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose Drops.

DO YOU CATCH COLD EASILY? . . .
Get Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. Used at that first warning sign, Vicks Nose Drops soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They stop many colds before they develop.



DO YOUR COLDS HANG ON AND ON?
Use Vicks VapoRub—the modern way of *treating* colds. Rubbed on at bedtime, it works all through the night—two ways at once. Its poultice action "draws out" tightness and soreness. Its clearing vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages.

VICKS *specialists in* CONTROL OF COLDS



At the risk of being boorishly insistent, we should like to point out that dandruff is neither beautiful nor beneficial. A brisk daily massage with Wildroot is guaranteed to remove it.

WILDROOT *the guaranteed* **HAIR TONIC**

ON THE AIR— Vee Lawnhurst and John Seagle, every Sunday afternoon, Coast to Coast Network.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Repeal Opens a New Door

Fearlessly Collier's has told the truth about prohibition. These pages are but a few of literally hundreds of items

AS a nation we may take just pride in the force and effectiveness of prohibition repeal. A tremendous task has been accomplished intelligently and with dispatch.

We are proud of the part Collier's Weekly bore in this long campaign. First and for a long time alone among important periodicals, Collier's presented the significant facts which led the American people to render judgment against prohibition.

Eight years ago the discussion started. Collier's had no prejudices or preconceived notions on the subject. Collier's had fought the saloon and accepted prohibition.

In 1925, after the Eighteenth Amendment had been in effect five years, we commissioned a group of experienced and competent reporters to go out through the country and to ascertain whether the law was being enforced and obeyed. These reporters were instructed to disregard all prejudice and opinion and to discover just what was happening.

The articles which resulted composed significant pages in the amazing chapter of history which chronicles our adventure with prohibition. Our reporters traveled through "wet" and "dry" states. They talked to officials, ministers of religion, private citizens. They observed the habits of the people and the prevailing customs of various localities. Some of the investigators were prohibitionists. Others were opposed to prohibition. Regardless of their personal feelings and beliefs, all came back with the same facts.

William G. Shepherd, famous as a war correspondent, was the first journalist allowed to go out on "Rum Row" and to describe the incessant struggle between the smugglers and the customs officers. Mr. Shepherd, Walter Davenport, Owen P. White, John B. Kennedy, the late Clinton W. Gilbert, Harris Dickson and others made detailed reports of their personal observations in different states.

Well-known men not connected with Collier's were employed to make other studies or to announce their personal judgments. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, former Senator William C. Bruce, Senator William E. Borah, Clarence Darrow, Winston Churchill, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer, among others of outstanding importance, made investigations and in other ways contributed to the presentation of existing conditions.

Collier's had so long opposed the saloon that we were reluctant to admit the failure of prohibition. As report after report poured in we were, however, irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that national prohibition was neither enforced nor enforcible. We realized that the doom of the Eighteenth Amendment was sealed.

So on May 15, 1926, we said editorially: "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment." Politicians and others at that time thought repeal was impossible.

Collier's had too much respect for the inherent decency and intelligence of the American people to assent to any such conclusion. We were convinced that, once the facts were generally understood, public opinion would swiftly and angrily demand that the sorry mess be quickly cleared away.

When our investigations began men and women knew that prohibition was not being enforced in their immediate vicinity. Our reporters showed the nation that throughout the country conditions were essentially the same.

Everywhere liquor was available and sold and consumed. Everywhere the traffic was in the hands of criminals who debauched and corrupted government officials and built up an enormous and menacing organization of crime.

The Wickersham Commission came along and went over the same ground. Every important statement made previously by Collier's investigators was confirmed and emphasized by its report.

Out of courtesy to President Hoover the Wickersham Commission refrained from announcing unequivocally its conclusion that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. The American people were not so ambiguous. As the facts settled in, determination to put an end to constitutionally entrenched crime rose. Swiftly repeal followed.

Changing the Constitution, however, is not the end of the chapter. The Twenty-first Amendment gives us power to deal openly, legally and wisely with the liquor traffic. It also gives us power to deal secretly, corruptly and stupidly with it. Repeal opens the door to action. We must determine upon a policy.

Because of the evils it brought about, the prohibition amendment has been bitterly condemned. The saloon was bad. Prohibition was worse. Only fools think, however, that the saloon can safely be reëstablished. The American people are entitled to something better than either the saloon or prohibition.

Intemperance and drunkenness are just as dangerous to the individual and to society as they were in 1918. We are a sober, a reasonable, and a self-respecting people and we won't tolerate institutions which offend our common sense and dignity.

Much confusion will be inevitable during the weeks and months ahead. Repeal has come before the majority of the states were ready to deal with the alcoholic traffic. No more time should be lost. Every citizen, whatever his feelings and opinions and habits as to drinking, should join in the demand that each state set up a responsible liquor authority free from political interference and immune to the attacks of the criminal in the bootleg trade.

One sordid chapter is finished. Let's do better with what is to come.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED